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SUCCESS

AND

ITS CONDITIONS.

BY

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

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PREFACE.

THE Essays in this volume were written at various periods during the past twenty-five years. In collecting them, the author finds that they more or less refer to the conditions of success, in the various departments of life; and he has accordingly given this title to the book. The leading idea is, that nothing really succeeds which is not based on reality; that sham, in a large sense, is never successful; that in the life of the individual, as in the more comprehensive life of the state, pretension is nothing and power is everything. It is universally admitted that "truth is mighty and *will* prevail." The writer has tried to illustrate a less familiar maxim, that truth is mighty and *has* prevailed. Abstract truth, entirely disconnected from human life and the substance of human character, is doubtless something for the realization of which we must look to the future; relative truth, the truth which inheres in things and persons, and which continually tests pretension by performance, prevails from day to day, and is the vital force which impels the world forward. We are so abundantly supplied with the commonplaces of perfection, that we are tempted to forget the imperfections of human beings. In the Essays on "Young Men in History," "The Vital and the Mechanical," "Grit," "Shoddy," "The Ethics of Popularity," "Mental and Moral Pauperism," not to mention others, the author has attempted to state the vital conditions of success, that is, the truth which really prevails. With the tenderest regard for ideals, he has desired to discriminate between their assertion and their realization. Possibly his statements, in some cases, may have the extravagance and injustice of epigram; but he still trusts that the idea may be perceived through all the exaggerated modes of its expression. Disbelieving in truisms, he would most emphatically profess his belief in truths; and he hopes that, in urging every argument and illustration against "the madness of extremes," in inculcating the principles of vital moderation, he has said nothing which should offend any true reformer and philanthropist.

YOUNG MEN IN HISTORY.

HISTORY is an imperfect record of nations and races, diverse in their position and capacities, but identical in nature and one in destiny. Viewed comprehensively, its individuals and events comprise the incidents of an uncompleted biography of man, a biography long, obscure, full of puzzling facts for thought to interpret, and more puzzling breaks for thought to bridge, but, on the whole, exhibiting man as moving and man as moving forward. If we scrutinize the character of this progress, we shall find that the forces which propel society in the direction of improvement, and the ideas we form of the nature of that improvement, are the forces and the ideas of youth. The world, indeed, moves under the impulses of youth to realize the ideals of youth. It has youth for its beginning and youth for its end; for youth is alive, and progress is but the movement of life to attain fuller, higher, and more vivid life. Youth, too, is nearer to those celestial fountains of existence whence inspiration pours into the heart and light streams into the brain. Indeed, all the qualities which constitute the life of the soul, and which preserve in vigor and health even the practical faculties of the mind, — freshness, ardor, generosity, love, hope, faith, courage, cheer, — all these youth feels stirring and burning in its own breast, and aches to see fulfilled in the common experience of the race. But in age these fine raptures are apt to be ridiculed as the amiable follies of juvenile illusions. In parting, however, with what it derides as illusions, does not age part with the whole of joy and by far the most important element of wisdom? The world it so sagaciously aims to inaugurate, what is it but a stationary and decrepit world, — a world which would soon decay, and drop into the abyss of nothingness, were it not for the rejuvenating vitality poured into it by the youth it cynically despises? True wisdom, indeed, springs from the wide brain which is fed from the deep heart; and it is only when age warms its withering conceptions at the memory of its youthful fire, when it makes experience serve aspiration, and knowledge illumine the difficult paths through which thoughts thread their way into facts, — it is only then that age becomes broadly and nobly wise.

If we thus discern in the sentiments and faculties of youth the animating and impelling soul of historical events, — if, wherever in history we mark a great movement of humanity, we commonly detect a young man at its head or at its heart, — we must still, I admit, discriminate between youth and young men, between the genial action of youthful qualities and the imperfections and perversions of youthful character. Youth we commonly represent under the image of morn, — clear, fresh, cheerful, radiant, the green sward trembling and gleaming with ecstasy as the rising sun transfigures its dew-drops into diamonds; but then morn is sometimes black with clouds, and foul with vapors, and terrible with tempests. In treating, therefore, of the position and influence of young men in history, let us begin with those in whom the energies of youth were early perverted from their appropriate objects, and fell under the dominion of sensual appetites or malignant passions.

And first, it is important we should bear in mind, that, in this misdirection of youth, all that constitutes the spirit, the power, the charm of youth is extinguished. The young man becomes prematurely old. We have all witnessed that saddest of spectacles, the petulant child developing into the ruffian boy, and hurrying into the ruffian man, — rude, hard-natured, swaggering, and self-willed, a darkness over his conscience, a glare over his appetites, insensible to duty or affection, and only tamed into decencies by the chains of restraint which an outraged community binds on his impulses. Now give this young savage arbitrary power, let him inherit the empire of the world, remove all restraints on his will, and allow him to riot in the mad caprices of sensuality and malevolence, and he makes his ominous appearance in history as a Caligula, a Domitian, a Nero. More fit for a madhouse than a throne, his advent is the signal of a despotism controlled by no guiding principles, but given over to that spirit of freak and mischief which springs from the union of the boy's brain with the man's appetites; and his fate is to have that craze of the faculties and delirium of the sensations which he calls his life abruptly closed by suicide or assassination: by suicide, when he has become intolerable to himself; by assassination, when, as is more common, he has become intolerable to the world. Evil, however, as history shows him, it must still be said that his career does not exhibit the consistent depravity and systematic wickedness which characterize some of the Roman Emperors of maturer years; and even the giddy ferocities of the youthful Nero can be contemplated with less horror than the Satanic depth of malignity which morosely brooded over shadowy plans of gigantic crime in the dark spirit of the aged Tiberius.

This ruffian type of the young man is rarely exhibited on the historical theatre in its full combination of animal fury with mental feebleness. In most young men who acquire prominence in the history of the world there is some genius, however dashed it may be with depravity; and genius is itself an inlet of youth, checks the downward drag of the spiritual into the animal nature, intensifies appetites into passions, and lends impetus to daring ambition, if it does not always purify the motives which prompt its exercise. This genius divorced from wisdom, scornful of moral obligations, and ravenous for notoriety, is especially marked by wilfulness, presumptuous self-assertion, the curse and plague-spot of the perverted soul. Alcibiades in politics and Byron in literature are among its most conspicuous examples. Their defiance of rule was not the confident daring which comes from the vision of genius, but the disdainful audacity which springs from its wilfulness. Alcibiades, a name closely connected with the events which resulted in the ruin of the Athenian empire, was perhaps the most variously accomplished of all those young men of genius who have squandered their genius in the attempt to make it insolently dominant over justice and reason. Graceful, beautiful, brave, eloquent, and affluent, the pupil of Socrates, the darling of the Athenian democracy, lavishly endowed by Nature with the faculties of the great statesman and the great captain, with every power and every opportunity to make himself the pride and glory of his country, he was still so governed by an imp of boyish perversity and presumption, that he renounced the ambition of being the first statesman of Athens in order to show himself its most restless, impudent, and unscrupulous trickster; and, subjecting all public objects to the freaks of his own vanity and selfishness, ever ready to resent opposition to his whim with treason against the state, he stands in history a curious spectacle of transcendent gifts belittled by profligacy of character, the falsest, keenest, most mischievous, and most magnificent demagogue the world has ever seen.

If we turn from Alcibiades the politician to Byron the poet, we have a no less memorable instance of intellectual power early linked with moral perversity and completely bewitched and bedevilled by presumptuous egotism. What, in consequence, was his career? Petulant, passionate, self-willed, impatient of all external direction, the slave and victim of the moment's impulse, yet full of the energies and visions of genius, this arrogant stripling passes by quick leaps from boyhood into the vices of age, and, after a short experience of the worst side of life, comes out a scoffer and a misanthrope, fills the world with his gospel of desperation and despair, and, after preaching disgust of existence and contempt of mankind as the wisdom gleaned from his excesses, he dies, worn out and *old*, at thirty-six.

Now neither in Byron's works nor in Byron's life do we recognize the spirit of youth, — the spirit which elevates as well as stimulates, which cheers as well as inflames. Compare him in this respect with a man of vaster imagination and mightier nature, — compare him with Edmund Burke, in what we call Burke's old age; and as you read one of Burke's immortal pamphlets, composed just before his death, do you not feel your blood kindle and your mind expand, as you come into communion with that bright and broad intellect, competent to grapple with the most complicated relations of European politics, — with that audacious will, whose purposes glow with immortal life, — and especially with that large and noble soul, rich in experience, rich in wisdom, but richer still in the freshness, the ardor, the eloquence, the chivalrous daring of youth? Byron is old at twenty-five; Burke is young at sixty-six.

The spirit of youth may thus, as in the case of Byron, be burnt out of the young man by the egotism of passion; but it may also be frozen up in his breast by the egotism of opinion. Woe to the young shoulders afflicted with the conceit that they support old heads! When this mental disease assumes the form of flippancy, it renders a young person happily unconscious that Nature has any stores of wisdom which she has not thought fit to deposit in his cranium, or that his mind can properly assume any other attitude towards an opponent than that of placid and pitying contempt.

But this intellectual presumption, ridiculous in its flippant or pompous, becomes terrible in its malignant, expression. Thus, the headstrong young men who pushed the French Revolution of 1789 into the excesses of the Reign of Terror were well-intentioned reformers, driven into crime by the fanaticism of mental conceit. This is especially true of Robespierre and St. Just. Their hearts were hardened through their heads. The abstract notions of freedom and philanthropy were imbedded in their brains as truths, without being rooted in their characters as sentiments; and into the form of these inexorable notions they aimed to shape France. They were of course opposed by human nature. Opposition made them personally cruel, because it made them intellectually remorseless. With no instincts of humanity to guide their ideas of its rights, it was but natural that offended pride of opinion should fester into that malignant passion which puts relentlessness into the will. Everything and everybody that opposed the onward movement of the great cause ought, they conceived, to be removed. The readiest way to remove them was by tyranny, terror, and murder; for the swiftest method of answering objections is to knock out the brains that propound them. All the instituted rights of men were accordingly violated in the fierce desire to establish the abstract rights of man. A government founded on reason was to be created by a preliminary and provisional government founded on the guillotine. The ideals of Rousseau were to be realized by practices learned in the school of Draco; and a celestial democracy of thought was to spring from a demonized democracy of fact. Now we are accustomed to call these wretches young men. But there was no youth in them. Young in respect to age, their intellectually irritated egotism made them as bigoted, as inhuman, and as soulless as old familiars of the Inquisition.

In truth, the real young man of that Revolution, as of our own Revolution, was Lafayette. His convictions regarding the rights of man were essentially the same as those held by Robespierre and St. Just; but they were convictions that grew out of the inherent geniality, benevolence, and rectitude of his nature, and were accordingly guided and limited in their application by the sanity and sweetness of the sentiments whence they drew their vitality. Whilst they made him capable of any self-sacrifice for freedom and humanity, they made him incapable of crime; and misfortune and failure never destroyed his faith in freedom, because his faith in freedom had not been corrupted by experience in blood.

In Nero and Caligula, in Alcibiades and Byron, in Robespierre and St. Just, we have attempted to sketch the leading perversions of youthful energy and intelligence. Let us now proceed to exhibit their more wholesome, and, we trust, their more natural action. And first, in respect to the emotions, these may all be included in the single word "enthusiasm," or that impulsive force which liberates the mental powers from the ice of timidity as Spring unloosens the streams from the grasp of Winter, and sends them forth in a rejoicing rush. The mind of youth, when impelled by this original strength and enthusiasm of Nature, is keen, eager, inquisitive, intense, audacious, rapidly assimilating facts into faculties and knowledge into power, and above all teeming with that joyous fulness of creative life which radiates thoughts as inspirations, and magnetizes as well as informs. Now the limit of this youth of mind observation decides to be commonly between thirty-five and forty; but still it is not so properly marked by years as by the arrest of this glad mental growth and development. In some men, like Bacon and Burke, it is not arrested at sixty. The only sign of age, indeed, which is specially worth considering, is the mental sign; and this is that gradual disintegration of the mind's vital powers by which intelligence is separated from force, and experience from ability. Experience detached from active power is no longer faculty of doing, but mere memory of what has been done; and principles accordingly subside into precedents, intuitions into arguments, and alertness of will into calculation of risks. The highest quality of mind, the quality which stamps it as an immortal essence, namely, that power, the fused compound of all other powers, which sends its eagle glance over a whole field of particulars, penetrates and grasps all related objects in one devouring conception, and flashes a vivid insight of the only right thing to be done amid a thousand possible courses of action, — the power, in short, which gives confidence to will because it gives certainty to vision, and is as much removed from recklessness as from irresolution, — this power fades in mental age into that pausing, comparing, generalizing, indecisive intelligence, which, however wise and valuable it may be in those matters where success is not the prize of speed, is imbecile in those conjunctures of affairs where events march faster than the mind can syllogize, and to think and act a moment too late is defeat and ruin.

It is for this reason that the large portion of history which relates to war is so much the history of the triumphs of young men. Thus, Scipio was twenty-nine when he gained the Battle of Zana; Charles the Twelfth, nineteen when he gained the Battle of Narva; Condé, twenty-two when he gained the Battle of Rocroi. At thirty-six, Scipio the younger was the conqueror of Carthage; at thirty-six, Cortés was the conqueror of Mexico; at thirty, Charlemagne was master of France and Germany; at thirty-two, Clive had established the British power in India. Hannibal, the greatest of military commanders, was only thirty, when, at Cannæ, he dealt an almost annihilating blow at the republic of Rome; and Napoleon was only twenty-seven, when, on the plains of Italy, he outgeneralled and defeated, one after another, the veteran marshals of Austria. And in respect to the wars which grew out of the French Revolution, what are they but the record of old generals beaten by young generals? And it will not do to say, that the young generals were victorious merely in virtue of their superiority in courage, energy, and dash; for they evinced a no less decisive superiority in common-sense and judgment, — that is, in instantaneous command of all their resources in the moment of peril, in quickness to detect the enemy's weak points, and, above all, in resolute sagacity to send the full strength of the arm to second at once the piercing glance of the eye. The old generals, to be sure, boasted more professional experience, but, having ossified their experience into pedantic maxims, they had less professional skill. After their armies had been ignominiously routed by the harebrained young fellows opposed to them, they could easily prove, that, by the rules of war, they had been most improperly beaten; but their young opponents, whose eager minds had transmuted the rules of war into instincts of intelligence, were indifferent to the scandal of violating the etiquette of fighting, provided thereby they gained the object of fighting. They had, in fact, the quality which the old generals absurdly claimed, namely, practical sagacity, or, as the Yankee phrased it, "the knack of hitting it about right the first time."

We cannot, of course, leave the subject of young military commanders without a reference to Alexander of Macedon, in many respects the greatest young man that ever, as with the fury of the untamable forces of Nature, broke into history. But even in the "Macedonian madman," as he is called, it will be found that fury obeyed sagacity. A colossal soul, in whom barbaric passions urged gigantic powers to the accomplishment of insatiable desires, he seems, on the first view, to be given over to the wildest ecstasies of imaginative pride; but we are soon dazzled and confounded by the irresistible energy, the cool, clear, fertile, forecasting intelligence, with which he pursues and realizes his vast designs of glory and dominion. Strong and arrogant as the fabled Achilles, with a military genius which allies him to Cæsar and Napoleon, he was tortured by aspirations more devouring than theirs; for, exalted in his own conception above humanity by his constant success in performing what other men declared impossible, he aimed to conquer the world, not merely to be obeyed as its ruler, but worshipped as its god. But this self-deified genius, who could find nothing on our planet capable of withstanding his power, was mortal, and died, by what seemed mere accident, at the age of thirty-two, — died, the master of an empire, conquered by himself, covering two millions and a half of square miles, — died, in the full vigor of his faculties, at the time his brain was teeming with magnificent schemes of assimilating the populations of Europe and Asia, and of remaking man after his own image by stamping the nature of Alexander on the mind and feelings of the world.

One incident, the type of his career, has passed into the most familiar of proverbs. When, in his invasion of Asia, he arrived at Gordium, he was arrested, not by an army, but by something mightier than an army, — namely, a superstition. Here was the rude wagon of Gordius, the yoke of which was fastened to the pole by a cord so entangled that no human wit or patience could untwist it; yet the oracle had declared that the empire of Asia was reserved to him alone by whom it should be untied. After vainly attempting to overcome its difficulties with his fingers, Alexander impatiently cut it with his sword. The multitude applauded the solution; he soon made it good by deeds; and, in action, youth has ever since shown its judgment, as well as its vigor, in thus annihilating seemingly hopeless perplexities, by cutting Gordian knots.

In passing from the field of battle to the field of politics, from young men as warriors to young men as statesmen, we must bear in mind that high political station, unless a man is born to it, is rarely reached by political genius, until political genius has been tried by years and tested by events. At the time Mr. Calhoun's influence was greatest, at the time it was said that "when he took snuff all South Carolina sneezed," he was really not so great a man as when he was struggling for eminence. Statesmen are thus forces long before they are leaders of party, prime-ministers, and presidents; but are not the energies employed in preparing the way for new laws and new policies of more historic significance than the mere outward form of their enactment and inauguration? Thus, it required thirty-five years of effort and agitation before the old Earl Grey of 1832 could accomplish the scheme of Parliamentary reform eagerly pressed by the young Mr. Grey of 1797. The young Chatham, when he was merely "that terrible cornet of horse," whose rising to speak in the House of Commons was said to give Sir Robert Walpole "a pain in the back,"—when, in his own sarcastic phrase, he "was guilty of the atrocious crime of being a young man," — was still day by day building himself up in the heart and imagination of the English people, and laboriously opening the path to power of the old Chatham, whose vehement soul was all alive with the energies of youth, though lodged in the shattered frame of age. And he, so familiarly known to the American people as old John Adams, — did he lose in mature life a single racy or splenetic characteristic of the young statesman of the Colonial period? Is there, indeed, any break in that unity of nature which connects the second President of the United States with the child John Adams, the boy John Adams, the tart, blunt, and bold, the sagacious and self-reliant, young Mr. Adams, the plague and terror of the Tories of Massachusetts? And his all-accomplished rival and adversary, Alexander Hamilton, — is he not substantially the same at twenty-five as at forty-five? Though he has not yet imprinted his mind on the constitution and practical working of the government, the qualities are still there: — the poised nature whose vigor is almost hidden in its harmony; the power of infusing into other minds ideas which they seem to originate; the wisdom, the moderation, the self-command, the deep thought which explores principles, the comprehensive thought which regards relations, the fertile thought which devises measures, — all are there as unmistakably at twenty-five as on that miserable day, when, in the tried completeness of his powers, the greatest of American statesmen died by the hand of the greatest of American reprobates.

But there are also in history four examples of men who seem to have been statesmen from the nursery, — who early took a leading part in great designs which affected the whole course of human affairs, — and whom octogenarians like Nesselrode and Palmerston would be compelled to call statesmen of the first class. These are Octavius Cæsar, more successful in the arts of policy than even the great Julius, never guilty of youthful indiscretion, or, we are sorry to say, of youthful virtue; Maurice of Saxony, the preserver of the Reformed religion in Germany, in that memorable contest in which his youthful sagacity proved more than a match for the veteran craft of Charles the Fifth; the second William of Orange, the preserver of the liberties of Europe against the ambition of Louis XIV., and who, as a child, may be said to have prattled treaties and lisped despatches; and William Pitt, Prime-Minister of England at the age of twenty-four, and stereotyped on the French imagination as he whose guineas were nearly as potent as Napoleon's guns.

But it is not so much by eminent examples of young statesmen as it is by the general influence of young men in resisting the corrupting tendencies of politics, that their influence in the social state is to be measured. They oppose the tendency of political life to deprave political character, to make it cold, false, selfish, distrustful, abandoned to the greed of power and the greed of gain. They interfere with the projects of those venerable politicians who are continually appealing to the public to surrender, bit by bit, its humanity, its morality, its Christianity, for what are ludicrously misnamed practical advantages, and who slowly sap the moral vitality of a people through an insinuating appeal to their temporary interests. The heart of a nation may be eaten out by this process, without its losing any external signs of prosperity and strength; but the process itself is resisted, and the nation kept alive and impelled forward, by the purifying, though disturbing forces, which come from the generous sentiments and fervid aspirations of youth. Wise old heads may sneer as much as they please at the idea of heart in politics; but if history teaches anything, it teaches that human progress is possible only because the benevolent instincts of the heart are permanent, while the reasonings of the head are shifting. "When God," says Montesquieu, "endowed human beings with brains, he did not intend to guaranty them." And the sarcasm of the French philosopher is fully justified, when we reflect that nothing mean, base, or cruel has ever been done in this world, which has not been supported by arguments. To the mere head every historical event, whether it be infamous or glorious, is like the case at law which attracted the attention of the Irish barrister. "It was," he said, "a very pretty case, and he should like a fee of a hundred pounds to argue it either way." Who is there, indeed, who has not heard the most atrocious measures recommended by the most convincing arguments? Why, the persecutions of the early Christians, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Spanish Inquisition, the Reign of Terror, the institution of Slavery, the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, are under the condemnation of history from no lack of arguments in their favor which it might puzzle a plain man to answer. But opinion in such matters is not determined by arguments, but by instincts. God, in his wrath, has not left this world to the mercy of the subtlest dialectician; and all arguments are happily transitory in their effect, when they contradict the primal intuitions of conscience and the inborn sentiments of the heart. And if wicked institutions, laboriously organized by dominant tyranny and priestcraft, and strong with the might, not merely of bad passions, but of perverted learning and prostituted logic, — if these have been swept away in the world's advancing movement, it has been by the gradual triumph of indestructible sentiments of freedom and humanity, kept fresh and bright in the souls of the young!

And in the baptism of fire and blood through which our politics have passed to their purification, who can fitly estimate our indebtedness to the young men who made American history the history of so much ardent patriotism and heroic achievement? When the civilization of the country prepared to engage in a death-grapple with its barbarism, — when the most beneficent of all governments was threatened by the basest of all conspiracies, the most infamous of all treasons, the most thievish of all rebellions, — and when that government was sustained by the most glorious uprising that ever surged up from the heart of a great people to defend the cause of liberty and honesty and law, — did not the hot tide of that universal patriotism sparkle and seethe and glow with special intensity in the breasts of our young men? Did you ever hear from them that contented ignominy was Christian peace? Did not meanness, falsehood, fraud, tyranny, treason, find in them, not apologetic critics, but terrible and full-armed foes? Transient defeat, — what did it, but add new fiery stimulants to energies bent on an ultimate triumph? To hint to them that Davis would succeed, was not only recreancy to freedom, but blasphemy against God. Better, to their impassioned patriotism, that their blood should be poured forth in an unstinted stream, — better that they, and all of us, should be pushed into that ocean whose astonished waves first felt the keel of the Mayflower, as she bore her precious freight to Plymouth Rock, — than that America should consent to be under the insolent domination of a perjured horde of slaveholders and liberticides. But that consent should never be given, and that consent could never be extorted. Minds, like theirs, which had been nurtured on the principles of constitutional freedom, — hearts, like theirs, which had caught inspiration from the heroes and martyrs of liberty, — good right arms, like theirs, which wielded the implements of war as readily as the implements of labor, all scouted the very thought of such unutterable abasement. By the patriotism which abhors treason, by the fortitude which endures privation, by the intrepidity which faces death, they proved themselves worthy of the great continent they inhabit, by showing themselves capable of upholding the principles it represents.

In passing from the sphere of politics to the serener region of literature, art, science, and philosophy, there is an increasing difficulty in estimating youth by years and an increasing necessity to estimate it by qualities. One thing, however, is certain, — that the invention of new methods, the discovery of new truth, and the creation of new beauty, — intellectual acts which are among the most important of historical events, — all belong to that thoroughly *live* condition of mind which we have called young. In this sense of youth, it may be said that Raphael, the greatest painter of moral beauty, and Titian, the greatest painter of sensuous beauty, were both almost equally young, though Raphael died at thirty-seven, while Titian was prematurely cut off by the plague when he was only a hundred. These, of course, are the extreme cases. But, it may be asked, were not the greatest poems of the world, the "Iliad" of Homer, the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, the creations of comparative old age? The answer to this question is, that each was probably organized round a youthful conception, and all were coextensive with the whole growth and development of their creators. Thus, we do not call

Milton old when he produced "Paradise Lost," but when this mental growth was arrested; and accordingly "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," works produced after his prime, are comparatively bleak and bare products of a withering imagination and a shrunken personality.

But, confining the matter to the mere question of years, it may be said, that, allowing for some individual exceptions, the whole history of the human intellect will bear out the general assertion, that the power in which great natures culminate, and which fixes fatal limits to their loftiest aspirations, namely, that flashing conceptive and combining genius which fuses force and insight in one executive intelligence, which seizes salient points and central ideas, which darts in an instant along the whole line of analogies and relations, which leaps with joyous daring the vast mental spaces that separate huddled facts from harmonizing laws, — that this power, to say the least, rarely grows after thirty-five or forty. The mental stature is then reached, though it may not dwindle and be dwarfed until long afterwards. Thus, Shakespeare completed "Hamlet" when he was about thirty-six. Mozart, the Shakespeare of composers, died at thirty-six. But why enumerate? Amid the scores of instances which must crowd into every mind, let us select five men, of especial historic significance, and who are commonly imaged to our minds with heads silvered over with age, — let us take Goethe in poetry, Newton in science, Bacon in philosophy, Columbus in discovery, Watt in mechanics. Now, how stand the facts? The greatest works of Goethe were conceived and partly executed when he was a young man; and if age found him more widely and worldly wise, it found him weak in creative passion, and, as a poet, living on the interest of his youthful conceptions. Newton, in whose fertile and capacious intellect the dim, nebulous elements of truth were condensed by patient thinking into the completed star, discovered the most universal of all natural laws, the law of gravitation, before he was twenty-five, though an error of observation, not his own, prevented him from demonstrating it until he was forty. Bacon had "vast contemplative ends," and had taken "all knowledge for his province," had deeply meditated new methods and audaciously doubted old ones, before the incipient beard had begun timidly to peep from his youthful chin. The great conception of Columbus sprang from the thoughts and studies of his youth; and it was the radiance shed from this conception which gave him fortitude to bear the slow martyrdom of poverty, contempt, and sickness of heart, which embittered the toiling years preceding its late realization. The steam-engine was invented by

James Watt before he was thirty; but then Watt was a thinker from his cradle. Everybody will recollect his grandmother's reproof of what she called his idleness, at the time his boyish brain was busy with meditations destined to ripen in the most marvellous and revolutionizing of all industrial inventions, — an invention which, of itself alone, has given Great Britain an additional productive power equal to ten millions of workmen, at the cost of only a halfpenny a day, — an invention which supplies the motive power by which a single county in England is enabled to produce fabrics representing the labor of twenty-one millions of men, — an invention which, combined with others, annually, in England, weaves into cloth a length of cotton thread equal to fifty-one times the distance between the earth and the sun, five thousand millions of miles, — an invention which created the wealth by which England was enabled to fight or subsidize the whole continent of Europe from 1793 to 1815, and which made that long war really a contest between the despotic power of Napoleon Bonaparte and the productive genius of James Watt. All this vast and teeming future was hidden from the good grandmother, as she saw the boy idling over the teakettle. "James," she said, "I never saw such an idle young fellow as you are. Do take a book and employ yourself usefully. For the last half-hour you have not spoken a single word. Do you know what you have been doing all this time? Why, you have taken off, and replaced, and taken off again, the teapot lid, and you have held alternately in the steam, first a saucer and then a spoon; and you have busied yourself in examining and collecting together the little drops formed by the condensation of the steam on the surface of the china and the silver. Now are you not ashamed to waste your time in this disgraceful manner?" Was ever idleness so productive before?

If we turn from intellectual powers to sentiments, which are the soul of powers, we shall find renewed proofs that the spirit which animates the kingdoms of mind is the youthful spirit of health and hope and energy and cheer. In the regretful tenderness with which all great thinkers have looked back upon their youth, do not we detect the source of their most kindling inspirations? Time may have impaired their energies, clipped their aspirations, deadened their faith; but there, away off in the past, is the gladdening vision of their youthful years; there the joyous tumult of impulses and aims; there the grand and generous affections; there the sweet surprise of swift-springing thoughts from never-failing fountains; there the pure love of truth and beauty which sent their minds speeding out beyond the limits of positive knowledge; and there the thrills of ecstasy as new worlds opened on their view. What, to them, is the assured possession of fame, compared with that direct perception of truth and that immediate consciousness of power?

But the question arises, Cannot this youth be preserved, or, at least, perpetually renewed? We have seen, in this rapid glance at history, that it is preserved as long as the mind retains its hold on the life of things; and we have seen, both in men of action and in men of meditation, this hold weakened by age. But would it be weakened, if the loftiest meditation issued in deeds instead of thoughts? Would youth depart, if the will acted on the same high level that the mind conceived? This, also, is a question which has been historically answered. It has been answered by heroes, reformers, saints, and martyrs, — by men who have demonstrated, that, the higher the life, the more distant the approaches of age, — by men whose souls on earth have glanced into that region of spiritual ideas and spiritual persons where youth is perpetual, where ecstasy is no transient mood, but a permanent condition, and where dwell the awful forces which radiate immortal life into the will. In these men, contemplation, refusing to abide in the act by which it mounts *above* the world, reacts with tenfold force *on* the world. Using human *ends* simply as divine *means*, they wield war, statesmanship, literature, art, science, and philosophy with almost superhuman energy in the service of supernatural ideas; and history gleams with an intenser significance as it records this imperfect passage, through human agents, of the life of God into the life of man. The subject is too vast, the agents too various and numerous, to be more than hinted here; and in the limitation of our theme, not only to the young in years, but to the male in sex, we are precluded from celebrating one who stands in history as perhaps the loveliest human embodiment of all that is most winning and inspiring in youth, — one whose celestial elevation of sentiment, ecstatic ardor of imagination, and power at once to melt the heart and amaze the understanding, will forever associate the saintliest heroic genius with the name of Joan of Arc. But among the crowd of great men in this exalted sphere of influence, let us select one who was the head and heart of the most memorable movement of modern times, — the German peasant, Martin Luther. With a nature originally rougher, more earth-born, and of less genial goodness than that of Joan of Arc, but with a shaping imagination of the same realizing intensity, the beautiful myths of Romish superstition, which her innocent soul transfigured into gracious ministering spirits of seraphic might and seraphic tenderness, glared in upon his more morbid spiritual vision as menacing angels, or grinning imps, or scoffing fiends. But still the tortured soul toiled sturdily on through the anguish of its self-created hells, the mind crazed and shattered, the heart hungry for peace, the will resolute that it should have no peace until it found peace in truth. Yet, out of this prodigious mental and moral anarchy, with its devil's dance of dogmas and delusions, the young Luther organized, before he was thirty, the broadest, raciest, and strongest character that ever put on the armor and hurled the bolts of the Church Militant. Casting doubt and fear under his feet, and growing more practically efficient as he grew more morally exalted, at the age of thirty-seven he had hooted out of Germany the knavish agent of a deistical Pope, — had nailed to the Wittenberg Church his intellectual defiance of the theory of Indulgences, — had cast the excommunication and decretals of the Pontiff into the flames, — and, before the principalities and powers of the Empire, one German against all Germany, had simply and sublimely indicated the identity of his doctrine with his nature, by declaring that he not merely *would* not, but *could* not, recant.

And whom could he not recant? Does not this question point to Him who is the central Person and Power of the past eighteen hundred years of history? — to Him who will be the central Person and Power of the whole future of history?—to Him who came into the world in the form of a young man, and whom a young man announced, crying in the wilderness?—to Him who clasps in his thought and in his love the whole humanity whose troubled annals history recounts, and who divinized the spirit of youth when He assumed its form?

THE ETHICS OF POPULARITY.

The relation between the people and the amusers, teachers, and leaders of the people is in continual danger of being withdrawn from the operation of those moral laws which govern the other relations of life, and perverted from being a means of mutual benefit into a source of mutual corruption. The idea is mischievously prevalent, that the true method of reaching the heart and brain of the people is to ignore the best sentiments of the heart and the best thoughts of the brain; that to hit hard it is necessary to strike low; and that all successful appeals to the masses suppose in the orator a previous elision of the first letter of the word. This language, in the mouth of the quack and the rogue, is so perfectly in character that it is needless to waste surprise on its utterance. *They* do after their kind. But there seems to be a growing disposition on the part of men reputed wise and honest to adopt this scoundrel ethics; to believe that the quack and rogue are right in their methods, and only wrong in their objects; and that the true way to do good to the people is to adapt everything good to their supposed mental and moral condition. From the success of quacks and rogues it is hastily inferred that the people are rude, coarse, credulous, prejudiced, illiterate, and sensual; that they are strong in their appetites, weak in their minds, incompetent to feel grand sentiments or receive great ideas, but still capable of being pushed in the right direction, provided the appeal is made in words which they can understand, to motives which they can appreciate. This, being interpreted, means that to advance the noblest cause in popular estimation, it is necessary that a very little reason and conscience should be mixed with a great deal of nonsense, imposture, and slang.

Now we will not, just now, consider the question whether those who talk and think in this way are not impelled more by the desire of the people's applause than the desire of the people's good. We will not even pause to stigmatize the scepticism in regard to the power of high principles, the disbelief equally in man and God, which is implied in a proposition to vulgarize and debase patriotism, art, science, letters, manners, morals, and religion, for the purpose of giving them a force and effectiveness which it seems they sadly lack in themselves. It is sufficient to say, at the outset, that the whole scheme proceeds on the principle of libelling the democracy it would uplift. Contempt and insult are in the premises, even if such a *non sequitur* as philanthropy can be found in the conclusions. The theory degrades humanity; the practice degrades taste, intellect, and morals. Among the virtues that such a method of influence will develop in the people, is it not the very madness of impudence to suppose that gratitude will be one? And, to clench the argument, what right has any man who is systematically and on principle a trickster, a deceiver, or a buffoon — even if he is so for the glory of God and the good of mankind — what right has he to assume a complacent superiority over the common people in intellect and morals?

We are, therefore, opposed to the principle on which this mode of obtaining popular favor is based, and to all the applications of the principle to social life, politics, literature, morals, and religion; and we purpose, in some desultory remarks on the Ethics of Popularity, to consider the tendencies, and show the impotence for good, of all influence exercised on low levels of feeling and character. One preliminary observation, which must occur to every mind that reflects on the subject, will make our path clear and easy to tread. It is this, that while everybody affects to see the necessity of "popularizing" truth for somebody, nobody seems to admit its necessity for himself. Go into a political meeting in any part of the United States, and each man, if questioned, will be likely to tell you that the slang and bombast of the orator he cheers are necessary as a means of influencing the unintelligent and uneducated portion of the audience, though he disregards and despises them himself. Each person is troubled at the fat-wittedness of his neighbor, and the danger to the country if the other party gets his neighbor's vote; but he is serenely conscious of his own intelligence. Mutual distrust thus begets mutual deception. It is the old farce over again of Bulwer's ragged corporal, who, as he chuckles over his own personal scepticism, still condescendingly admits that "religion is a very good thing for the poor!"

We, of course, concede that this refusal of every person, who feels within him the impatient stir of the least feeling of manliness, to be plunged into the "lower classes," does not prove that he is not really influenced. Pride, vanity, the sense of shame, the sense of his own importance, a certain inward shrinking at hearing in public, or seeing in print, what he might utter himself among coarse companions, — all these prevent him from confessing that he approves what may secretly give him pleasure and satisfaction. But the fact of his denying that he is moved shows that there is no need of striking so low in order to hit his taste; that he has in him something which would thrill at a nobler appeal, and take in a more connected logic; that, in short, he is being corrupted through the very process by which his teacher aims to meet the demands of his presumed corruption. This last is the point which must especially be emphasized. The question relates to the vehicle which should be employed in conveying thoughts, principles, and purposes, mental and moral life, from a superior into an inferior mind. That the vehicle should be homely even to vulgarity, is the opinion of many men of not dishonest intentions. But if the things to be conveyed are vulgarized in the process, do they not part with their nature, and become something else? Even admitting that the end sanctifies the means, the question still comes up, Do the means really lead to the end that is proposed in the means? Now, by the law of association, the feelings and thoughts which are called up are those suggested by the words, and not those which were contemplated by the speaker. The result is that the person influenced is injuriously influenced. Morality and intelligence are in his mind lowered to the plane, and mixed with the baser matter, of sensations and appetites. But the man of superior mind is also insensibly corrupted, for in materializing his conceptions and sensualizing his sentiments, in order to make them coarsely obvious, he gradually becomes possessed by the imp he only intended to use; and he is in danger of descending by degrees to the level of those shallow, conceited, desperately "knowing" pretenders to practical wisdom, who, on the strength of a little education and a not disreputable social position, think themselves the natural managers and leaders of "the populace"; who wheedle and flatter the multitude they despise; who are sycophants, with the hope that servility will enable them to feed fat their vanity and greed; who mistake the superficial passions which occasionally agitate the public mind for the great elements of popular power; and who, profoundly ignorant of the real character of the people, believe them to be as stupid as they know themselves to be knavish.

Disbelieving, therefore, equally in the policy and honesty of the falsehood that tricks for benevolence, and the falsehood that tricks for gain, we think that all men are entitled to the best that any men have to give; and we fear, in the last analysis, it will generally be found that those who have faith in falsehood come, in the end, to look upon the commonalty more as weak brethren to be preyed upon than as weak brethren to be lifted up. Sanctity itself is to be suspected when it winks. With one hand in the people's pockets, and the other lifted to heaven to attest the purity of its purpose, — that is the attitude in which the imagination delights to contemplate the tricky friend of man.

And this last image naturally brings us to that portion of the subject which treats of the equivocal methods of obtaining popularity in politics. The most obvious example here is the demagogue; horror and hatred of him have been stereotyped in the commonplaces of many generations; so that, at last, he has himself been compelled to join in the general cry of disgust, and is commonly recognized from his giving the loudest hiss when his craft is named. Still political writers continue to make the mistake of classing him among democrats. Never was classification more absurd and inaccurate. It is true that, as a monarchy implies not merely the loyalist but the courtier, so a democracy implies not merely the citizen but the demagogue. But the demagogue is the courtier, accommodating himself to a change of position. He is not a democrat who goes too far, but he is a democrat emancipated from democracy. He is not a democrat *per*verted but a democrat *in*verted. He has a profound distrust of the people bred from his success in deluding the people, and is at heart and from reflection a believer in despotism. In the company of select friends, over the nuts and wine, he does not hesitate to complain of the injustice he receives from the pens of conservative writers on the science of government; and as John Wilkes privately vindicated himself from the disgrace of being a Wilkesite, so he scorns in his confidential hours the imputation of being a democrat. It is bad enough, he says, for a reduced gentleman to be compelled to get his living by such a trade as his; why insult his intelligence by imputing fanaticism to his motives? He is willing to be Captain Rook; but why discredit his firmness of mind by insinuating that he has any feelings of tenderness for the pigeon he plucks?

The significant fact, however, in the biography of the demagogue is, that he commonly commences public life as a simpleton, and the process by which he is developed into the rogue is one which will well repay investigation. In his youth, his pinched brain and shallow sensibilities are filled with the notion that he must "popularize" political knowledge in order that he may reach "the great heart of the people." He begins with bombast if he ends with blarney. Sense, information, logic, he is early taught to believe that the people cannot understand; he is by no means certain that he could use them if they did; but he feels swelling within him an eloquence of the soul which he thinks must do the business if he can obtain an occasion for its utterance. As his speech is a caricature of eloquence, nothing but caricature can suggest a notion of its power. The popular imagination, supposed to be gravely influenced by his rhodomontade, has, on the contrary, been singularly fertile in inventions which hold it up to mirthful contempt. Two examples will suffice. Sometimes it is a great idea which, like Irving's Dutch burgomaster, the orator has caught by the tail. His mind is filled with its sound, and he aims to sound it into the mental ear of the audience with a most sonorous indifference to the sense. "There is not," he shouts, "a man, woman, or child, in this house, of fifty years old or upward, through whose brains this idea has not been thundering for centuries!" Sometimes it is a great principle which, though on the occasion of his pressing it into service applies merely to the election of town clerk, he labors to trace historically and geographically from "the fall of Adam to that of Niagara." Kindling as he rushes on, he informs his auditors, "that by this principle the pyramids of Egypt were builded; and it was this principle which enabled Washington with his whole army to march through a life devoted to the best interests of his country!" By degrees he finds that this *naive* and innocent nonsense fails of its purpose. His shallow enthusiasm oozes out. He slips gradually into the clutches of thorough-paced politicians, who teach him mischief and the use of "the wires." The confused resources of his little brain are imperceptibly harmonized and condensed into low cunning and brazen effrontery; and before many years he can congratulate himself on his shrewd escape from all illusions, and on his success in reaching that perfect profligacy of mind and character which marks the finished demagogue.

But there are many persons who would be shocked if they were called demagogues, yet who in politics pursue a line of conduct which they admit would prove them to be rogues if followed out in any other part of the business of life. There are men, irreproachable as merchants and lawyers, and whose word in all ordinary matters is as good as their bond, who have convinced themselves that public lying is very different from private lying; that the domain of politics is a neutral ground into which ethics only penetrate to intrude; that nothing there is properly moral or immoral, but simply *un*-moral; that expediency and management are there the proper substitutes for principle; that to act on rigid notions in partisan disputes would be simply to deliver over the country into the hands of political hacks and knaves; and that, provided the object to be gained is just and patriotic, it is little matter how base may be the means. In their complacent consciousness of superior wisdom they seem to look upon the people as they would look upon a wild beast, who must be coaxed because too strong to be caged or chained. They are false, hypocritical, constrained by no scruples, because, if they may be believed, they are compelled to submit to the necessities which give popularity, and the power and influence which accompany popularity, to loud professions which pander to popular prejudice. They despise what they profess; they despise those who believe their professions; and yet they somehow escape despising themselves for making such professions. They elude self-contempt by self-deception; for they flatter themselves it is not interest or ambition but patriotism which makes them deceivers; and they never dream of supposing that interest and ambition may obscure their perceptions of the public good, as much as an assumed passion, prejudice, and ignorance may obscure the perceptions of the people.

The conceit of these earthly providences would doubtless be mortified, if the fact could be insinuated into their dull perceptions that they are rather below than above the great majority of the people, of whom they assume the contemptuous guardianship. Their notion of the common mind and heart is the result of no exercise of wide sympathies or sagacious insight, but is the product of pharisaic superciliousness acting on mental isolation. By adopting, to some degree, the arts of the demagogue, they acquire a certain kind of popularity; but this popularity rather disgraces them than the people; for the people, when undeceived, can justly say that they had no reason to suppose that respectable men, conventionally honest and religious, would stoop in their public capacity to act the part of cheats and liars. And we really believe if these politicians had the courage and the faith to be more candid they would be more popular. If they really knew those they address, they would discover that their influence was as superficial as their management was mean and their eloquence was ridiculous. There are doubtless knaves and fools among the people, and such politicians as we are considering are doing all they can to add to the number; but the knaves and fools are still in a minority so lean that no politician who aims at high positions can be shrewdly advised who builds his hopes on them. In spite of the clash and conflict of interests and passions in politics, there is still enough clear perception left in the most excited masses to recognize and respect great qualities of mind and character; and these would bear more sway than they do if demagogues scampish, and demagogues conceited, were not so incessantly engaged in perverting the people they pretend to teach, and in turning, as far as they are able, the noblest and most important branch of public education, the education of a democracy in the art and science of government, into a school of vulgarity, falsehood, scurrility, and faction, — a school in which government is taught as a trick. That the people desire something better is proved by the success of those who give them something better; and were it not for the trickery used in primary meetings, the men who seek to deprave them would rarely represent them. Tell the truth to the people; give them fair statements, consecutive reasoning, honest advice, give them wit that is not personality, humor that is not buffoonery, eloquence that is not rhodomontade, before you assert that they can appreciate nothing in argument but fallacies, and nothing in language but balderdash. It can hardly be said that our people disregard refinement, when the most popular orator of the country, the man who drew the greatest crowds, was Mr. Everett, who was almost prudish in his elaborated elegance and studied grace. It can hardly be said that any people lack the instincts of conscience and the intuitions of reason, while history proves that, in every controversy with their oppressors, they have had the right of conscience and the right of reason on their side.

If we pass from politics to literature, we find that it, too, has its professors of popularity, who aim to acquire influence on low levels, from the same seeming mistrust that the masses who read are gifted with brains to understand and taste to discriminate. Literature, with most of these writers, is not so much an art or a profession as it is a mechanical employment. They are artisans engaged in the manufacture of books, not artists engaged in the creation of works. They are anxious to supply the market with whatever it needs, and especially with the latest styles of "gent's clothing" for the mind. Some, like Dumas in France, are master-manufacturers, who put their own names to the productions of many hands. A few of these writers have genius, a considerable number have talent, and a larger number still have an effrontery of mediocrity which they think more than compensates for the lack of either. All aim to exercise the privileges of popularity, but are indifferent to its responsibilities. They vex themselves little with curious speculations in regard to the kind of effect they produce on the minds of their readers, provided the effect is such as to elicit money from their pockets. If any critical exceptions are taken either to the form or substance of their productions, they excuse themselves with the plea that they do not write to exhibit their talents, or to add to the classics of literature, but to hit the public taste, and that the public taste is coarse and uncultivated. It never seems to have occurred to these modest penmen that, like great poets, they have "created the taste by which they are enjoyed."

The usual appellation given to this kind of job-writing is "popular literature." As for the popularity we will not now dispute it, but we contend that it is no literature at all. The real literature of a people is the best and highest literature they have produced as a race or a nation. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Byron; Hooker, Bacon, Taylor, South, Barrow, Burke, and Warburton; Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Fanny Burney, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, and George Eliot,—not to mention scores of others in all departments of English letters,—are as much the product of the English people, as much form a portion of their common inheritance of glory, as their laws, institutions, manners, or any other organic outgrowth of their national mind and character. It was wittily said of Voltaire, that if France had not existed he would have created it. In fact France created him, and without France there could have been no such combination of talents and dispositions as made up the individuality we call Voltaire. Especially is this principle true of our Saxon or semi-Saxon race. Its literature contains the finest spirit and essence of its character; is something to which all the people have contributed; and is the mode by which the real history of the people's life, the history which no annals *can* recount, is mentally transmitted from age to age. If we could conceive of England as sunk beneath the sea she has ruled, and that no vestige or record of her was left except passages of her literature, embodying her reason, imagination, and the true English personality of her various authors, we could still infer from these the existence of a mighty and peculiar people, whose genius had culminated in such marvels of beauty and power. The thing we call the "genius of the people" is expressed in every individual genius born of that people; and every one of the people has latent in him the subtle freemasonry by which he can detect the common genius as condensed in its special embodiment, be the embodiment Sophocles, or Dante, or Calderon, or Shakespeare, or Goethe. To give all honor to the individual, and none to the people from whom he draws his vitality, acquires his experience, and assimilates his faculties, is to fall into that atheism which disregards the cause in admiration of the effect.

Now the literature which thus holds up to a people a glass wherein they see a magic reflection of themselves — of themselves as they appear lifted into the world of art — is the true popular literature. Every man of English blood and English speech, whether he live in England or the United States, has vested rights in the literature of England. It was created for him, and his nature suffers a loss if it be not enjoyed by him. Every American also has a special interest in the literature which smacks of the soil, impersonates the genius, embodies the ideas, and gives form to the aspirations of his native land. These two literatures, English and American, are the proper mental food, not merely of scholars and men of literary taste, but of the whole reading public of the country. For every purpose of knowledge, of excitement, of amusement, for wit, humor, passion, understanding, reason, imagination, for all that calls into exercise the deepest powers of thought, and for all that gives exquisite entertainment to minds jaded by labor, the good books in the English language will be found amply sufficient, and will meet every variety of culture and please every variety of taste.

But between these good books and a portion of the reading public are interposed books which have no roots in the national heart and brain, and which have little merit even as literary manufactures, but which still claim to be better adapted to the public wants than more artistic compositions. Such are a crowd of so-called romances and novels, whose professed object is to stimulate and amuse the popular mind. The first question to be considered is, are they calculated to serve their purpose as well as better books of the same class?

Fortunately the two most popular novelists of the world, Scott and Dickens, have saved us the trouble of debating this question. They have penetrated into the lowest strata of readers, and their success proves that the people err, in respect to other great novelists, more from ignorance of the existence of their works than from incapacity to appreciate genius. A large portion of the people read at haphazard what is nearest at hand, or what is thrust in their faces. They crave fiction, and snatch at the coarse fare which, if it does not please the palate, at least allays the pangs of hunger; but they still recognize the gulf which separates "Ivanhoe" and "David Copperfield" from "The Murderer's Doom" and "The Pirate's Leman." They have no familiarity with literary history and the sliding-scale of reputations, or they would know and eagerly read all those novelists who have best succeeded in imparting power and conveying a knowledge of human nature and human life through a process of delicious mental entertainment. It is therefore an insult to the people to declare that bad novelists produce monstrosities under necessities imposed by low popular tastes, rather than under necessities imposed by their own mediocrity of mind.

It is true that, as far as these writers exercise any influence, their influence is mischievous. Nobody can read their books without having his taste, and all those fine moralities which depend on taste, insensibly corrupted. But in what we have said we desired to distinguish between a necessity which exists of itself, and a necessity which is created in order to be met. Novels have become so important a branch of literature — so much mental and moral power is engaged in the production of good ones, and so great is their value as representations of human life — that it is provoking to think that so large a portion of the public, with the best and the most entertaining novels at their command, should be deluded into reading the worst and the most tiresome, — novels which have no charm of style, no felicity in the invention and conduct of a story, no vivid painting of scenery or manners, no power of conceiving and consistently developing character, no insight into the affections, sentiments, passions, and thoughts of human nature, and especially no effect in peopling the mind with new friends and acquaintances, ideal in their mode of existence, but intensely real to the heart and imagination whose wants and aspirations they impersonate, and whose sentiments they both purify and please. A person whose brain is filled with these "beings of the mind" is attended by a crowd of inspirers and comforters, who cling to him when other friends desert him, — who soothe, cheer, animate, and enrich his existence, — and from whose joyous and invigorating company all mean and base feelings slink ashamed away. But there is nothing genial and satisfying in the society with which bad novelists would fill the imagination. Burglars, highwaymen, murderers, pirates, and assassins are their heroes. Their poverty of mind is such that they can produce no effects, no "thrilling" incidents, but by a continual use of the coarsest stimulants of romance. They bear about the same relation to novelists of genius which the mob of mouthers brought by Rachel to this country bore to herself. One glance of her eye, one movement of her finger, even her simple presence on the stage, was more eloquent of power than the loudest declamation and most frantic gestures of the actors around her. In her absence many simple people might have supposed that the latter were good performers; they doubtless screamed and gesticulated for the purpose of hitting the public taste; but the moment she appeared the presence of genius was universally felt; her slightest motion was watched with eager interest; and the least-educated observer appreciated the art by which passion was shown as it cumulated as well as when it culminated. There is a story of a simple countryman who went for the first time in his life to the theatre, and who happened to go the night that Macready played Othello. After the performance was over, he was asked how he liked the actors. He was, of course, delighted with them all; "but," he added, hesitatingly, as if he were exhibiting his ignorance in the remark, "it seems to me that the nigger there played better than any of 'em!"

But the obnoxious methods of acquiring popularity and wielding influence which we have stigmatized in their application to politics and literature become doubly offensive when applied to morals and religion. The history of the Christian religion presents but too many examples of this rage for adapting spiritual truth to unspiritual perceptions, and thus turning the truth into a lie. Early in its history it had numerous shrewd and politic disciples, wiser than their Master, who had more faith in themselves than in him, or in the simple power of his doctrines. They conceived that principles must be depraved in order to be effective against depravity; that the Devil must be fought with the Devil's own weapons; and that as paganism could not be at once overcome it must be compromised with. The Roman Catholic Church has always been singularly fertile in these "popularizers" of theology. The result was seen at the time of the Reformation. The abstract doctrines of that church and the concrete religion of the people were essentially different. The doctrines had been so accommodated in practice to ignorance and brutality that Christianity had been at last accommodated into a kind of fetichism. Read some great Catholic doctor on the theory of indulgences, and you are struck with the sublimity of the conception and the marvellous reach and subtlety of thought with which it is developed. A sincerely religious mind might be attracted by it. But follow Tetzel as he traverses Germany and "popularizes" the theory, and a spectacle is presented which Barnum himself, in his palmiest days of humbug, would shrink from with disgust and horror. Yet Tetzel is but the type of many a loud-mouthed, foul-mouthed combination of fanatic and charlatan, who, in Protestant countries, thinks that the New Testament is too superfine in its language for the multitude, and must be translated into the vernacular of the pothouse in order to do its perfect work.

Again: it would be unjust to the large minds of the early Puritans to suppose that they broke off from the Church of England for the mere ceremonial trifles which are usually set down in histories as the cause of the great English schism. They were practical men, who looked at the practical effect among the people of ceremonies in themselves harmless. They saw, or thought they saw, that the religion of the people was fast being popularized by the underlings of that church into a worldly religion of "cakes and ale." If we read Hooker, it is difficult to resist a feeling of contempt for the narrowness of heart and understanding of the Puritans; for in Hooker we see sweetness, dignity, and sanctity exquisitely blended with vast erudition and comprehensive intelligence. But if, in imagination, we call up an English rural district of the time of Elizabeth, we can detect in the concrete religion of its humbler classes what it really was which roused the Puritan wrath against the Church. The popularized theology was not the theology which is set down in the works of the great English divines. The Puritan clearly discerned that the theory of the Church of Rome and the Church of England was to spiritualize the senses. He would deserve the gravest condemnation had he objected to the theory or the discipline which really effected it. But he believed that instead of spiritualizing the senses, the practical operation of their systems was to sensualize the soul; and therefore he fought against them with all his heart and strength. He may have been mistaken, but this does not affect the motive of his opposition.

The Puritan churches, again, have also suffered much by having their austere spirituality mimicked by impudent pretenders to sanctity, who, while they hardly seem to belong to the same species as Watts and Doddridge, still profess to hold the same doctrines, and to be redeemed by the same grace; men who carnalize every spiritual truth they touch, and call their profane quackery by the name of divine influence. They are tolerated because they are supposed capable of benefiting minds which better men cannot reach. Ah! this complicity of well-meaning piety with pious frauds, — this half-faith that men of coarse appetites, whose talk is of the Spirit, but whose influence is of the flesh, can save souls, — this is the curse of all churches! And what is the result? The result is that multitudes connected with Christian churches understand Christianity, and mentally and morally live it, in a sense which would shock pastors if they subjected the minds of their flock to searching psychological tests. The whole mischief comes from an attempt to adapt the doctrine to the comprehension of the people instead of lifting the people to the comprehension of the doctrine. We unhappily have in this country two glaring examples of the thorough application of the general principle of adaptation. There were a large number of persons who professed to disbelieve in spiritual existence. This excited other persons, who had a peculiar flexibility of the toes, to convert them into Spiritualists, by making spirits palpably knock and rap. Such evidence could not be resisted; it was palpable to the coarsest common-sense; and Spiritualism accordingly became a religion. But does any man, not of the faith, believe that the converts are any the less materialists than they were before? Spirituality has been "popularized," but materialists have not been spiritualized. Again: there were quite a considerable number of persons who disliked Christianity because it restrained their appetites. A religion was accordingly extemporized, pretending to be of divine origin, allowing these gentlemen as many wives as they desired. They eagerly professed it; and now, in their conceit of superior piety, they thunder Billingsgate at the immorality and irreligion of the Christian world. But Spiritualism and Mormonism are only logical results of the principle that men are, in matters of religion; to be addressed on the low level of their characters; in other words, that religion, to be efficient, must be vulgarized in order to be popularized. We are told by missionaries of a savage tribe, every word of whose language is associated with some obscene idea. Is it proper to adapt Christianity to their language?

The fallacy, however, in all those theories of influence, which are the delight of self-styled practical men, has its root in a radical misconception of the philosophy of influence. It is character that influences, and the influence, in quality and force, corresponds to the man who exercises it. A person of strong animal nature who foams out religious phrases in a seeming ecstasy of inspiration radiates an animal electricity into his audience, and nothing else, for the good reason that nothing else is in him. On the contrary, a man of high spiritual character, like Barrow or Jonathan Edwards, or Channing, by his presence, as well as by his utterance, makes himself felt as a spiritual force and fountain of spiritual influence. He may not be speaking of religion, and yet his simplest conversation produces a religious impression. His words feel their way surely along those mysterious avenues which lead to the inmost recesses of the soul. The listener is conscious that he is face to face with spiritual qualities which shine by their own light and warm by their own heat. A man must thus "put on the Lord Jesus Christ" before he can preach him. No mere religious feelings, much less no mere religious sensations, will suffice. The grace of God must be organized in sentiment, in principle, in faculty, in will, in the man. Give this reality of religious life, and there is no need of trick or spasm to make it understood and to make it efficient. It transfigures the homeliest diction of Bunyan into more than poetic beauty, and streams through the roughest denunciations of Luther the spirit of tenderness and love. All clumsy external imitations of the power fail to produce any good influence; for they are not *it*, and by it alone can men be raised and purified.

GRIT.

THERE is an influential form of practical force, compounded of strong will, strong sense, and strong egotism, which long waited for a strong monosyllable to announce its nature. Facts of character, indeed, are never at rest until they have become terms of language; and that peculiar thing which is not exactly courage or heroism, but which unmistakably is "Grit," has coined its own word to blurt out its own quality. If the word has not yet pushed its way into classic usage, or effected a lodgement in the dictionaries, the force it names is no less a reality of the popular consciousness, and the word itself no less a part of popular speech. Men who possessed the thing were just the men to snub elegance and stun propriety by giving it an inelegant, though vitally appropriate name. There is defiance in its very sound. The word is used by vast numbers of people to express their highest ideal of manliness, which is "real grit." It is impossible for anybody to acquire the reputation it confers by the most dexterous mimicry of its outside expressions; for a swift analysis, which drives directly to the heart of the man, instantly detects the impostor behind the braggart, and curtly declares him to lack "the true grit." The word is so close to the thing it names, has so much pith and point, is so tart on the tongue, and so stings the ear with its meaning, that foreigners ignorant of the language might at once feel its significance by its griding utterance as it is shot impatiently through the resisting teeth.

Grit is in the grain of character. It may generally be described as heroism-materialized, — spirit and will thrust into heart, brain, and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man. The feeling with which it rushes into consciousness is akin to physical sensation; and the whole body — every nerve, muscle, and drop of blood — is thrilled with purpose and passion. "Spunk" does not express it; for "spunk," besides being *petite* in itself, is courage in effervescence rather than courage in essence. A person usually cowardly may be kicked or bullied into the exhibition of spunk; but the man of grit carries in his presence a power which spares him the necessity of resenting insult; for insult sneaks away from his look. It is not mere "pluck"; for pluck also comes by fits and starts, and can be disconnected from the other elements of character. A tradesman once had the pluck to demand of Talleyrand, at the time that trickster-statesman was at the height of his power, when he intended to pay his bill; but he was instantly extinguished by the impassive insolence of Talleyrand's answer, — "My faith, how curious you are!" Considered as an efficient force, it is sometimes below heroism, sometimes above it: below heroism, when heroism is the permanent condition of the soul; above heroism, when heroism is simply the soul's transient mood. Thus, Demosthenes had flashes of splendid heroism, but his valor depended on his genius being kindled, — his brave actions flaming out from mental ecstasy rather than intrepid character. The moment his will dropped from its eminence of impassioned thought, he was scared by dangers which common soldiers faced with gay indifference. Erskine, the great advocate, was a hero at the bar; but when he entered the House of Commons, there was something in the fixed imperiousness and scorn of Pitt which made him feel inwardly weak and fluttered. Erskine had flashes of heroism; Pitt had consistent and persistent grit. If we may take the judgment of Sir Sydney Smith, Wellington had more grit than Napoleon had heroism. Just before the Battle of Waterloo, Sir Sydney, at Paris, was told that the Duke had decided to keep his position at all events. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "if the Duke has said that, of course t' other fellow must give way."

And this is essentially the sign of grit, that, when it appears, t' other fellow or t' other opinion must give way. Its power comes from its tough hold on the real, and the surly boldness with which it utters and acts it out. Thus, in social life, it puts itself in rude opposition to all those substitutes for reality which the weakness and hypocrisy and courtesy of men find necessary for their mutual defence. It denies that it has ever surrendered its original rights and aboriginal force, or that it has assented to the social compact. When it goes into any company of civilized persons, its pugnacity is roused by seeing that social life does not rest on the vigor of the persons who compose it, but on the authority of certain rules and manners to which all are required to conform. These appear to grit as external defences, thrown up to protect elegant feebleness against any direct collision with positive character, and to keep men and women at a respectful distance from ladies and gentlemen. Life is carried on there at one or more removes from the realities of life, on this principle, that "I won't speak the truth of you if you won't speak the truth of me"; and the name of this principle is politeness. It is impolite to tell foolish men that they are foolish, mean men that they are mean, wicked men that they are wicked, traitorous men that they are traitors; for smooth lies cement what impolite veracities would shatter. The system, it is contended, on the whole, civilizes the individuals whose natures it may repress, and is better than a sincerity which would set them by the ears, and put a veto on all social intercourse whatever. But strong as may be the argument in favor of the system, it is certainly as important that it should be assailed as that it should exist, and that it should be assailed from within; for, carried out unchecked to its last consequences, it results in sinking its victims into the realm of vapors and vacuity, its representative being the all-accomplished London man of fashion who committed suicide to save himself from the bore of dressing and undressing. Besides, in "good society," so called, the best sentiments and ideas can sometimes get expression only through the form of bad manners. It is charming to be in a circle where human nature is pranked out in purple and fine linen, and where you sometimes see manners as beautiful as the masterpieces of the arts; yet some people cannot get rid of the uneasy consciousness that a subtle tyranny pervades the room and ties the tongue, — that philanthropy is impolite, that heroism is ungenteel, that truth, honor, freedom, humanity, strongly asserted, are marks of a vulgar mind; and many a person, daring enough to defend his opinions anywhere else by speech or by the sword, quails in the parlor before some supercilious coxcomb,

"Weak in his watery smile
And educated whisker,"

who can still tattle to the girls that the reformer is "no gentleman."

Now how different all this is, when a man of social grit thrusts himself into a drawing-room, and with an easy audacity tosses out disagreeable facts and unfashionable truths, the porcelain crashing as his words fall, and saying everything that no gentleman ought to say, indifferent to the titter or terror of the women and the offended looks and frightened stare of the men. How the gilded lies vanish in his presence! How he states, contradicts, confutes! how he smashes through proprieties to realities, flooding the room with his aggressive vitality, mastering by main force a position in the most exclusive set, and, by being perfectly indifferent to their opinion, making it impossible for them to put him down! He thus becomes a social power by becoming a social rebel, — persecutes conventional politeness into submission to rude veracity, — establishes an autocracy of man over the gentleman, — and practises a kind of "Come-Outerism," while insisting on enjoying all the advantages of *Go-Interism.* Ben Jonson in the age of Elizabeth, Samuel Johnson in the last century, Carlyle and Brougham in the present, are prominent examples of this somewhat insolent manhood in the presence of social forms. It is, however, one of the rarest, as it is one of the ugliest, kinds of human strength; it requires, perhaps, in its combination, full as many defects as merits; and how difficult is its justifiable exercise we see in the career of so illustrious a philanthropist as Wilberforce, — a man whose speech in Parliament showed no lack of vivid conceptions and smiting words, a man whom no threats of personal violence could intimidate, and who would cheerfully have risked his life for his cause, yet still a man who could never forget that he was a Tory and a gentleman, who had no grit before lords and ladies, whose Abolitionism was not sufficiently blunt and downright in the good company of cabinet ministers, whose sensitive nature flinched at the thought of being conscientiously impolite and heroically ill-natured, and whose manners were thus frequently in the way of the full efficiency of his morals. In many respects a hero, in all respects benevolent, he still was not, like Romilly, a man of grit. Politeness has been defined as benevolence in small things. To be benevolent in great things, decorum must sometimes yield to duty; and Draco, though in the king's drawing-room, and loyally supporting in Parliament the measures of the ministry, is still Draco, even if cruelty in him has learned the dialect of fashion and clothed itself in the privileges of the genteel.

Proceeding from social life to business life, we shall find that it is this unamiable, but indomitable quality of grit which not only acquires fortunes, but preserves them after they have been acquired. The ruin which overtakes so many merchants is due not so much to their lack of business talent as to their lack of business nerve. How many lovable persons we see in trade, endowed with brilliant capacities, but cursed with yielding dispositions, — who are resolute in no business habits and fixed in no business principles, — who are prone to follow the instincts of a weak good-nature against the ominous hints of a clear intelligence, now obliging this friend by indorsing an unsafe note, and then pleasing that neighbor by sharing his risk in a hopeless speculation, — and who, after all the capital they have earned by their industry and sagacity has been sunk in benevolent attempts to assist blundering or plundering incapacity, are doomed, in their bankruptcy, to be the mark of bitter taunts from growling creditors and insolent pity from a gossiping public. Much has been said about the pleasures of a good conscience; and among these I reckon the act of that man who, having wickedly lent certain moneys to a casual acquaintance, was in the end called upon to advance a sum which transcended his honest means, with a dark hint, that, if the money was refused, there was but one thing for the casual acquaintance to do, — that is, to commit suicide. The person thus solicited, in a transient fit of moral enthusiasm, caught at the hint, and with great earnestness advised the casual acquaintance to do it, on the ground that it was the only reparation he could make to the numerous persons he had swindled. And this advice was given with no fear that the guilt of that gentleman's blood would lie on his soul, for the mission of that gentleman was to continue his existence by sucking out the life of others, and his last thought was to destroy his own; and it is hardly necessary to announce that he is still alive and sponging. Indeed, a courageous merchant must ever be ready to face the fact that he will be called a curmudgeon, if he will not ruin himself to please others, and a weak fool if he does. Many a fortune has melted away in the hesitating utterance of the placable "Yes," which might have been saved by the unhesitating utterance of the implacable "No!" Indeed, in business, the perfection of grit is this power of saying "No," and saying it with such wrathful emphasis that the whole race of vampires and harpies are scared from your counting-room, and your reputation as unenterprising, unbearable niggard is fully established among all borrowers of money never meant to be repaid, and all projectors of schemes intended for the benefit of the projectors alone. At the expense of a little temporary obloquy, a man can thus conquer the right to mind his own business; and having done this, he has shown his possession of that nerve which, in his business, puts inexorable purpose into clear conceptions, follows out a plan of operations with sturdy intelligence, and conducts to fortune by the road of real enterprise. Many others may evince equal shrewdness in framing a project, but they hesitate, become timid, become confused, at some step in its development. Their character is not strong enough to back up their intellect. But the iron-like tenacity of the merchant of grit holds on to the successful end.

You can watch the operation of this quality in everyday business transactions. Your man of grit seems never deficient in news of the markets, though he may employ no telegraph-operator. Thus, about two years ago, a great Boston holder of flour went to considerable expense in obtaining special intelligence, which would, when generally known, carry flour up to ten dollars and a half a barrel. Another dealer, suspecting something, went to him and said, "What do you say flour 's worth to-day?" "Oh," was the careless answer, "I suppose it might bring ten dollars." "Well," retorted the querist, gruffly, "I 've got five thousand barrels on hand, and I should like to *see* the man who would give me ten dollars a barrel for it!" "I will," said the other quickly, disclosing his secret by the eagerness of his manner. "Well," was the reply, "all I can say is, then, that I have *seen* the man."

The importance of this quality as a business power is most apparent in those frightful panics which periodically occur in our country, and which sometimes tax the people more severely than wars and standing armies. In regard to one of the last of these financial hurricanes, that of 1857, there can be little doubt, that, if the acknowledged holders of financial power had been men of real grit, it might have been averted; there can be as little doubt, that, when it burst, if they had been men of real grit, it might have been made less disastrous. But they kept nearly all their sails set up to the point of danger, and when the tempest was on them ignominiously took to their boats and abandoned the ship. And as for the crew and passengers, it was the old spectacle of a shipwreck, — individuals squabbling to get a plank, instead of combining to construct a raft.

Indeed, there was something pitiable in the state of things which that panic revealed in the business centres of the country. Common sense seemed to be disowned by mutual consent; an infectious fear went shivering from man to man; and a strange fascination led people to increase by suspicions and reports the peril which threatened their own destruction. Men, being thus thrown back upon the resources of character, were put to terrible tests. As the intellect cannot act when the will is paralyzed, many a merchant, whose debts really bore no proportion to his property, was seen sitting, like the French prisoner in the iron cage whose sides were hourly contracting, stupidly gazing at the bars which were closing in upon him, and feeling in advance the pang of the iron which was to cut into his flesh and crush his bones.

In invigorating contrast to the panic-smitten, we had the privilege to witness many an example of the grit-inspired. Then it was that the grouty, taciturn, obstinate trader, so unpopular in ordinary times, showed the stuff he was made of. Then his bearing was cheer and hope to all who looked upon him. How he girded himself for the fight, resolved, if he died, to die hard! How he tugged with obstacles as if they were personal affronts, and hurled them to the right and to the left! How grandly, amid the chatter of the madmen about him, came his few words of sense and sanity! And then his brain, brightened, not bewildered, by the danger, how clear and alert it was, how fertile in expedients, how firm in principles, with a glance that pierced through the ignorant present to the future, seeing as calmly and judging as accurately in the tempest as it had in the sunshine. Never losing heart and never losing head, with as strong a grip on his honor as on his property, detesting the very thought of failure, knowing that he might be broken to pieces, but determined that he would not weakly "go to pieces," he performed the greatest service to the community, as well as to himself, by resolutely, at any sacrifice, paying his debts when they became due. It is a pity that such austere Luthers of commerce, trade-militant instead of church-militant, who meet hard times with a harder will, had not a little beauty in their toughness, so that grit, lifted to heroism, would allure affection as well as enforce respect. But their sense is so rigid, their integrity so gruff, and their courage so unjoyous, that all the genial graces fly their companionship; and a libertine Sheridan, with Ancient Pistol's motto of "Base is the slave that pays," will often be more popular, even among the creditor portion of the public, than these crabbed heroes, and, if need be, surly martyrs, of mercantile honesty and personal honor.

In regard to public life, and the influence of this rough manliness in politics, it is a matter of daily observation, that, in the strife of parties and principles, backbone without brains will carry it against brains without backbone. A politician weakly and amiably in the right is no match for a politician tenaciously and pugnaciously in the wrong. You cannot, by tying an opinion to a man's tongue, make him the representative of that opinion; and at the close of any battle for principles, his name will be found neither among the dead nor among the wounded, but among the missing. The true motto for a party is neither "Measures, not men," nor "Men, not measures," but "Measures *in* men," — measures which are in their blood as well as in their brain and on their lips. Wellington said that Napoleon's presence in the French army was equivalent to forty thousand additional soldiers; and in a legislative assembly, Mirabeau and John Adams and John Quincy Adams are not simply persons who hold a single vote, but forces whose power thrills through the whole mass of voters. Mean natures always feel a sort of terror before great natures; and many a base thought has been unuttered, many a sneaking vote withheld, through the fear inspired by the rebuking presence of one noble man.

Opinions embodied in men, and thus made aggressive and militant, are the opinions which mark the union of thought with grit. A politician of this class is not content to comprehend and wield the elements of power already existing in a community, but he aims to make his individual conviction and purpose dominant over the convictions and purposes of the accredited exponents of public opinion. He cares little about his unpopularity at the start, and doggedly persists in his course against obstacles which seem insurmountable. A great, but mischievous example of this power appeared in our own generation in the person of Mr. Calhoun, a statesman who stamped his individual mind on the policy and thinking of the country more definitely, perhaps, than any statesman since Hamilton, though his influence has, on the whole, been as evil as Hamilton's was, on the whole, beneficent. Keen-sighted, far-sighted, and inflexible, Mr. Calhoun clearly saw the logical foundations and logical results of the institution of Slavery; and though at first called an abstractionist and a fanatic by the looser thinkers of his own region, his inexorable argumentation, conquering by degrees politicians who could reason, made itself felt at last among politicians who could not reason; and the conclusions of his logic were adopted by thousands whose brains would have broken in the attempt to follow its processes. One of those rare deductive reasoners whose audacity marches abreast their genius, he would have been willing to fight to the last gasp for a conclusion which he had laboriously reached by rigid deduction through a score of intermediate steps, from premises in themselves repugnant to the primal instincts both of reason and humanity. Always ready to meet anybody in argument, he detested all reasoners who attempted to show the fallacy of his argument by pointing out the dangerous results to which it led. In this he sometimes brought to mind that inflexible professor of the deductive method who was timidly informed that his principles, if carried out, would split the world to pieces. "Let it split," was his careless answer; "there are enough more planets." By pure intellectual grit, he thus effected a revolution in the ideas and sentiments of the South, and through the South made his mind act on the policy of the nation. Our civil war had its root in the principles he advocated. Never flinching from any logical consequence of his principles, Mr. Calhoun did not rest until through him religion, morality, statesmanship, the Constitution of the United States, the constitution of man, were all bound in black. Chattel slavery, the most nonsensical as well as detestable of oppressions, was, to him, the most beneficent contrivance of human wisdom. He called it an institution: Mr. Emerson has more happily styled it a destitution. At last the chains of his iron logic were heard clanking on the whole Southern intellect. Reasoning the most masterly was employed to annihilate the first principles of reason; the understanding of man was insanely placed in direct antagonism to his moral instincts; and finally the astounding conclusion was reached, that the Creator of mankind has his pet races, — that God himself scouts his colored children, and nicknames them "Niggers."

It is delicious to watch the exulting and somewhat contemptuous audacity with which he hurries to the unforeseen conclusion those who have once been simple enough to admit his premises. Towards men who have some logical capacity his tone is that of respectful impatience; but as he goads on the reluctant and resentful victims of his reasoning, who loiter and limp painfully in the steps of his rapid deductions, he seems to say, with ironic scorn, "A little faster, my poor cripples!"

So confident was Mr. Calhoun in his capacity to demonstrate the validity of his horrible creed, that he was ever eager to measure swords with the most accomplished of his antagonists in the duel of debate. And it must be said that he despised all the subterfuges and evasions by which, in ordinary controversies, the real question is dodged, and went directly to the heart of the matter, — a resolute intellect, burning to grapple with another resolute intellect in a vital encounter. In common legislative debates, on the contrary, there is no vital encounter. The exasperated opponents, personally courageous, but deficient in clear and fixed ideas, mutually contrive to avoid the things essential to be discussed, while wantoning in all the forms of discussion. They assert, brag, browbeat, dogmatize, domineer, pummel each other with the *argumentum ad hominem*, and abundantly prove that they stand for opposite opinions;

we watch them as we watch the feints and hits of a couple of pugilists in the ring; but after the sparring is over, we find that neither the Southern champion nor the Northern bruiser has touched the inner reality of the question to decide which they stripped themselves for the fight. In regard to the intellectual issue, they are like two bullies enveloping themselves in an immense concealing dust of arrogant words, and, as they fearfully retreat from personal collision, shouting furiously to each other, "Let me get at him!" And this is what is commonly called grit in politics, — abundant backbone to face persons, deficient brain-bone to encounter principles.

Not so was it when two debaters like Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Webster engaged in the contest of argument. Take, for example, as specimens of pure mental manliness, their speeches in the Senate, in 1833, on the question whether or not the Constitution is a compact between sovereign States. Give Mr. Calhoun those two words, "compact" and "sovereign," and he conducts you logically to Nullification and to all the consequences of Nullification. Andrew Jackson, a man in his kind, of indomitable resolution, intended to arrest the argument at a convenient point by the sword, and thus save himself the bother of going farther in the chain of inferences than he pleased. Mr. Webster grappled with the argument and with the man; and it is curious to watch that spectacle of a meeting between two such hostile minds. Each is confident of the strength of his own position; each is eager for a close hug of dialectics. Far from avoiding the point, they drive directly towards it, clearing their essential propositions from mutual misconception by the sharpest analysis and exactest statement. To get their minds near each other, to think close to the subject, to feel the griding contact of pure intellect with pure intellect, and, as spiritual beings, to conduct the war of reason with spiritual weapons, — this is their ambition. Conventionally courteous to each other, they are really in the deadliest antagonism; for their contest is the tug and strain of soul with soul, and each feels that defeat would be worse than death. No nervous irritation, no hard words, no passionate recriminations, no flinching from unexpected difficulties, no substitution of declamatory sophisms for rigorous inferences, — but close, calm, ruthless grapple of thought with thought. To each, at the time, life seems to depend on the issue, — not merely the life which a sword-cut or pistol-bullet can destroy, but immortal life, the life of immaterial minds and personalities, thus brought into spiritual feud. They know very well, that, whatever be the real result, the Webster-men will give the victory of argument to Webster, the Calhoun-men the victory of argument to Calhoun; but that consideration does not enter their thoughts as they prepare to close in that combat which is to determine, not to the world, but to each other, which is the stronger intellect, and which is in the right. Few ever appreciate great men in this hostile attitude, not of their passions, but of their minds; and those who do it the least are their furious partisans. Most people are contented with the argument that tells, and are apt to be bored with the argument which refutes; but a true reasoner despises even his success, if he feels that two persons, himself and his opponent, know that he is in the wrong. And the strain on the whole being in this contest of intellect with intellect, and the reluctance with which the most combative enter it unless they are consciously strong, is well illustrated by Dr. Johnson's remark to some friends, when sickness had relaxed the tough fibre of his brain, — "If that fellow Burke were here now, he would kill me."

A peculiar kind of grit, not falling under any of the special expressions I have noted, yet partaking in some degree of all, is illustrated in the character of General Grant. Without an atom of pretension or rhetoric, with none of the external signs of energy and intrepidity, making no parade of the immovable purpose, iron nerve, and silent, penetrating intelligence

God has put into him, his tranquil greatness is hidden from superficial scrutiny behind a cigar, as President Lincoln's was behind a joke. When anybody tried to coax, cajole, overawe, browbeat, or deceive Lincoln, the President nursed his leg, and was reminded of a story; when anybody tries the same game with Grant, the General listens and — smokes. If you try to wheedle out of him his plans for a campaign, he stolidly smokes; if you call him an imbecile and a blunderer, he blandly lights another cigar; if you praise him as the greatest general living, he placidly returns the puff from his regalia; and if you tell him he should run for the Presidency, it does not disturb the equanimity with which he inhales and exhales the unsubstantial vapor which typifies the politician's promises. While you are wondering what kind of man this creature without a tongue is, you are suddenly electrified with the news of some splendid victory, proving that behind the cigar, and behind the face discharged of all tell-tale expression, is the best brain to plan and the strongest heart to dare among the generals of the Republic.

It is curious to mark a variation of this intellectual hardihood and personal force when the premises are not in the solidities, but in the oddities of thought and character, and whim stands stiffly up to the remotest inferences which may be deduced from its insanest freaks of individual opinion. Thus it is said that in one of our country towns there is an old gentleman who is an eccentric hater of women; and this crotchet of his character he carries to its extreme logical consequences. Not content with general declamation against the sex, he turns eagerly, the moment he receives the daily newspaper, to the list of deaths; and if he sees the death of a woman recorded, he gleefully exclaims, "Good! good! there 's another of 'em gone!"

We have heard of a man who had conceived a violent eccentric prejudice against negroes; and he was not content with chiming in with the usual cant of the prejudice, that they ought not to be allowed in our churches and in our railroad-cars, but vociferated, that, if he had his way, they should not be allowed in Africa! The advantage of grit in this respect is in its annihilating a prejudice by presenting a vivid vision of its theoretical consequences. Carlyle has an eccentric hatred of the eighteenth century, its manners, morals, politics, religion, and men. He has expressed this in various ways for thirty years; but in his last work, the "Life of Frederick the Great," his prejudice reached its logical climax in the assertion, that the only sensible thing the eighteenth century ever did was blowing out its own brains in the French Revolution.

Again, in discussion, some men have felicity in replying to a question, others a felicity in replying to the motive which prompted the question. In one case you get an answer addressed to your understanding; in the other, an answer which smites like a slap in the face. Thus, when a pert sceptic asked Martin Luther where God was before he created heaven, Martin stunned his querist with the retort, "He was building hell for such idle, presumptuous, fluttering, and inquisitive spirits as you." And everybody will recollect the story of the self-complacent cardinal who went to confess to a holy monk, and thought by self-accusation to get the reputation of a saint.

"I have been guilty of every kind of sin," snivelled the cardinal.

"It is a solemn fact," replied the impassive monk.

"I have indulged in pride, ambition, malice, and revenge," groaned the cardinal.

"It is too true," answered the monk.

"Why, you fool," exclaimed the enraged dignitary, "you don't imagine that I mean all this to the letter!"

"Ho! ho!" said the monk, "so you have been a liar, too, have you?"

This relentless rebuker of shams furnishes us with a good transition to another department of the subject, namely, moral hardihood, or grit organized in conscience, and applying the most rigorous laws of ethics to the practical affairs of life. Now there is a wide difference between moral men, so called, and men moralized, — between men who lazily adopt and lazily practise the conventional moral proprieties of the time, and men transformed into the image of inexorable, unmerciful moral ideas, men in whom moral maxims appear organized as moral might. There are thousands who are prodigal of moral and benevolent opinions, and honestly eloquent in loud professions of what they would do in case circumstances called upon them to act; but when the occasion is suddenly thrust upon them, when temptation, leering into every corner and crevice of their weak and selfish natures, connects the notion of virtue with the reality of sacrifice, then, in that sharp pinch, they become suddenly apprised of the difference between rhetoric and rectitude, and find that their speeches have been far ahead of their powers of performance. Thus, in one of Gerald Griffin's novels, there is a scene in which a young Irish student, fresh from his scholastic ethics, amazes the company at his father's table, who are all devout believers in the virtues of the hair-trigger, by an eloquent declamation against the folly and the sin of duelling. At last one of the set gets sufficient breath to call him a coward. The hot Irish blood is up in an instant, a tumbler is thrown at the head of the doubter of his courage, and in ten seconds the young moralist is crossing swords with his antagonist in a duel.

But the characteristic of moral grit is equality with the occasions which exact its exercise. It is morality with thews and sinews and blood and passions, — morality made man, and eager to put its phrases to the test of action. It gives and takes hard blows, — aims not only to be upright in deed, but downright in word, — silences with a "Thus saith the Lord" all palliations of convenient sins, — scowls ominously at every attempt to reconcile the old feud between the right and the expedient and make them socially shake hands, — and when cant taints the air, clears it with good wholesome rage and execration. On the virtues of this stubborn conscientiousness it is needless to dilate; its limitations spring from its tendency to disconnect morality from mercy, and law from love, — its too frequent substitution of moral antipathies for moral insight, — and its habit of describing individual men, not as they are in themselves, but as they appear to its offended conscience. Understanding sin better than it understands sinners, it sometimes sketches phantoms rather than paints portraits, — identifies the weakly wicked with the extreme of Satanic wickedness, — and in its assaults, pitches *at* its adversaries rather than really pitches *into* them. But, in a large moral view, the light of intellectual perception should shine far in advance of the heat of ethical invective, and an ounce of characterization is worth a ton of imprecations. Indeed, moral grit, relatively admirable as it is, partakes of the inherent defect of other and lower kinds of grit, inasmuch as its force is apt to be as unsympathetic as it is uncompromising, as ungracious as it is invincible. It drives rather than draws, cuffs rather than coaxes. Intolerant of human infirmity, it is likewise often intolerant of all forms of human excellence which do not square with its own conceptions of right; and its philanthropy in the abstract is apt to secrete a subtile misanthropy in the concrete. Brave, unselfish, self-sacrificing, and flinching from no consequences which its principles may bring upon itself, it flinches from no consequences which they may bring upon others; and its attitude towards the laws and customs of instituted imperfection is almost as sourly belligerent as towards those of instituted iniquity.

Men of this austere and somewhat crabbed rectitude may be found in every department of life, but they are most prominent and most efficient when they engage in the reform of abuses, whether those abuses be in manners, institutions, or religion; and here they never shrink from the rough, rude work of the cause they espouse. They are commonly adored by their followers, commonly execrated by their opponents; but they receive the execration as the most convincing proof that they have performed their duties, as the shrieks of the wounded testify to the certainty of the shots. Indeed, they take a kind of grim delight in so pointing their invective that the adversaries of their principles are turned into enemies of their persons, and scout at all fame which does not spring from obloquy. As they thus exist in a state of war, the gentler elements of their being fall into the background; the bitterness of the strife works into their souls, and gives to their conscientious wrath a certain Puritan pitilessness of temper and tone. In the thick of the fight, their battle-cry, is, "No quarter to the enemies of God and man!" — and as, unfortunately, there are few men who, tried by their standards, are friends of man, population very palpably thins as the lava-tide of their invective sweeps over it, and to the mental eye men disappear as man emerges.

The gulf which yawns between uncompromising moral obligation and compromising human conduct is so immense that these fierce servants of the Lord seem to be fanatics and visionaries. But history demonstrates that they are among the most practical of all the forces which work in human affairs; for, without taking into account the response which their inflexible morality finds in the breasts of inflexibly moral men, their morality, in its application to common life, often becomes materialized, and shows an intimate connection with the most ordinary human appetites and passions. They commune with the mass of men through the subtile freemasonry of discontent. Compelled to hurl the thunderbolts of the moral law against injustice in possession, they unwittingly set fire to injustice smouldering in unrealized passions; and their speech is translated and transformed, in its passage into the public mind, into some such shape as this: "These few persons who are dominant in Church and State, and who, while you physically and spiritually starve, are fed fat by the products of your labor and the illusions of your superstition, are powerful and prosperous, not from any virtue in themselves, but from the violation of those laws which God has ordained for the beneficent government of the universe. Their property and their power are the signs, not of their merits, but of their sins." The instinctive love of property and power are thus addressed to overturn the present possessors of property and power; and the vices of men are unconsciously enlisted in the service of the regeneration of man. The motives which impel whole masses of the community are commonly different from the motives of those reformers who urge the community to revolt; and their fervent denunciations of injustice bring to their side thousands of men who, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, only desire a chance to be unjust. The annals of all emancipations, revolutions, and reformations are disfigured by this fact. Better than what they supplant, their good is still relative, not absolute.

In the history of religious reforms, few men better illustrate this hard moral manliness, as distinguished from the highest moral heroism, than the sturdy Scotch reformer, John Knox. Tenacious, pugnacious, thoroughly honest and thoroughly earnest, superior to all physical and moral fear, destitute equally of fine sentiments and weak emotions, blurting out unwelcome opinions to queens as readily as to peasants, and in words which hit and hurt like knocks with the fist, he is one of those large, but somewhat coarse-grained natures, that influence rude populations by having so much in common with them, and in which the piety of the Christian, the thought of the Protestant, and the zeal of the martyr are curiously blended with the ferocity of the demagogue. Jenny Geddes, at the time when Archbishop Laud attempted to force Episcopacy upon Scotland, is a fair specimen of the kind of character which the teachings and the practice of such a man would tend to produce in a nation. This rustic heroine was present when the new bishop, hateful to

Presbyterian eyes, began the service, with the smooth saying, "Let us read the Collect of the Day." Jenny rose in wrath, and cried out to the surpliced official of the Lord, "Thou foul thief, wilt thou say mass at my lug?" and hurled her stool at his head. Then rose cries of "A Pope! a Pope! Stone him!" And "the worship of the Lord in Episcopal decency and order" was ignominiously stopped. And in the next reign, when the same thing was attempted, the Covenanters, the true spiritual descendants of Knox, opposed to the most brutal persecution a fierce, morose heroism, strangely compounded of barbaric passion and Christian fortitude. They were the most perfect specimens of pure moral grit the world has ever seen. In the great theological humorist of the nineteenth century, the Reverend Sydney Smith, the legitimate intellectual successor of the Reverend Rabelais and the Reverend Swift and the Reverend Sterne, their sullen intrepidity excites a mingled feeling, in which fun strives with admiration. In arguing against all intolerance, the intolerance of the church to which he belonged as well as the intolerance of the churches to which he was opposed, he said that persecution and bloodshed had no effect in preventing the Scotch, "that metaphysical people, from going to heaven in their true way instead of our true way"; and then comes the humorous sally:

"With a little oatmeal for food and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with one hand and grasping his Calvinistical creed with the other, Sawney ran away to the flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles." But from the graver historian, developing the historic significance of their determined resistance to the insolent claims of ecclesiastical authority, their desperate hardihood elicits a more fitting tribute. "Hunted down," he says, "like wild beasts, tortured till their bones were beaten flat, imprisoned by hundreds, hanged by scores, exposed at one time to the license of soldiers from England, abandoned at another time to the mercy of bands of marauders from the Highlands, they still stood at bay in a mood so savage that the boldest and mightiest oppressor could not but dread the audacity of their despair."

But the man who, in modern times, stands out most prominently as the representative of this tough physical and moral fibre is Oliver Cromwell, the greatest of that class of Puritans who combined the intensest religious passions with the powers of the soldier and the statesman, and who, in some wild way, reconciled their austere piety with remorseless efficiency in the world of facts. After all the materials for an accurate judgment of Cromwell which have been collected by the malice of his libellers and the veneration of his partisans, he is still a puzzle to psychologists; for no one, so far, has bridged the space which separates the seeming anarchy of his mind from the executive decision of his conduct. A coarse, strong, massive English nature, thoroughly impregnated with Hebrew thought and Hebrew passion, — democratic in his sympathy with the rudest political and religious feelings of his party, autocratic in the consciousness of superior abilities and tyrannic will, — emancipated from the illusions of vanity, but not from those of ambition and pride, — shrinking from no duty and no policy from the fear of obloquy or the fear of death, — a fanatic and a politician, — a demagogue and a dictator, — seeking the kingdom of heaven, but determined to take the kingdom of England by the way, — believing in God, believing in himself, and believing in his Ironsides, — clothing spiritual faith in physical force, and backing dogmas and prayers with pikes and cannon, — anxious at once that his troops should trust in God and keep their powder dry, — with a mind deep indeed, but distracted by internal conflicts, and prolific only in enormous, half-shaped ideas, which stammer into expression at once obscure and ominous, the language a strange compound of the slang of the camp and the mystic phrases of inspired prophets and apostles,— we still feel throughout, that, whatever may be the contradictions of his character, they are not such as to impair the ruthless energy of his will. Whatever he dared to think he dared to do. No practical emergency ever found him deficient either in sagacity or resolution, however it might have found him deficient in mercy. He overrode the moral judgments of ordinary men as fiercely as he overrode their physical resistance, crushing prejudices as well as Parliaments, ideas as well as armies; and whether his task was to cut off the head of an unmanageable king, or disperse an unmanageable legislative assembly, or massacre an unmanageable Irish garrison, or boldly establish himself as the uncontrolled supreme authority of the land, he ever did it thoroughly and unrelentingly, and could always throw the responsibility of the deed on the God of battles and the God of Cromwell. In all this we observe the operation of a colossal practical force rather than an ideal power, of grit rather than heroism. However much he may command that portion of our sympathies which thrill at the touch of vigorous action, there are other sentiments of our being which detect something partial, vulgar, and repulsive even in his undisputed greatness.

In truth, grit, in its highest forms, is not a form of courage deserving of unmixed respect and admiration.

Admitting its immense practical influence in public and private life, conceding its value in the rough, direct struggle of person with person and opinions with institutions, it is still by no means the top and crown of heroic character; for it lacks the element of beauty and the element of sympathy; it is individual, unsocial, bigoted, relative to occasions; and its force has no necessary connection with grandeur, generosity, and enlargement of soul. Even in great men, like Cromwell, there is something in its aspect which is harsh, ugly, haggard, and ungenial; even in them it is strong by the stifling of many a generous thought and tolerant feeling; and when it descends to animate sterile and stunted natures, endowed with sufficient will to make their meanness or malignity efficient, its unfruitful force is absolutely hateful. It has done good work for the cause of truth and right; but it has also done bad work for the cause of falsehood and wrong: for evil has its grit as well as virtue. As it lacks, suppresses, or subordinates imagination, it is shorn of an important portion of a complete manhood; for it not only loses the perception of beauty, but the power of passing into other minds. It never takes the point of view of the persons it opposes; its object is victory, not insight; and it thus fails in that modified mercy to men which springs from an interior knowledge of their characters.

Even when it is the undaunted force through which moral wrath expresses its hatred of injustice and wrong, its want of imaginative perception makes it somewhat caricature the sinners it inveighs against. It converts imperfect or immoral men into perfect demons, which humanity as well as reason refuses to accept; and it is therefore not surprising that the prayer of its indignant morality sometimes is, "Almighty God, condemn them, for they *know* what they do!" But we cannot forget that there sounds down the ages, from the saddest and most triumphant of all martyrdoms, a different and a diviner prayer, — "Father, forgive them, for they know *not* what they do!"

Indeed, however much we may be struck with the startling immediateness of effect which follows the exercise of practical force, we must not forget the immense agency in human affairs of the ideal powers of the soul. These work creatively from within to mould character, not only inflaming great passions, but touching the springs of pity, tenderness, gentleness, and love, — above all, infusing that wide-reaching sympathy which sends the individual out of the grit-guarded fortress of his personality into the wide plain of the race. The culmination of these ideal powers is in genius and heroism, which draw their inspiration from spiritual sources, and radiate it in thoughts beautifully large and deeds beautifully brave. They do not merely exert power, they communicate it. If you are overcome by a man of grit, he insolently makes you conscious of your own weakness. If you are overcome by genius and heroism, you are made participants in their strength; for they overcome only to invigorate and uplift. They sweep on their gathering disciples to the object they have in view, by making it an object of affection as well as duty. Their power to allure and to attract is not lost even when their goal is the stake or the cross. They never, in transient ignominy and pain, lose sight and feeling of the beauty and bliss inseparably associated with goodness and virtue; and the happiest death-beds have often been on the rack or in the flame of the hero-martyr. And they are also, in their results, great practical influences; for they break down the walls which separate man from man, — by magnanimous thought or magnanimous act shame us out of our bitter personal contentions, and flash the sentiment of a common nature into our individual hatreds and oppositions. As grit decomposes society into an aggregate of strong and weak persons, genius and heroism unite them in one humanity. Thus, not many years ago, we were all battling about the higher law and the law to return fugitive slaves. It was argument against argument, passion against passion, person against person, grit against grit. The notions advanced regarding virtue and vice, justice and injustice, humanity and inhumanity, were as different as if the controversy had not been between men and men, but between men and cattle. There were no signs among the combatants that they had the common reason and the common instincts of a common nature. Then came a woman of genius, who refused to credit the horrible conceit that the diversity was essential, who resolutely believed that the human heart was a unit, and whose glance, piercing the mist of opinions and interests, saw in the deep and universal sources of humane and human action the exact point where her blow would tell; and in a novel * unexampled in the annals of literature for popular effect, shook the whole public reason and public conscience of the country, by the most searching of all appeals to its heart and imagination.

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* "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

THE VITAL AND THE MECHANICAL.

It may be universally affirmed that everything having shape either grows or is put together, is a living organism or a contrived machine; and the radical distinction between minds in all the modes of their operation, and between things in all the forms of their manifestation, is expressed in the antithesis of vitality and mechanism. To suggest, in a manner necessarily imperfect and rambling, some of the important consequences involved in this distinction, is the object of the present essay.

And first, in regard to minds, it may be asked, to what faculties and operations of the intelligence do you apply the term "vital," as distinguished from other faculties and operations indicated as mechanical? The answer to this question may be spiritually true without being metaphysically exact, and we shall hazard a brief one. The soul of man in its essential nature is a vital unit and person, capable of growth through an assimilation of external objects; and its faculties and acquirements are all related to its primitive personality, as the leaves, branches, and trunk of a tree to its root. In the tree there are sometimes dead branches and withered leaves, which constitute a part of the tree's external form without participating in the tree's internal life. The same thing occurs in the human mind. Faculties, originally springing from the soul's vital personality, become disconnected from it, lose all the sap and juice of life, and dwindle from vital into mechanical powers. The customary vocabulary of metaphysics evinces the extent of this decay in its division of the mind into parts, each part with a separate name and performing a different office. It is plain that no organism, vegetable, animal, or human, admits of such a classification of parts, for the fundamental principle of organisms is unity in variety, each part implying the whole, growing out of a common centre and source, and dying the moment it is separated. When, therefore, we say that the mind has faculties which are not vitally related to each other, that the whole mind is not present in every act, that there are processes of thought in which a particular faculty operates on its own account, we assert the existence of death in the mind; what is worse, the assertion is true; and what is still worse, this mental death often passes for wisdom and common sense, and mental life is stigmatized as fanaticism.

Now, this antithesis of life and death, vitality and mechanism, the conception of the spirit of things and the perception of the forms of things, is a distinction available in every department of human thought and action, and divides minds into two distinct classes, the living and the lifeless. The test of the live mind is, that it communicates life. The only sign here of possession is communication; and life it cannot possess unless life it communicates. Spiritual life implies a combination of force and insight, an indissoluble union of will and intelligence, in which will sees and intelligence acts. A mental operation, in the true meaning of the phrase, is a vital *movement* of the mind; and although this movement is called a conception or an act according as it refers to meditation or practice, it cannot in either case be a conception without being an act, or an act without being a conception. Conception, in the last analysis, is as truly an act of the mind as volition; both are expressions of one undivided unit and person; and the only limit of conception, the limit which prevented Kepler from conceiving the law of gravitation, and Ben Jonson from conceiving the character of Falstaff, is a limitation of will, of personality, of individual power, of that innate force which is always the condition and the companion of insight. All the vital movements of the mind are acts, whether the product be a book or a battle; and that is a singular philosophy of the will which calls Condé's charge at Rocroi an act, and withholds the name from Shakespeare's conception of Othello.

As this spiritual force is ever the characteristic of vital thought, such thought is both light and heat, kindles as well as informs, and acts potently on other minds by imparting life as well as knowledge. There are many books which contain more information than Paradise Lost, but Paradise Lost stimulates, dilates, and enriches our minds by communicating to them the very substance of thought, while the other books may leave us as poor and weak as they found us, with the addition only of some names and forms of things which we did not know before. The great difference, therefore, between a vital and mechanical mind is this, that from one you obtain the realities of things, and from the other the mere appearances; one influences, the other only gives information; one increases our power, the other does little more than increase our words. The action of a live mind upon other minds is chiefly an influence, and the true significance of influence is that it pierces through all the formal frippery of opinion and speculation lying on the surface of consciousness, and touches the tingling and throbbing nerve at its centre and soul; rousing the mind's dormant activity, breathing into it new motives and fresh vigor, and making it strong as well as wise. As regards the common affairs of the world, this influence is as the blast of an archangel's trumpet, waking us from the death of sloth and custom. In the fire of our newly kindled energies the mean and petty interests in which our thoughts were ensnared wither and consume; and, discerning vitalities where before we only perceived semblances, a strangeness comes over the trite, a new meaning gleams through old appearances, and the forms of common objects are transfigured, as viewed in the vivid vision of that rapturous life. Then, and only then, do we realize how awful and how bright is the consciousness of a living soul; then immortality becomes a faith, and death a delusion; then magnanimous resolves in the heart send generous blood mantling into the cheek; and virtue, knowledge, genius, heroism, appear possibilities to the lazy coward who, an hour before, whined about his destiny in the hopeless imbecility of weakness. Although this still and deep ecstasy, this feeling of power and awe, is to most minds only a transient elevation, it is still a revelation of the vital within them, which should at least keep alive a sublime discontent with the sluggish apathy of their common existence. "Show me," says Burke, "a contented slave and I will show you a degraded man," — a sentence right from the heart of an illustrious man, whose own mind glowed with life and energy to the verge of the tomb, and who never knew the slavery of that sleep of mental death, which withers and dries up the very fountains of life in the soul.

The usual phrases by which criticism discriminates vital from mechanical minds, are impassioned imagination and logical understanding. This vocabulary, though open to objections, as not going to the root of the matter, is still available for our purpose. It draws a definite line between genius and talent. The man of impassioned imagination is vital in every part. The primitive spiritual energy at the centre of his personality permeates, as with warm life-blood, the whole of his being, vivifying, connecting, fusing into unity, all his faculties, so that his thought comes from him as an act, and is endowed with a penetrating and animating as well as enlightening power. The thoughts of Plato, Dante, Bacon, Shakespeare, Newton, Milton, Burke, not to mention others, are actors in the world, communicating life, forming character, revealing truth, generating energy in recipient minds. These men possess understanding as far as that term expresses an operation of the mind, but understanding with them is in living connection with imagination and emotion; they never use it as an exclusive power in themselves, they never address it as an exclusive power in others. To understand a thing in its external qualities and internal spirit requires the joint operation of all the faculties; and no fact is ever thoroughly understood by the understanding, for it is the person that understands, not the faculty, and the person understands only by the exercise of his whole force and insight. The man of understanding, so called, simply perceives the forms of things and their relations; the man of impassioned imagination, perceiving forms and divining spirit, conceives the life of things and their relations. The antithesis runs through the whole realm of thought and fact. The man of understanding, when he rises out of sensations, simply reaches abstractions; and in the abstract there is no life. Ideas and principles belong as much to the concrete, to substantial existence, as the facts of sensation; the law of gravitation is a reality no less than the planet Jupiter; but to the man of mechanical understanding, ideas subside into mere opinions, and principles into generalities; and as by the very process of his thinking he disconnects, and deadens by disconnection, the powers by which he thinks, he cannot exercise, conceive, or communicate life, cannot invent, discover, create, combine. This is evident from the nature of the mind, and it is proved by history. In art, religion, science, philosophy, politics, the minds that organize are organic minds, not mechanical understandings.

The principle we have indicated applies to all matters of human concern, the simplest as well as the most complicated. Let us first take a familiar instance from ordinary life. In the common intercourse of society we are all painfully conscious of the dominion of the mechanical, prescribing manner, proscribing nature. In the Siberian atmosphere of most social assemblies the soul congeals. The tendency to isolation of mind from mind, and heart from heart, is most apparent in the contrivances by which society brings its members bodily together, — the formal politeness excluding the courtesy it mimics. Hypocrisy, artifice, non-expression of the reality in persons, — these are apt to be the characteristics of that dreary solitude which passes under the exquisitely ironical appellation of "good society." The universal destiny of men and women who engage in this game of fashion as the business of life is frivolity or ennui. They either fritter to pieces or are bored to death. Nothing so completely wastes away the vitality of the mind, and converts a person into a puppet, as this substitution of the verb "to appear," for the verb "to be." Whatever is graceful in manner, carriage, and conversation is natural; but the art of politeness, as commonly practised, is employed to deaden rather than develop nature, from its ambition to reduce the finer instincts to mechanical forms. In the very term of "gentleman" there is something exceedingly winning and beautiful, expressing as it does a fine union of intelligence and courtesy; but in genteel society the word too often means nothing more than foppish emptiness, and Sir Philip Sidney gives way to Beau Nash.

Even here, however, the moment a person with a genius for society appears, it is curious to see how quickly the different elements are fused together, by a few flashes of genuine social inspiration. Convention is at once abolished, each heart finds a tongue, giggling turns into merriment, conversation occurs and prattle ceases, and a party is really organized. A little sincerity of this sort in social intercourse would infinitely beautify life.

But in respect to philosophy and science, it may be asked, Does not the mechanical understanding hold undisputed sway in these? Has impassioned imagination anything to do with metaphysics, mathematics, natural philosophy, with the observation and the reasoning of the philosopher who deals with facts and laws? The answer to this question is an emphatic yes. That roused, energetic, and energizing state of mind which we have designated as impassioned imagination is as much the characteristic of Newton as of Homer. The facts, direction, and object are different, but the faculty is the same. A man of science without a scientific imagination, vital and creative like the poetical imagination, belongs to the second or third class of scientific men, the Hayleys and Haynes Baileys of science. Men of mechanical understandings never discover laws and principles, but simply repeat and apply the discoveries of their betters. Nothing but the fresh and vigorous inspiration which comes from the grasp of ideas could enable such men as Kepler and Newton to master the prodigious mass of drudgery through which ran the path which led to their objects; for genius alone is really victorious over drudgery, and refuses to submit to the weariness and deferred hope which attend upon vast designs. Indeed, in following the processes of scientific reasoning, whether inductive or deductive, we are always conscious of an element of beauty in the impression left on the mind, an element which we never experience in following the steps of the merely formal logician. Take the discussion, for instance, between Butler and Clarke on the *a priori* argument for the existence of God, and no reader who attends to the progress of the reasoning can fail to feel the same inner sense touched which is more palpably addressed by the poet. All the great thinkers, indeed, in all the branches of speculative and physical science, are vital thinkers, and their thoughts are never abstract generalities, but always concrete conceptions, endowed with the power to work on other minds, and to generate new thought. Bacon, the greatest name in the philosophy of science, was so jealous of the benumbing and deadening effect of all formal and mechanical arrangement of scientific truth, that he repeatedly condemns all systematization of science, and in his Natural Philosophy followed his own precepts. In the Advancement of Learning he says: "As young men, when they knit and shape perfectly do seldom grow to a further stature, so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms and observations, it is in growth; but when it is once comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be further polished and illustrated, and accommodated for use and practice; but it increases no more in bulk and substance." And again he remarks: "The worst and most absurd sort of triflers are those who have pent the whole art in strict methods and narrow systems, which men commonly cry up for their regularity and style." In illustration of this we may adduce Whewell's celebrated works, The History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. Here are great learning, logical arrangement, a complete superficial comprehension of the whole subject; but life is wanting. Most of the great discoveries and inventions with which such a book would naturally deal have been made since the publication of Bacon's Novum Organon; but more mental nutriment and inspiration, more to advance the cause of science, can be found in one page of the Novum Organon than in Whewell's whole five volumes. Such is the difference between a vital and mechanical mind in the history and philosophy of science; and the difference is more observable still when we come to consider the deep and constant enthusiasm, the persisting, penetrating genius of the practical discoverer, as contrasted with the cold and uncreative memory-monger and reasoning machine, who too often passes himself off as the real *savant.* The only great man of science who has detailed his processes in connection with his emotions is Kepler, and everybody has heard of the "sacred fury" with which he assaulted the fortresses in which Nature long concealed her laws. His page flames with images and exclamations. His operations to conquer the mystery in the motions of the planet Mars are military. His object is, as he says, "to triumph over Mars, and to prepare for him, as one altogether vanquished, tabular prisons and equated eccentric fetters." When "the enemy left at home a despised captive, had burst all the chains of the equations, and broken forth of the prisons of the tables," and it was "buzzed here and there that the victory is vain," the war rages "anew as violently as before," and he "suddenly brings into the field a new reserve of physical reasonings on the rout and dispersion of the veterans." A poet can thus vitalize mathematics, and "create a soul under the ribs" of physical death.

In politics and government, the most practical objects of human interest, the men who organize institutions and wisely conduct affairs are men of vital minds; while the whole brood of ignorant and scampish politicians, whose vulgar tact is but a caricature of insight, and who are as great proficients in ruining nations as statesmen are in advancing them, are men of mechanical minds. In politics, perhaps, more practical injury has resulted from the dominion of formal dunces, than in any other department of human affairs, — politics being the great field of action for all speculators in public nonsense, for all men whose incompetency to handle things would be quickly discovered in any other profession. But a great statesman, no less than a great poet, discerns the life of things in virtue of having himself a live mind, and, not content with observing men and events, divines events in their principles, and thus reads the future. When he proposes a scheme of legislation, all its results exist in his mind as possibilities, and if an effect is produced not calculated in the conception, he is so far to be accounted a blunderer, not a statesman. Perhaps of all the statesmen that ever lived, Edmund Burke had this power of reading events in principles in the greatest perfection; and certainly there are few English poets who can be said to equal him in impassioned imagination. This imagination was not, as is commonly asserted, a companion and illustrator of his understanding, appending pretty images to strong arguments, but it included understanding in itself, and was both impetus and insight to his grandly comprehensive and grandly energetic mind. Fox, Pitt, and all the politicians of his time, were, in comparison with him, men of mechanical intellects, constantly misconceiving events; mere experimenters, surprised at results which they should have predicted. There is something mortifying in the reflection that, in free countries, the people have not yet arrived at the truth, that great criminality as well as great impudence is involved in the exercise of political power without political capacity. A politician in high station, without insight and foresight, and thus blind in both eyes, is an impostor of the worst kind, and should be dealt with as such.

In art and literature the doctrine of vital powers lies at the base of all criticism which is not mere gibberish. It is now commonly understood that the creative precedes the critical; that critical laws were originally generalized from poetic works; and that a poem is to be judged by the living law or central idea by which it is organized, which law or idea is as the acorn to the oak, and determines the form of the poem. The power and reach of the poet's mind is measured by his conception of organic ideas, of ideas which, when once grasped, are principles whence poems necessarily grow, and are eventually realized in works. The universality of Shakespeare is but a power of vital conception, not limited to one or two ideas, but ranging victoriously over the world of ideas. These celestial seeds, once planted in a poetic nature, germinate and grow into forms of individual being, whose loveliness and power shame our actual men and actual society by a revelation of the real and the permanent. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, in virtue of their power to realize and localize the ideal, give us "poor humans" a kind of spiritual world on earth.

The schoolmasters of letters, those gentlemen who frame laws of taste, and manufacture cultivated men, commonly display a notable oversight instead of insight of the distinction between vital and mechanical minds, between authors who impart power and authors who impart information. They judge the value of a book by its external form instead of its internal substance, and altogether overlook the only important office of reading and study, which plainly is the acceleration of our faculties through an increase of mind. Mind is increased by receiving the mental life of a book, and assimilating it with our own nature, not by hoarding up information in the memory. Books thus read enrich and enlarge the mind, stimulating, inflaming, concentrating its activity; and though without this reception of external life a man may be odd, he cannot be original. The greatest genius is he who consumes the most knowledge, and converts it into mind. But a mechanical intellect merely attaches the husks of things to his memory, and eats nothing. It is for this reason that heavy heads, laden with unfertilizing opinions and dead facts which never pass down into the vitalities of their being, are such terrific bores. Considering literature not as food but as luggage, they cram their brains to starve their intelligence, — and woe to the youth whom they pretend to instruct and *in*form! A true teacher should penetrate to whatever is vital in his pupil, and develop that by the light and heat of his own intelligence, — like the inspiring master described by Barry Cornwall's enthusiast: —

> "He was like the sun, giving me light;
> Pouring into the caves of my young brain
> Knowledge from his bright fountains."

A man who reads live books keeps himself alive, has a constant sense of what life means and what mind is. In reading Milton, a power is communicated to us which, for the time, gives us the feeling of a capacity for doing anything, from writing Hamlet to whipping Tom Hyer. "My ——, sir," said the artist who had been devouring Chapman's Homer, "when I went into the street, after reading that book, men seemed to be ten feet high." This exaltation of intelligence is simply a movement of our consciousness from the mechanical to the vital state, and to those whose common existence is in commonplaces such an exaltation occasions a shock of surprise akin to fear.

In an art very closely connected with one of the highest forms of literature, the art of acting, we have another illustration of the fundamental antithesis, in processes and in results, between vitality and mechanism. Few, even among noted performers, have minds to conceive the characters they play; and it consequently is a rare thing to see a character really embodied and ensouled on the stage. The usual method is to give it piece by piece, and part by part, and the impression left on the audience is not the idea of a person, but an aggregation of personal peculiarities. Mr. Macready, for instance, has voice, action, understanding, grace of manner, felicity in points; but each is mechanical. His mind is hard and unfusible, never melts and runs into the mould of the individuality he personates, never imparts to the audience the peculiar life and meaning embodied by his author. His energy is not vital, but nervous; his mode of arriving at character is rather logical than imaginative. He studies the text of Hamlet, infers with great precision of argument the character from the text, and plays the inference. The elder Booth, on the contrary, who of all actors had the most force and refinement of imagination, *conceived* Hamlet as a person, preserved the unity of the person through all the variety in which it is manifested, and seemed really to pass out of himself into the character. Macready left the impression of variety, but of a variety not drawn out of one fertile and comprehensive individuality: Booth gave the individuality with such power that we could easily conceive of even a greater variety in its expression without danger to its unity. The impression which Macready's Hamlet left on the mind was an impression of Mr. Macready's brilliant and versatile acting: the impression which Booth stamped on the imagination was the profound melancholy of Hamlet, underlying all his brilliancy and versatility. A man witnessed Booth's personation of Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, and Othello with great delight, and with great accession of knowledge, after reading the deep Shakespearian criticism of Goethe, Schlegel, and Coleridge; but every one feels it would be unjust to bring Macready to the test of such exacting principles.

In these desultory remarks on a variety of suggested topics, we have attempted to illustrate the radical distinction between vitality and mechanism, impassioned imagination and logical understanding, the communication of mental life and the imparting of lifeless information, as that distinction applies to all things which occupy human attention and stimulate human effort. We have indicated, in a gossiping way, the dangerous ease with which the mechanical supersedes the vital in those departments of knowledge and affairs which originated in the mind's creative and organizing energy, — in society, in governments, in laws, literature, and institutions, in ethical, mental, and physical science; and have tried to show that such a usurpation of torpor over activity dulls and deadens the soul, makes existence a weakness and weariness, and mocks our eyes with nothing but the show and semblance of power. A man of mechanical understanding can but exist his fourscore years and ten, and a dreary time he has of it at that, bored and boring all his few and tiresome years; but a live mind has the power of wonderfully condensing time, and lives a hundred common years in one. From the phenomena presented by men of genius we can affirm the soul's immortality, because they give some evidence of the joy, the ecstasy, involved in the idea of life; but to a mechanical being, endowed with a spark of vitality sufficient only to sting him with rebuking possibilities, an endless existence would be but an endless ennui. The ground for hope is, that man, using as he may all the resource of stupid cunning, cannot kill the germ of life which lies buried in him; hatred and pride, the sins of the heart, may eat into it, and his "pernicious soul" seem, like Iago's, to "rot half a grain a day"; mechanism, the sin of the head, may withdraw itself into "good common sense," and contentedly despise the joyous power of vital action; but still the immortal principle constituting the Person survives, — patient, watchful, persistent, unconquerable, refusing to capitulate, refusing to die.

THE ECONOMY OF INVECTIVE.

It has become the settled policy of most civilized countries that some portion of its members should be set up as objects of scorn and hatred to the rest, and indignation is accordingly fast being organized into an institution. Among our people especially, — a people delighting in the use of strong words independent of the occasions which should call them forth, — there is a constantly increasing disposition to revel in the rhetoric of execration, and to find an innocent enjoyment in the demolishment of character. Every man in the country has his vocabulary of hot and stinging words; and however scantily furnished may be his head in other respects, it can always boast of a good stock of big, bouncing adjectives, to be tossed miscellaneously among his fellow-citizens, to avenge the least slight to his vanity, or to the thing he calls his opinion. It is to be regretted, however, that widely diffused as is the taste for invective, it has made but imperfect approaches to the dignity of an art; and the very prodigality with which its terms are squandered has tended to degrade it into a mere dance of words. Expressions which have done great execution in old times, when used on fitting occasions, have now lost all their force through the frequency of their misapplication; and the word-warrior, in the full blast of his sounding cannonade, is mournfully made aware that his seeming balls are as ineffective as blank cartridges. And thus many an aspiring wordling of invective, whose forcibly feeble expletives indicate an ambition to merit the flattering cognomen of Curser-General of the Human Race, is really unworthy to do the denunciation of a debating club.

Now it is very apparent that, with this genius for finding fault, and disposition to inveigh, so diffused among the people, it is a great evil not to have the principles of invective better understood. This ignorance comes from no lack of terms, for the dictionaries having been fully sacked for sarcasm, and the fish-markets explored for slang, we have suffered of late rather from a glut than a scarcity of vituperative words. The essential difficulty to be met is therefore that which relates to the mode of wielding weapons notoriously in our possession; and this mode we propose to indicate by guiding maxims and appropriate illustrations. The spendthrifts of invective having failed to achieve their objects, let us examine the subtler and more searching process of the economists.

It was a remark of Lord Brougham, made many years ago, that what strikes the reader of the great Greek orators most strongly is their abstinent use of their prodigious faculties of expression; and it has been said of Fox that he hesitated in debate, not from the scarcity but from the multitude of his words. Indeed every orator of invective has found that selection and compression are the conditions of rhetorical effectiveness; and that the torrent and tempest of his rage spent itself in vain, unless there flashed from it at last one lightning word or phrase, charged with the electricity of imaginative passion, and smiting its object with a power which both irradiated and shattered it. This condensation evinces that intellect and character are working with sensibility, and it is never the prize of the mere word-piler, no matter how richly he may be arrayed in the spoils of the dictionaries. It indicates a mental vision of the exact point where the blow may be dealt with overwhelming effect, and a resolute concentration of all the mind's forces in hurling the bolt its fusing passion forges. To wander from the point, to expend energy on a multiplicity of particulars, to wanton in a stupid succession of abusive epithets, and blow the trumpet of an imbecile fury, and especially to launch general terms of opprobrium which have no individual application to the peculiarities of the person assailed, — all this is to exhibit the scattering rage of the shrew instead of the concentrated vehemence of the orator. That indifference to the meaning of words, which induces some newspaper editors to assail their puniest opponents with invective copied from Cicero against Verres, or Burke against Hastings, betrays as ludicrous a conception of the power of terms as that displayed by Lord Campbell's legal friend, who, enraged that his client should persist in refusing to settle his case by arbitration, burst out upon him in open court with this stunning remark: "You —— infernal rascal, if you don't settle this matter as his honor proposes, and as I and my learned brother wish, I shall be compelled *to use strong language to you.*"

The purpose of invective being to hold up a person, or class, or institution, to contempt or execration, it is obvious that, to distinguish it from mere abuse, it is necessary that the character of the invective should vary with the variety of its objects. Between contempt and execration there are many degrees of scornful feeling, answering to the degrees of folly and crime in the conduct of individuals; and the end of invective being attained only when it is felicitously adapted to the character of the thing or person assailed, a discrimination of traits and an economy of epithets are of the first importance. Many splendid specimens of verbal joinery, welded together with all the energy of personal hatred, have been ineffective from the fact that the orator, blinded by his passions, and eager simply to demolish his opponent, has missed his mark by blundering in his analysis; aiming, perhaps, to awaken in the minds of the audience a feeling of detestation and horror toward one who was the proper subject only of dislike or contempt; and ending therefore in accomplishing nothing, by beginning with an attempt to accomplish too much. Such magnificent monstrosities of railing have only the effect to make men's minds callous to vituperation. Fox made this mistake in his assaults on Lord North's administration, during the American war. He was continually threatening the "noble lord in the blue ribbon" with impeachment. He would have the noble lord's head. The noble lord should expiate his crimes on the block. The noble lord, in the mean time, placidly smiled at all this fury, and sometimes sweetly slept in his seat while Fox was brandishing the axe of metaphor over his head. The only instance in which he used this favorite figure with any rhetorical effect was after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. In the debate on the king's speech announcing that event, Fox, feeling that it would be the death-blow of the ministers, and that all would soon be in his power, played his invective with a vehemence at once dazzling and pointed. The war, he said, would fill the future historian of the country with shame and horror; and, he added, with a significant glance at the ministerial benches, "*its effects would soon be felt on our scaffolds.*"

In an examination and classification of the different kinds of invective, we shall refer first to that light and fleering contempt which performs the office of the most overwhelming scorn without seeming to go beyond the bounds of good-nature. Vehement and earnest speakers are very apt to fall victims to this delicate instrument of wit, the stroke having the unexpectedness of lightning from a blue sky. Lord North, who possessed none of the grandeur and impassioned declamation of his Whig opponents, kept his ground in debate chiefly by a dexterous use of this weapon. Burke and Fox once furiously objected in the House of Commons to his calling, in a public document, the insurgent colonists by the name of rebels. "Very well," replied North, "if it will please you better, I will call them gentlemen of the opposition over the water!" Lord Thurlow, in a debate in the House of Lords, utterly crushed a noble opponent by one fleering reference to his statements. The point was of some importance, as the latter testified to what had been said at a meeting of opposition noblemen in a celebrated political tavern. Thurlow lightly touched the evidence in this way: "As to what the noble and learned lord *says* he heard *at the alehouse*" — it is hardly necessary to quote further; the victory was obtained without any elaborate argument. Brougham was not celebrated for the delicacy of his satire, or the ingenuity of his innuendoes; but there is one passage in his speeches in which he has given the lie to an adversary with singular grace. Lord Melbourne flatly denied one of Brougham's imputations on his government, which it was for the interest of the latter's argument to sustain, without directly accusing Melbourne of falsehood. "My noble friend," he said, "though but a novice in office, made the denial with a glibness and readiness that might have done honor to those *inveterate habits of official assertion*, only acquired by those who are born at Whitehall and bred in Downing Street."

This element of unexpectedness in thought or statement is a charm of invective not confined to legislative debates. Hazlitt's most stinging allusion to Gifford is conveyed in a demure sentence, which has almost the form of a compliment. "The low-bred, self-taught man, the pedant, and the dependent on the great, contribute to form the Editor of the Quarterly Review.

He is admirably qualified for this situation *by a happy combination of defects, natural and acquired.*" The keenest criticism on Harriet Martineau's book on Animal Magnetism was the remark of the London wit, who was asked what was the doctrine it inculcated. He replied, "The doctrine seems to be this; there is no God, and Harriet is his prophet." Macaulay's positiveness of assertion on the most obscure points of history and policy is well known to all his multitudinous readers. Lord Melbourne, who combined great accomplishments and unerring political shrewdness with the scepticism of a Hume, and the languid airs of a Brummell, once hit off this universal dogmatism of the great essayist with inimitable tact. "I wish," said he, "that I knew anything as well as Tom Macaulay knows everything."

Next in order to this cool and jaunty mode of attaining the purposes of invective without exhibiting its form, we may particularize the epigrammatic mode of denunciation. Vituperation in epigrams is commonly the most pleasing expression of the art, because it enables the benevolent reader to detach the wit from the object of it, and at least gives Romeo's consolation to the sufferer himself: —

> "You cut my head off with a golden axe,
> And smile upon the blow that slays me."

Macaulay has contributed more of this kind of invective to English literature than any other author, with the exception, perhaps, of Pope. In his History of the Revolution of 1668, he makes the most essentially disgusting characters, the rats, rogues, and liberticides of politics, objects of ideal interest by the peculiar beauty with which he racks and riddles them with epigrammatic scorn. We think, however, that the attentive reader of the book will find that the object of invective is not perfectly attained. The men he assails, the Sunderlands and Rochesters and Marlboroughs, are certainly hateful characters; but still we do not exactly hate them. Who can hate what is made the occasion of so much deliciously pungent wit? Folly, bigotry, and crime seem artistically to justify their existence, when thus proved to have in them a nature so flexible to the moulds of epigram and the racks of antithesis.

The same remark applies in a great degree to the epigrammatic severity of his critical and historical essays. The element of beauty is in almost all of his invective, and we are too much delighted to be enraged. He complains, for instance, that no sacrifices were made at the Revolution; and so far the reader is also disposed to complain; but then he adds, "except the sacrifice which Churchill made of honor, and Anne of natural affection"; and this almost reconciles us to the fact. Not even in his History does he attack Marlborough with more zest than in his early essay on Hallam's Constitutional History of England. In speaking of the almost universal corruption and inconstancy of the politicians of the time of William the Third, he remarks: "It may well be conceived that, at such a time, such a nature as that of Marlborough would riot in the very luxury of baseness. His former treason, thoroughly furnished with all that makes infamy exquisite, placed him, indeed, under the disadvantage which attends every artist from the time that he produces a masterpiece. Yet his second great stroke may excite wonder, even in those who appreciate all the merit of the first. Lest his admirers should be able to say that, at the time of the Revolution, he betrayed his king from any other than selfish motives, he now proceeded to betray his country." This is really too good to be true.

The drawback on the excellence of most epigrammatic invective is the obviousness of its exaggeration. It depends for its effect on flashing a truth into the mind through a process of splendid caricature; of surprising us, as it were, into contempt or hatred. South, in his sermons, has more of the energy of real passion in his vituperative epigrams than either Pope or Macaulay, and accordingly the heartiness of his hatreds gives his wit more real severity than the sparkling remorselessness of their elaborate indignation. The arrow not only hits the victim, but it is buried in his flesh. We perceive the truth which South exaggerates at the very moment its wit tingles on our risibilities; and hardly have the opportunity, as in Macaulay, of enjoying the epigram apart from the individual or class it is intended to pierce. Occasionally Macaulay hits upon an author whose book defies his powers of scornful depreciation, and is really worse than epigram can represent it. He who has attempted to struggle through the Life of Warren Hastings, by the Rev. Mr. Gleig, is painfully sensible of the shortcomings even of the statements of scorn. "This book," says Macaulay, "seems to have been manufactured in pursuance of a contract, by which the representatives of Warren Hastings, on the one part, agreed to furnish papers, and Mr. Gleig, on the other part, agreed to furnish praise. It is but just to say that the covenants have been faithfully kept on both sides; and the result is before us in the form of three big bad volumes, full of undigested correspondence and undiscerning panegyric." And we may here add that those lovers of Shakespeare who have been bored by his officious commentators of the last generation, hardly perceive any exaggeration in the remark of a late critic, that they were men "of fifth-rate scholarship and first-rate incapacity."

We may mention, in connection with the method of invective by epigram, a peculiar variety of it which springs directly from personal character, and is racy with the insolence of a forcible will. It is commonly disingenuous, for it aims to defeat its antagonist by belittling still more those who are naturally little. Thus Sydney Smith justifies his assault on a man of moderate abilities, whose purposes he considered as mischievous as they most assuredly were well-meaning, in this exquisite strain of arrogance: "I do not attack him from a love of glory, but from a love of utility; as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dike, for fear it would flood a province." Burke is a great master of this lofty contemptuousness. The English sympathizers with the first French Revolution made so many confident speeches, and passed so many brave resolutions, that they were considered to be greater in influence and numbers than they really were. In the scornful sentences of Burke they were made to dwindle into ludicrous insignificance. "Because," he said, "half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle reposing under the British oak chew the cud, and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour." In his celebrated attack on the Duke of Bedford, Burke's object is to degrade the whole House of Russell, by emphasizing the corruption, servility, and rapacity of its founder. Knowing that all England was aware of the patriots who had been connected with it, he acutely makes that fact a deviation from the natural character of the family by remarking that "it is little to be doubted that several of his forefathers, in that long series, have *degenerated* into honor and virtue." The Duke was, in Burke's phrase, "tainted" with French principles. Burke, in one sarcastic passage, holds up the simplicity of his folly to the pitying contempt of the reader. These French philosophers, he says, "consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air-pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas. Whatever his Grace may think of himself, they look upon him, and everything that belongs to him, with no more regard than they do upon the whiskers of that little long-tailed animal, that has been long the game of the grave, demure, insidious, spring-nailed, velvet-pawed, green-eyed philosopher, whether going upon two legs or four." Fine as all this is, every reader of the Letter to a Noble Lord, from which the extract is made, should understand that the Duke of Bedford, thus scornfully attacked, was really a man of much intelligence, of great liberality of sentiment, and of spotless honor.

Grattan, of all the great Irish orators, was master of the most condensed, fiery, and annihilating invective. But he understood also the effect of the contemptuous method. The best illustration of his use of it is his reply to an obscure but aspiring opponent, who, in the Irish House of Commons, assailed him in a stupidly scurrilous speech, with the hope of drawing upon himself the invective which had so often smitten Flood and Fitzgibbon. But Grattan had too lofty a sense of his own importance to waste his wrath on so vulgar and inconsiderable an opponent. He declined to give his defamer the celebrity of having provoked the rage of Grattan. Accordingly, rising in his seat, he simply said, "I shall make no other remark on the personalities of the honorable member who has just spoken, than merely to say that, as he rose without a friend, so he has certainly sat down without having made an enemy."

Macaulay has as great a genius for contempt as for execration, and loves to wanton in the assertion of personal superiority. His reference to Lord Ellenborough, the tory Governor-General of India, whose florid and ranting proclamations moved his scorn, is perhaps his best stroke in this way of traducing. The reports of Barère to the French Assembly were popularly styled Carmagnoles. Macaulay describes them as "composed of puns, interjections, Ossianic rants, rhetoric worthy only of a school-boy, scurrility worthy only of a fish-wife," — and thinks, after all this, that his description has fallen short of the truth. He then coolly and candidly adds: "A few months ago we should have had some difficulty in conveying to an English reader an *exact* notion of the state papers to which this appellation (Carmagnoles) was given. Fortunately, a noble and distinguished person, whom her Majesty's ministers have thought qualified to fill the most important post in the empire, has made our task easy. Whoever has read Lord Ellenborough's proclamations is able to form a complete idea of a Carmagnole." A little more obviously exaggerated in its contempt, is the reference Macaulay once made to Sir Harcourt Lees, a bigoted tory, who was continually warning England of political dangers to be apprehended from the machinations of the English Roman Catholics. Speaking of the perjuries of Titus Oates, in the legal murders which attended the pretended Popish plot extemporized in Charles the Second's reign, Macaulay says that a belief in that plot "has long passed from statesmen to aldermen, from aldermen to clergymen, from clergymen to old women, and from old women to Sir Harcourt Lees." Perhaps in the same class with these examples belongs the ingenious paradox with which Macaulay brings his hatred of Barère to the climax of depreciation. In alluding to the sensuality of that French terrorist, he takes occasion to express a certain satisfaction in surveying him in the sties of vice, after having witnessed his activity in the shambles of murder. "An immoderate appetite for sensual gratifications is undoubtedly a blemish on the fame of Henry the Fourth, of Lord Somers, and of Mr. Fox. *But the vices of honest men are the virtues of Barère.*"

Sometimes mean and small natures are placed in circumstances which enable them to perform great crimes; and in that case it is difficult to inveigh against them in such a manner as not to give the culprit the credit of possessing a certain diabolical greatness of character corresponding to the enormity of his offences, and of thus lifting a mere vulgar villain into a Satanic respectability. The power, therefore, of assailing a criminal of this order, so that our horror of his deeds shall be combined with a contempt for himself, is as necessary as it is rare. Macaulay has succeeded in achieving this with a certain degree of excellence, in his long biographical diatribe against Barère. Sheridan owed to his partial success in this difficult branch of his art a great deal of the fame which followed his renowned speech on the question of Hastings's impeachment. But the most masterly exhibition of this power we have ever met with in literature is the portrait of Paul Benfield in

Burke's speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, the greatest oration in the whole range of English eloquence. Neither in Macaulay's article nor in Sheridan's speech is the combination of contempt with horror strictly organic. The composition is continually exhibiting marks of the artifice, the mechanical tricks, of the rhetorician. In Burke it is vital in every part, every sentence feeling its way in flame to the inward seat of two opposite emotions, and forcing the reader at last into an explosion of mingled hisses and curses. The same effect is produced, but in a less degree of intensity, in Burke's description of Sir Elijah Impey, in his speeches on the impeachment of Hastings. He tries the method also on Hastings himself, but he does not convince the reader that Hastings is the proper object of contempt in the same sense in which he is the proper object of horror.

In all we have previously said on the subject of invective, we have implied that the blow, whether prompted by contempt, or passion, or malice, must be dealt with coolness and deliberation to produce its intended effect. The emotional element in it should not be so predominant as to confuse instead of sharpening and brightening the intellectual faculties. Indeed, all passion which does not pass through the intellect before it passes out at its object, — which does not give force and impetus to a rational purpose,—soon shatters itself into foam. The practical business of invective is therefore best done, except on rare occasions, by that method which implies the greatest self-possession in the writer or orator, namely, the ironical; for irony eats and burns its way through the toughest hide to the inmost seat of sensibility, and hardly admits of a successful reply. In the debates of political assemblies it is rare to find good quotable specimens of its felicitous use, specimens in which every separate sentence is vigorous, while the continuity of the mockery is sustained through the whole performance. One of the best instances of it which we can at present bring to mind is a passage in Brougham's speech on Catholic Emancipation, made in 1825 in the House of Commons. Brougham had personal as well as political grounds for hating Lord Chancellor Eldon; and Eldon was generally believed to be the chief upholder in the English cabinet of the old system of excluding Catholics from political privileges.. The point selected by Brougham for attack was the chancellor's attachment to the emoluments of his office, it being thought that he clung with more force to the woolsack than to the party principles which originally placed him in it. After holding the office for over twenty years, he seems to have imagined that he possessed a life interest in it. Brougham, in view of this, advised that portion of the cabinet in favor of Catholic emancipation to act according to their convictions, regardless of the Lord Chancellor's opposition. "What," he exclaimed, "is the ground of their alarm? Are they apprehensive that the result would be the resignation of any of their colleagues? Do they think that any one of their coadjutors, some man of splendid talents, of profound learning, of unwearied industry, would give up his place? Do they think he would *resign* his office? that he would quit the Great Seal? Prince Hohenloe is nothing to the man who could effect such a miracle! . . . . A more superfluous fear than that of such an event never crossed the wildest visionary in his dreams. Indeed, sir, I cannot refrain from saying that I think the right honorable gentlemen opposite greatly underrate the steadiness of mind of the noble and learned individual in question. I think they underrate the firmness and courage with which he bears, and will continue to bear, the burdens of his high and important station. In these qualities the noble and learned lord has never been equalled, has never been paralleled. Nothing can equal the forbearance which he has manifested. Nothing can equal the constancy with which he has borne the thwarts that he has lately received on the question of trade. His patience under such painful circumstances can be rivalled only by the fortitude with which he bears the prolonged distress of the suitors in his own court. But to apprehend that any defeat would induce him to quit office, is one of the vainest fears, one of the most fantastical apprehensions, that was ever entertained by man. Let him be tried. In his generous mind, expanded as it has been by his long official career, there is no propensity so strong as a love for the service of his country. He is no doubt convinced that, the higher the office, the more unjustifiable it is to abandon it. The more splendid the emoluments of a situation, the more extensive its patronage, the more he is persuaded that it is not allowed to a wise and good man to tear himself away from it." Here the irony, unlike that which we admire in the masterpieces of Swift, is all hot with passion; yet, hot as it is, it never becomes merely passionate, never loses its hold upon its object, but with a cautious fierceness penetrates through all of Eldon's defences, and insinuates its sharp sting into his weakest point. We know from his diary that the old politician felt this attack with more than ordinary sensibility. In the midst of his anger, however, he could not help smiling at the exquisite appositeness of some of the hits.

At times this irony slides into a thinly disguised personal allusion, and is the cover of the most insulting scorn. The encounter of Curran with Judge Robinson is one of the most celebrated examples on record. Robinson owed his elevation to his sycophancy to power, and especially to his composition of certain miserably written political pamphlets, the only recommendation of which was their venomous personality. Curran, when a young man, and struggling with poverty, had a case to argue in this judge's court, and, in controverting a position taken by the opposing counsel, remarked that he had "studied all his law books, and could not find a single case where the principle contended for was established." "I suspect, sir," interrupted the judge,—"I suspect that your law library is rather contracted." Curran, feeling that this was intended as a sneer at his poverty, looked the judge steadily in the face, and said: "It is true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has rather curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than *by the composition of a great many bad ones.* I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be of my wealth, could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." The attack was felt both by the audience and the judge, but it stunned the judicial bully at which it was directed so completely that he offered no opposition. To have committed Curran for contempt of court would have been to acknowledge the application of the sarcasm; and all that the judge could do was to allow the advocate to proceed unrebuked, and never afterward to provoke his wrath.

The sneer and the ready sarcasm are exceedingly useful instruments of the debater, especially after he has been made the object of declamatory accusation, and cannot, at the moment, retort upon his opponent in a similar style of invective. Thus, when the managers of the impeachment of Hastings were justly reprehended for the harshness of their language, Burke sneeringly retorted: "The commons of Great Britain, my lords, are a rustic people; a tone of rusticity is therefore the proper accent of their managers. We are not acquainted with the urbanity and politeness of extortion, and the sentimental delicacies of bribery and corruption." Macaulay, several years ago, devoted a vacation to explore, in Hansard, the varying course of Sir Robert Peel; and then came into the House of

Commons and delivered a vehement speech, in which he probed, with remorseless accuracy, all the inconsistencies of "the right honorable gentleman at the head of the government." Sir Robert made no elaborate defence, but carried the House with him by the simple retort, that the "member for Edinburgh had discharged upon him *the hoarded venom of a three months' preparation.*" Macaulay, perhaps, had his revenge when Peel brought in the Maynooth College bill, by which the patronage of the government was extended to a Catholic university. Macaulay took the ground that the measure was a whig one; that the former whig government saw its necessity, and lost their places by persisting in it; and that Peel and his party had come into power solely by exciting a popular prejudice against a policy which they were now compelled to adopt. "But," he added, "shall we vote against our own principles because the bill is brought in by our opponents. No; for that would be to sacrifice the *remaining* public character of the country." Brougham, in his great speech on the abuses of Irish law, sustained his charges by evidence obtained from an intercepted letter of some Irish dignitary, which had long been before the public. Peel, in his reply, assailed Brougham severely for relying on evidence thus meanly procured, and declaimed with much heat on the atrocity of stealing and printing private letters. Never was moral indignation more unfortunate in its results; and it would almost seem as if Brougham had quoted the letter for the purpose of tempting his adversary into the very line of remark he pursued. It was notorious that the ministry, and Peel among them, had sustained the charge against Queen Caroline by evidence procured in the very manner thus vehemently denounced; and Brougham's retort was overwhelming. He cordially concurred in every sentiment that Peel had expressed; he joined in Peel's condemnation of the mode in which the letter was obtained; he said that he would have disdained to quote it had it not been before the public for a year, and universally received as part of the news of the day; and then, rapidly glancing from the subject of Irish law to the trial of Queen Caroline, he poured into the occupants of the treasury bench the most galling discharge of the hot shot of sarcasm and invective that they had winced under for years. They were self-convicted on their own principles; they were at the mercy of the most merciless of debaters; and he taught them a lesson on the danger of announcing general propositions relating to honor and ethics, of which they must have preserved an acute recollection to the day of their deaths.

But Burke, in this as in other departments of invective, bears off the palm. The exquisitely stinging sarcasms with which he alluded to the tears shed by Lord Thurlow on the king's sickness are familiar to all readers. Perhaps, however, his greatest achievement in retort, combining scorn, passion, and imagination with the keenest argument, is his answer to those advocates of Hastings who adduced the fact that the people of Benares had erected a temple to the memory of Hastings, as proof that he had not plundered and oppressed them. The statement created a sensation in the House of Commons in favor of the accused governor-general, and an effective reply appeared impossible. Burke, with inimitable coolness of manner, rose and said that there was nothing in the incident which should astonish anybody. "He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder. Nor did he at all dispute the right of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon."

The most common mode of invective among raw advocates and debaters is the direct personal assault; but its failures are almost as common as its practice. It demands something more than acuteness in detecting faults and command of vituperative words in exposing them. It requires depth of thought and depth of sentiment as well as depth of passion; in short, it demands a certain greatness of character. "It makes," says Emerson, "a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or no." This is especially true of the sentences of an orator who concentrates his energies for a personal attack. Chatham's eloquence is charged throughout with this force of personal manhood. In his youth he was aptly described as "that terrible cornet of horse, whose scowl gave Sir Robert Walpole a pain in the back." The mere presence of such a man in a legislative assembly is more dreaded by meanness and corruption than the invective of less powerful natures. Lord Camden could not compare in understanding or acquirements with the all-accomplished Mansfield; yet in the House of Lords he so bore him down by the energy of his will and the force of his sentiments, that Mansfield repeatedly cowed before his vehemence, and, in the question of the law of libel, absolutely showed the white feather. The younger Pitt, who inherited the courage and arrogance if he did not inherit the genius of his great father, possessed this force in large measure, and frequently silenced able debaters by a few words and looks of bitter disdain. Erskine, the most accomplished advocate and orator of the English bar, and whose resolute courage had been proved in many an encounter in Westminster Hall, always quailed before Pitt in the House of Commons. "The fact is, Erskine," said Sheridan to him, "you are afraid of Pitt, and that is the flabby part of your character."

The eloquence of this kind of invective must therefore exist "in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion"; and it never rises above the level of the orator's personal character. Most of the stuff we read as specimens of it is not invective at all, but a mere mush of flaring words. The least characteristic form of it is found in vigorous written composition, where the man assailed is not palpably before the assailant. We will quote a specimen of it from Macaulay's Barère, an article which has already furnished us with a number of quotations. In alluding to the constancy with which Barère hated England as the only consistent thing in his character, the cunning essayist at first joyously congratulates himself on the fact. "It is possible," he says, "that our inclinations may bias our judgment, but we think we do not flatter ourselves when we say that Barère's aversion to our country was a sentiment as deep and constant as his mind was capable of entertaining." But this is only a stealthy, ironical introduction to the cumulative wrath which explodes at the conclusion of the long paragraph. "It was but little that he could do to promote the honor of our country, and that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, murderer, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, hack-writer, police spy, — the one small service he could do to England was to hate her; and such as he may all who hate her be!"

This is perfect of its kind; still the wrath does not really burn up from the heart. We say in reading it, "By our Lady, these be brave words"; but the essential heat of moral passion is wanting. The same verdict must be pronounced on many verbal severities in the poetry of Byron and Moore. The invective, for example, launched against the traitor in The Fire Worshippers is effective only upon the ear. After denouncing all miseries upon him in this life, the rhyme proceeds, —

> "And when from earth his spirit flies,
> Just Prophet! let the damned one dwell
> Full in the sight of Paradise,
> Beholding heaven and feeling hell!"

This is so raw, and the artifice so evident, that it is calculated to cast ominous conjecture on the poet's depth of feeling. Burke sometimes offends in this way, being simply witty where the intention is to be severe. Thus in speaking of the infidel revolutionists of France he remarks: "They do not believe a great deal in the miracles of piety; but it cannot be questioned that they have an undoubted faith in the prodigies of sacrilege." This is very different from those passages on their enormities in which his soul springs at them from the impetus of passion; as when he says, "They have tigers to fall upon animated strength. They have hyenas to prey upon carcasses."

In the personal invective of the Irish orators there is generally real sensibility enough, but it is apt to rush into exaggerated abuse. To be sure, it is understood all the while that if offence is taken, the orator is willing to give satisfaction to injured honor on another field, and is as ready with his hair-triggers as with his tongue. This somewhat modifies our sense of the injustice implied in the unrestrained vituperation of Grattan and Curran. The victims of it know that the accuracy of the accusations will be sustained by pistols as well as arguments, if they choose to challenge. One of the grandest specimens of this order of eloquence is Curran's terrific assault on Lord Clare, a tirade glowing with all the energy of hatred, and in which enmity seems to sharpen analysis. Every bad point in the chancellor's character is acutely perceived and relentlessly exposed. "In this very chamber," said Curran, "did the chancellor and judges sit, with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favor of that liberty which they had conspired to destroy. But to what end, my lords, offer arguments to such men? A little and a peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected, — by refutation? How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched chancellor that he was betraying those rights he was sworn to maintain; that he was involving a government in disgrace, and a kingdom in panic and consternation; that he was violating every sacred duty and every solemn engagement that binds him to himself, his country, and his God? Alas! my lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or to dissuade a mean, illiberal, and unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake and bound by his avarice and vanity to persevere? He probably would have replied to the most unanswerable arguments by *some curt, contumelious apothegm, delivered with the fretful smile of irritated self-sufficiency and disconcerted arrogance;* or even if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pygmy capacity of a stunted pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject?" The fine rhetorical appropriateness in the use of the word "miracle," in the last sentence, cannot fail to be appreciated by every reader who catches the tone of the whole contemptuously defiant invective.

This style of denunciation, however, is not the severest. Its unreined impetuosity does not actually have the effect of one occasional smiting sentence from Fox, or Burke, or Webster. No orator practises a more rigid economy in his invective than Webster; for invective is not a natural exercise of a mind whose leading characteristics are sober depth of feeling and tolerant comprehensiveness of thought; but when he does inveigh, he inveighs with all the might of his character, — and then "beware the anger of a patient man." There is at such times a cruel and blinding glitter in his eye, and a metallic tone in his voice, ominous of the descending bolts that blast whatever they strike. No quotations from his speeches can convey to one who has not heard him in the Senate an adequate idea of the electric force of his words on such occasions. Every expression is instinct with the life and character of the man, and the fusing and condensing vitality of his mind. Among many splendid examples, let us select one not generally known, — that passage in which he assails the congressional manufacturer of the notable phrase, "the natural hatred of the poor to the rich." "Sir," exclaimed the orator, "I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud; a fraud which is to cheat men out of their property, and out of the earnings of their labor, by first cheating them out of their understandings. . . . . Whoever has the wickedness to conceive, and the hardihood to avow, a purpose to break down what has been found, in forty years' experience, essential to the protection of all interests, by arraying one class against another, and by acting on such a principle as that the poor always hate the rich, shows himself the reckless enemy of all. An enemy to his whole country, to all classes, and to every man in it, he deserves to be marked especially as *the poor man's curse!*" The unfortunate object of this swift, fierce, explosive series of sentences might have appropriately referred to the Calista of the old dramatist, for terms to express the workings of his shame and anger: —

> "I have endured you with an ear of fire;
> Your tongue has struck hot irons on my face!"

Lord Thurlow's answer to the taunt of the Duke of Grafton on his want of noble birth is a magnificent specimen of personal invective combined with lofty self-assertion. Its effect in the House of Lords was overwhelming, and may have been all the more appreciated by the Talbots, Bedfords, Howards, and Devonshires, from the fact that Grafton's ancestor owed his existence to the fact that Charles the Second had a mistress as well as a wife. "The noble duke," said Thurlow, "cannot look before him, or behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? . . . . No man venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, — I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this Right Honorable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Lord High Chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny *me*, — as a MAN, I am, at this time, as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon." A burst like this, thundered out in an aristocratic and supercilious assembly, and so forcibly done as to confound at the moment all distinctions of birth, should entitle swearing Lord Thurlow, rough and profane as he was, to a place among the benefactors of the race.

All the instances of personal invective we have so far quoted not only contain but display passion. Now an orator who wields uncontrolled dominion over all modes of denunciation is aware that there are occasions which demand a certain poised majesty and repose of accusing statement, so that the most criminal charges shall have the appearance of being free from all that exaggeration which clings to the utterances of passion. In the renowned opening speech of Burke in the impeachment of Hastings, he has, in the body of the speech, exhausted almost every kind of impassioned invective; but he reserves his greatest effort for the conclusion. Abandoning the indignant humanity proper to him as a man, he almost assumes the position of an accusing angel at the end, where, condensing with deep and stern emphasis the various offences of Hastings, he urges his laboring words solemnly up to that climax of crime, which cannot be read without a thrill through the inmost soul. This passage is generally known by the version of it in the essays of Macaulay, who, in his article on Warren Hastings, transposes and translates it into *Macaulayese*, so that while it may gain something in liveliness and brilliancy, it loses the peculiar dignity, majesty, and real moral power impressed upon it by Burke. "Therefore," concludes the orator, after a speech of three days, — "therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated. I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, and condition of life." It would seem as if Macaulay's ear could not detect the surging undertone of this simple and sublime conclusion, and accordingly labored to give it that point and passionate emphasis which Burke labored to avoid. Poe made rather bad work in correcting the sentences of Macaulay; but that act was modesty itself compared with Macaulay's assuming to correct the sentences of Burke; for the sentences of Burke always evince the plastic hand of his flexible and comprehensive genius, varying in form, method, and rhythm with every variation in his streaming thoughts and boiling passions.

Webster occasionally reaches this majestic dignity and majesty in invective, and impresses it with a might peculiarly his own. His grand allusion to the crime of the Emperor Nicholas, in relation to Kossuth, is familiar to all American readers. That passage in one of his earlier speeches, in which he assails the crowned liberticides of the Holy Alliance, is equally powerful and equally well known. But this order of invective, noble as it is, is still, perhaps, not the very highest which human eloquence can reach. There occasionally flashes from great natures an awful invective, shot forth from an impassioned imagination in the rapture and ecstasy of moral indignation, which burns its mark upon our souls more durably than any impress which the most majestic reason leaves. Our first example will be from Burke. Addressing the lords in the Hastings impeachment, he exclaimed, "We call upon your lordships to join us; and we have no doubt that you will feel the same sympathy that we feel, or (*which I cannot persuade my soul to think, or my mouth to utter*) YOU WILL BE IDENTIFIED WITH THE CRIMINAL WHOSE CRIMES YOU EXCUSE, AND ROLLED WITH HIM IN ALL THE POLLUTION OF INDIAN GUILT, FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION." It was at this time known to Burke, and their lordships knew it was known, that the verdict of the court he addressed would be in favor of Hastings; a fact which gives additional force to the tremendous image of infamy with which he concludes. Again, in the House of Commons, in his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, he charged the Prime Minister Pitt and his administration, not only with conniving at Indian oppression, but with assisting in it for political objects. There was, he said, "a coalition between the men of intrigue in India and the minister of intrigue in England." Kindling as he proceeded in unveiling the iniquity of the system, and especially in exhibiting the corruption of a certain election contest, "managed upon Indian principles for an Indian interest," he at last broke through all bounds of parliamentary decorum. "This," he shouted, — "this was the golden cup of abominations; this the chalice of the fornications of rapine, usury, and oppression, which was held out by the gorgeous Indian harlot; which so many of the people, so many of the nobles of this land, had drained to the very dregs. Do you think that no reckoning was to follow this lewd debauch? that no payment was to be demanded for this riot of public drunkenness and national prostitution?"

Even grander and more rapturous than these are some of the images of Luther and Milton, in those controversial works in which their imaginations, set on fire by their passions, produced prodigies of invective, so made up of religion and rage, so divinely scurrilous, as to make the reader sometimes hesitate whether he shall applaud them as soarings of inspired souls, or stigmatize them as outpourings of fanatical zeal. Whether strictly justifiable or not, they are assuredly most invigorating, and sweep us along with the force of a mountain-torrent. From Luther we have no space to quote, or we should favor our readers with some remarks of his on Henry the Eighth, which speak to kings in a way that kings had never been spoken to before, and which republican courtesy might be shocked to hear applied to them even now. From Milton, whose prose is unequalled for vitality and splendor in English literature, we cannot resist the temptation of making one extract, as the fit conclusion and climax of all our citations of invective. After asserting for God's church the right to exercise the power of Excommunication, he thus assails those degenerate priests who would make this "sacred censure" a matter of merchandise: "As for the fogging proctorage of money — with such an eye as struck Gehazi with leprosy, and Simon Magus with a curse, so does she look, and so threaten her fiery whip against that barking den of thieves that dare thus baffle, and buy and sell, *the awful and majestic wrinkles of her brow*." It is but just to add, that Milton, in his paroxysms of imaginative rage, seems not so much to attack persons as crimes; and though names are attached to his severities, we see no evidence that he realized them to his mind as men.

In these loose remarks on the general subject of invective, we think that we have indicated what it is, if not by critical analysis, at least by illustrative quotations, witty, fleering, sneering, sarcastic, ironical, indignant, or denunciatory. We have attempted to show that vigorous thought and genuine feeling are the powers which put meaning into its words, and give them the force to wound. Some quiet, tender-hearted, and obscure Christian people, who can find no pleasure in the infliction of pain, may here insinuate an objection to invective itself, and call it a needlessly cruel method of punishing follies and offences. But this is to wander from the point. There appears to be now no question even among religious controversialists and benevolent reformers, that to fret, and tease, and pierce, and stab, and hack, with all sorts of moral stilettoes and spiritual tomahawks is a warlike operation of the mind to be cultivated, commended, and reconciled to the principles of philanthropy and the doctrines of religion. Every American has within him a bill of rights, and among the most precious of these is his right to inveigh. "If my stomach cannot stand gin, it is no stomach for me," said the valiant toper to his warning physician; and we would humbly suggest that any attempt to represent the doctrine of charity as opposed to the practice of mental pugnacity, will result in the sacrifice of the former rather than the latter, and deluge the land with infidelity.

That there is not much danger of so presumptuous an antithesis between religion and railing being attempted, will be evident to any one who has followed the process of an animated theological controversy, and observed the satisfaction with which the reverend victor held up the scalp of his opponent as proof of his prowess. We all appreciate the bland spirit of that Western clergyman who, after giving an impudent parishioner a severe drubbing, came into church on the succeeding Sunday with a nonresistant sermon, in which, after beautifully inculcating the maxims of meekness and peace, he closed with this astounding information to his audience: "All this, my friends, is very well; but still, if any of you attempt to cave in my head, you 'll find that I 'm thar!" The intellectual application of this elegant and benevolent saying will be felt by all professors of sarcastic ethics and denunciatory theology. All public personages, therefore, whether politicians, statesmen, penny-a-liners, lawyers, patriots, reformers, or philanthropists — all gentlemen engaged in the business of picking the pockets of the people, and all engaged in the business of warning the people not to have their pockets picked, — seem to agree, in the midst of their delightful animosities, in stoutly averring, "We do well to be angry"; and accordingly the only thing worthy of being debated relates to the best means and methods of doing their anger well. A great reform is certainly needed in this respect, or else the whole cause of invective will be discredited. It would be well to have the subject more attended to in our seminaries of education where, we are informed, ingenuous youth, gifted with a latent genius for hating and decrying their fellows, are suffered to run wild in mere oaths and vulgarities, instead of having their denunciatory faculties well disciplined; and, accordingly, when they grow up, and become politicians and philanthropists, their style of contempt and execration betrays their want of early and orderly culture. Perhaps it would be well to have in every village some paid functionary who will consent, for a reasonable salary, to combine in himself all varieties of folly and crime, and thus, theoretically bedizzened with infamy, to set himself up as a mark for the whole population to practise upon. It is also of the first importance that a chair of invective be established in all our colleges, filled by a professor who combines practical experience of the subject with a knowledge of all the eloquence of vituperation from Demosthenes to Burke; and perhaps the most appropriate subject on which the students should first air their vocabulary, and the most worthy of such an honor, would be the college itself, its professors, its government, and its prescribed course of studies. And if the writer of this unpretending essay can feel that, without drawing down upon himself any of the invective he would cheerfully see invoked upon others, he has done anything for the great cause he has feebly illustrated, he will have that benign satisfaction which comes from the serene consciousness of having aided, no matter how humbly, in that noble enterprise which is to make the world a more uncomfortable residence than ever before, by giving contempt a subtler venom, sarcasm a sharper point, scorn a more poisonous sting, hatred a more overwhelming vehemence, and invective a more universal dominion.

THE SALE OF SOULS.

It has always been to us a matter of wonder that, in an age which has treated with such scientific depth and accuracy all questions of commerce, so little attention should have been given to a branch of traffic which is most extensively carried on, and the material of which is owned by every human being. The political economy of Soul-selling has, indeed, no existence as a positive science; and, consequently, though the transactions are both numerous and notorious, they seem to proceed on no settled principles, refer to no definite measure of value, and are conducted on no philosophic perception of the laws of exchange. A certain diffidence in regard to such a stringent discussion of the subject as would lead to a thorough investigation of its facts and principles is perhaps natural to the most experienced traders in the article, for every person is so disagreeably constituted by nature that he cannot dispose of himself, even at a great bargain, without feeling a sharp shame reprovingly tingle in his blood;

and he is accordingly more likely to conceal the terms of the transaction, than to exhibit them for the benefit of the public. Much as we honor the modesty which prompts such a concealment, we cannot but deplore its injurious results, for it involves in almost hopeless confusion a very important branch of the business of life. The sale of the soul is, with many, their first commercial transaction; and history and biography are full of examples where inexperienced youthful impulse has clinched the bargain at a scandalously inadequate price. In a great many cases, too, this is the original introduction to all those professions in which the commercial spirit obtains and rules, and accordingly it is often the radical and primary element of commerce, to which all after transactions fall into relations. It has long been understood that what are called the prizes of life are held by a certain Personage, whose chief external peculiarity is caught in a glance at his feet; but who, in every other respect, is as pleasant a gentleman as one would wish to meet on a summer's day. He is, however, deeper than he seems; is limited in his means; practises a rigid economy of his expenditure; drives hard bargains; and was never known to pay more for the article he desires than the owner exacted. It is for his interest that there should be no well-understood market-price for virtue and the hope of heaven, because established prices are the great equalizers of trade, and guard the most ignorant merchant from the cunning of the most intelligent. The soul of a country bumpkin is worth as much to him as the soul of a Don Juan; yet everybody is aware of the cruel inequality in the amount of Satanic cash paid for each. The transaction with Don Juan has been written out by Molière and set to music by Mozart, and the whole race of opera-goers has had an opportunity to judge of its processes and results; but relatively excellent as that account undoubtedly is, it still has the rawness of the original legend, without any scientific elimination of its latent laws and practical principles. Another recorded transaction is of German origin, and passed between the Personage we have mentioned and a Doctor Faustus. This is so interesting to scholars, who may be naturally desirous of knowing the extreme limit of their value in the current coin of worldly gratification, that we are happy to indicate an account of it worthy of reliance. We would warn them not to trust the old legend at all, it being so overgrown with monkish moss as to furnish no guiding maxims. The terms of the real bargain were taken down in short-hand by Goethe, who availed himself of the occasion to drive at the same time a quiet trade for himself. Faustus, at the time he was visited by the illustrious Personage in question, had discovered that his mind had in it a desire after knowledge beyond the search of its faculties, and accordingly he had become soul-sick, or sick of his soul, and was ready to sell out to his senses, provided thereby he could quench the thirst of his longings in the stream of enjoyment. The very desperation of his case, however, dictated conditions which were his salvation. Following the masterly report of Goethe, we find that he held Mephistopheles (an assumed name for an unmentionable one) to this contract: "If thou canst ever flatteringly delude me into being pleased with myself, if thou canst cheat me with enjoyment, be that day my last. . . . . If ever I say to the passing moment, 'Stay, thou art so fair!' then mayst thou cast me into chains; then will I readily perish; then may be the death-bell toll; then thou art free from thy service." Mephistopheles tried his hand at this problem, and whirled Faustús through some pretty varieties of, to him, hitherto untried being; but there was an indestructible something in the scholar's nature which declined saying to the passing moment, "Stay!" The frippery of life could not entangle him, its sensuality could not drown him; and Mephistopheles had the inexpressible mortification to see him slip through his fingers in the end. Thus this, the only accurately recorded sale, proved a sell.

But it must not be supposed that in all, or, perhaps, in these days, in any cases, the soul-seller comes face to face with the great soul-buyer. That Personage has agencies established throughout society, and the moment the desire to sell arises in any human breast, an authorized deputy is found in any man's next neighbor. It is, indeed, astonishing to notice in what a summary manner a Satanic commission is extemporized. You are conversing with an acquaintance of many years' standing, in whose words and acts you never discovered the scent of brimstone; and suddenly, as by magic, when the talk slips upon certain subjects, he stands before you a fully accredited plenipotentiary and ambassador extraordinary of the pit, ready to treat on weightiest matters, and renewing to you his tempting assurances of distinguished consideration. We shall, therefore, in what suggestions we have to make on the subject before us, leave out any reference to the ultimate receiver of the article sold, supposing that all readers will consider him an impersonal force, in the nominative case understood.

The Sale of Souls is a business procedure going on every day, among persons widely differing in age, dispositions, talents, and character; to write comprehensively of it, therefore, we are compelled to survey it in many aspects, and to trace its operation in various departments of life. We purpose to give an account sales (errors and omissions excepted) of transactions where the object obtained is sensual enjoyment, social position, money, political elevation, or general worldly success. And first we are somewhat startled by the fact that, in an act of commerce over which selfishness presides, self is the article sold. The peculiarity of a human being consists in his personality; and any man who owns this is ethically held to have a richer possession than the universe can give. Practically, however, it has proved one of the cheapest articles which nature produces; and, in a majority of instances, has less exchangeable value than an acre of corn or potatoes. The cause of this is in some degree owing to combinations on the part of purchasers, but principally to a continual glut in the market. The holders of the commodity exhibit in general no foresight, insight, or common knowledge of the law of supply and demand; but tumble in upon 'Change like a flock of drunkards, and barter away their inheritance with absurd recklessness to the first bidder they meet. When to this original folly is added the risk to the purchaser of buying damaged goods, or goods which have already been sold over and over again, we need not wonder at that complication of the subject, which renders it extremely difficult for a philanthropist to lay down such rules to "selves" in the market as will enable them to get their proper price. Nothing is more common than to see the transfer made in early youth, and the "immediate jewel" of the soul squandered away upon the mere nuts and raisins of boyhood; so that when the child arrives at the age of reason, and casts a comprehensive glance over the many prizes within the reach of overreaching, he discovers with ingenuous shame that he has parted with his whole stock in trade. Next in the order of indiscretion is the sale which is made for a few of the *bonbons* of the senses, and self is hurried off for a few bottles of Jersey champagne, — which is emphatically "The Devil's wine." A more enlarged view of society soon shows the foolish young sensualist that a judicious selfishness, a short "masterly inactivity" as to seizing the poisoned cider, would have given him a chance at least to bid his soul, in the great auction of sensuality, for the choicest distillations of Burgundian orchards and vineyards of the Rhine. Such prodigals of their souls meet one every day in the streets, sucking, with vacant stare, diminutive canes, and troubling the lover of good bargains for mankind with a suspicion that, small as was their price, pity for the sold should be modified with pity for the purchaser. But, perhaps, even when the bargain is for the best things which sensuality has in its keeping, the transaction is of doubtful propriety.

It is claimed for sensual indulgence, that it is a universal ready-reckoner of enjoyment; and as it seems to offer the greatest amount of pleasure with the least possible exertion, it is worthy of *self*-sacrifice, or surrender of self to it. "So the ear of Denmark is abused." The truth is that this fallacy was originally forged, and is now industriously circulated, not by those who wish to sell souls dear, but by those who desire to buy souls cheap. The mind is so constituted as to see in the palace of the sensualist nothing but the sty of a hog; and a disreputable opinion clings to sins of the senses, which makes every judicious speculator in morality hesitate long before he invests his soul in them.

Besides, we have quite a ghastly series of records, which should act as warnings against this disposition of selfhood. Among many others, we may refer to the biographies of two noble lords, Rochester and Byron. Rochester made what would be called a fair bargain in early life, and, for a few years, ran quite a picturesque career of debauchery; but the result was shame, misery, death, and a damnatory octodecimo volume by Bishop Gilbert Burnet; which last comes near being an argument against all spiritual trafficking whatever, so full is it of groans and devils of an azure tint. Every man of this century knows what a fuss Byron made about his youthful indiscretion, and how the metrical records of his attempts to annul the contract are fitly denominated "The Literature of Desperation." We can see him now as he appeared at Venice in 1818 or 1819, haggard, wan, truculent, disdainful, and (literally) devilish handsome, — looking like an angel who had sold out!

After these experiments, made almost for the professed purpose of testing the theory we have been combating, it would be insulting to offer, to any man of reading and intelligence, the thing ironically styled pleasure as the price of his soul. We will accordingly proceed immediately to the next article in the world's wares, commonly supposed to have an exchangeable value equal to the worth of a human heart and will; and this is social position. It must be admitted that many soulless gentlemen and ladies whom we meet in society appear satisfied with their bargain, and contrive to exist very pleasantly without feeling the want of what they have parted with. So far it would seem that an exact exchange of values had occurred, and the transaction, accordingly, to be a legitimate commercial operation; and having nothing to do in this scientific inquiry with any principles but those of trade, we would not dogmatize ethically on the matter, and assert that particular individuals we might name had been cheated. They have the frippery they desire, and are not troubled with the individuality they have sold. Still we would diffidently suggest that it is the extreme smallness of the soul which justifies the transaction to the economist, and what would be a high price for Brummell would be scandalously low for Bacon. Our criticism refers to individuals who are worth more than they get, and who might make a much better trade if they went to other shops. "Good Society" is a phantom which lures many a man of talents and virtue into a nonsensical sacrifice of self, for the conversation of pygmies and the sympathy of flats. Besides, it is disgracefully true, that sometimes the sale is made, not for the individual himself, but for his dependants. A merchant, for instance, lives (mornings and evenings) in a splendid house, accustoms his wife and children to a certain style of living, and toils all day, in a hot and dingy counting-house, among centipedes and wharf-rats, to keep up "the establishment." He does not enjoy his mode of living, but his "darters" do. At last comes a panic; he is on the verge of bankruptcy; he sees, in imagination, his house under the hammer, and his daughters keeping infant schools; and just then in steps a plausible gentleman who makes him aware that there is other property besides ships and merchandise. He finds that honor, truth, conscience, self-proprietorship, are marketable commodities; and after some qualms, he sells them for the means of paying his debts, and keeping his position "in good society." He knows that he is a liar, a swindler, and a cheat, and, moreover, has an impertinent something in his own breast, which is continually twitting him with the fact; but he lives in his old house, and his children have the inestimable privilege of concluding that education in laborious indolence, which constitutes the paradise of the dandy and the flirt. Now against such a foolish traffic as this we enter our protest on indisputable maxims of political economy; and it is not so uncommon as the fair tenants of good society suppose.

To sell out a man's intellectual and moral being for social position we may therefore style a blunder; but can we say the same of the sale for money? Is not this, on the whole, the great commercial transaction of the age, and of all ages? In truth, so much has been said, re-said, and gainsaid on the subject, and respectable and intelligent men differ so widely in their view of it, that it cannot be disposed of by bawling out a few ethical maxims. The framers of moral generalities against selling souls for money have commonly been men who have purchased the leisure to moralize by going through the very operation they condemn. Seneca is one of these equivocal generators of truisms which have no personal foundation in truth. Cæsar

Borgia, Richard the Third, and Captain Kidd could have written "Morals" as good as Seneca's. We shall not, therefore, assert anything which implies a disrespect for money, as we desire to offend no prejudices by blaspheming the religion of the community, — of course, meaning by religion that concrete paganism which really obtains in the life and manners of most civilized nations. We are willing to receive as gospel a shrewd remark gleaned from the conversation of an eminent American philosopher, "that no man is as rich as all men ought to be"; and by thus candidly admitting the worth of wealth we hope to discuss the subject without any suspicion of fanaticism.

But conceding, for the sake of argument, that money is a mercantile equivalent for souls, all thoughtful men will agree in asserting that the consideration should be large and solid, and consequently agree in condemning the bargains commonly made. It is mournful to notice the lack of sagacity evinced by the generality of traders when they come to turn their spiritual commodity into cash. Impelled by a short-sighted avarice, they make tremendous sacrifices of honesty and character for a few pennies, and are doubtless ticketed, on certain subterranean day-books, as bought "*dog*-cheap." To such prodigals we might say, Sell if you will sell, but, for the dignity of human nature, exact high prices! To a man of letters, especially, who may be holding off in hopes of a rise in the article, nothing can be more irritating than the frequent spectacle of authors whose souls are literally "not above ninepences," — who will squander honor, truth, perception of character, sympathy with all that is pure and high in ideal being, in short, a writer's whole stock in trade, to the cunning hucksters of ninepenny pamphlets; thus running the risk of damnation in both worlds for the paltriest consideration, when a little judgment might have given them the chance of a life, death, and burial in octavos.

> "Virtue, I grant you, is an idle boast;
> But shall the dignity of vice be lost?"

But passing over the common herd of those self-selling traders who make blundering bargains in the market of souls, let us now survey that cool and judicious class of spiritual merchants, who scrutinize the whole field of commerce with a keen and comprehensive glance, and pay out their souls in cautious instalments, rigorously exacting their full market worth, and receiving a *quid pro quo* for every elevated sentiment, every instinct of humanity, every grace of intelligence, as they part with it. Such men we occasionally meet in business life; men who have not one atom of soul, but have sold the last immortal grain of it for hard cash.

They have received the millions they desired; but have they made a good bargain? The difficulty with their case comes from their having no capacities for enjoyment left after the sale. Coarse, callous, without sympathy, without affection, without frankness and generosity of feeling, dull even in their senses, despising human nature, and looking upon their fellow-creatures simply as possible victims of their all-grasping extortion, it would seem as though they had deliberately shut up, one by one, all the sources of enjoyment, and had, coiled up in their breasts, a snake-like avarice, which must eventually sting them to death. Some men find happiness in gluttony and in drunkenness; but no delicate viands can touch their taste with the thrill of pleasure, and what generosity there is in wine steadily refuses to impart its glow to their shrivelled hearts. Some men find delight in poetry, painting, sculpture, music, in philosophy, history, science, in the exercise of benevolent and social affections, in observing the forms or in communing with the spirit of nature; but Old Hunks has no sense for these; can no more detect their beauty than a man without the sense of smell can detect the fragrance of a rose; and, seeing in them nothing which should arrest the attention of a shrewd trader, he scorns all who do. As for religion, he pays his pew-tax, and consents to be bored by an occasional sermon of a Sunday forenoon; but his real church is the counting-house, his real Bible is the Commercial List, his real god is gold. Such being the case, we must pronounce the bargain a bad one, and we cannot advise the merchant, who may now be hesitating, to clinch it, and add one more slave to its ignoble army of martyrs.

But, it may be asked, admitting that a gradual selling out of the soul in the tortuous transactions of commerce is an unprofitable operation, is not money made, at one fell swoop, in a lucky marriage, an excellent mode of self-selling? With a cordial sympathy for necessitous young men, and an appreciation of the inherent difficulties in the way of their getting an honest livelihood, we must give a negative answer. It is, on the whole, worse than theft and back-writing, and should not be practised by ingenuous youth as long as any other means of overreaching are within their capacities. Without italicising the brazen falsehood and perjury implied in the act of sale, it has the peculiar unmanliness of being a traffic in impulses. To go through the form of selling the power of loving a virtuous woman is fatal to the whole of character. If a man cannot disinterestedly love a woman, he cannot love anything else; it indicates a disposition which would sell country, mankind, and religion, anything and everything which human nature prizes; casts doubt on all professions of principle or love a person might afterward make; and indicates a nature so ignoble as to be incapable even of great vices. Should these considerations, however, have no weight with dandies, penniless and eager for selling out, we cannot too strongly impress on their minds the caution, not to take rumors of great fortunes for facts. In a youthful country like ours, where the very excess of speculation generates thousands of unprofitable enterprises, and a large portion of the nominal wealth of the citizens is in worthless or depreciated stocks, heiresses as well as heirs are difficult of detection. Fathers of families are commonly shrewder than fortune-hunters; and, in a majority of cases, the latter find themselves egregiously taken in, and compelled to work hard all their lives to support wives whom they do not love, and perhaps fathers-in-law whom they absolutely detest. Look sharp, therefore, O disciple of Cupid-Mammon, that thy beloved one has her fortune well invested; demand a schedule of her property, and examine the locality of her multitudinous acres; and if you see Erie estimated at par, and Eastern townships reckoned at so much a foot, break off the match in a burst of honest indignation at her deceit, and carry thy valuable person to a property made up of less uncertain items. "Not whom you marry, but how much you marry," is the real question among the Hon. Tom Shuffletons of every age.

So far our references to the traffic in souls have been confined to private speculators, who trade for the world's lower prizes, and whose actions find no record in history or the newspapers. Let us now mount to a higher and more dignified region, where the traffic is conducted on systematic principles, and where a person has the power of selling not only himself but the people he represents, and of pocketing the price of both. This is a beautiful department of commerce, and one which an economical philosopher lingers over with delight. It is almost needless to state that we allude to the science and art of politics, or the maxims and methods of selling souls to a government, a party, or a mob. The guiding principle of this science has a geometrical precision of definition, and may be thus expressed: The nearest road to offices of trust and honor is by the short cut of dishonor; and "many there be that go in thereat."

The advantage held by politics over all other professions, in respect to the matter under consideration, is the absence of trickery on the part of the purchasers. Every man who is disposed to trade receives the full political value of his heart and brain, his conscience and will, his character and means of influence; and he occasionally has the opportunity of fixing his own price, and selling himself at a premium which is sometimes ruinously high to the buyer. Prices, of course, vary according to the amount of moral or intellectual reputation a man has to sell. There are exigencies in parties and administrations, when a powerful opposition debater, with a great influence in the country, can have anything which his egotism dictates, can, in fact, take all the point out of a celebrated epigram by realizing its fantastic conditions: —

> "The best speculation which the market affords
> To any enlightened lover of pelf,
> Is to buy Addington up at the price he is worth,
> And sell him at that which he puts on himself."

The elder Pitt had repeated opportunities to sell out at his own estimate of his worth, and declined them. Henry Fox, his rival in the House of Commons, possessed sufficient intelligence to entitle him to make terms equally as good, had not his moral character and reputation for patriotism been damaged; and therefore when he sold himself to Newcastle, he had to be content with lucrative offices without high official position. Had Pitt thought proper to trade with Newcastle, he would have sold not only his own impassioned genius but three quarters of the unrepresented Commons of England, whom that genius had captivated. It is important, therefore, to have, in the game of politics, a large capital of human beings and national interests to trade with, and the more general the reputation for virtue and patriotism, the higher the compensation. The old Irish way was admirable, although our admiration for the trading politicians of that country must be modified by the fact that they had vast materials for the extempore production of patriots, which other countries do not enjoy. The mass of the Irish people were in a state of inexpressible wretchedness, and the government policy was to promote English interests with little or no regard to the welfare of the swindled Celts. Now nothing was easier than for a bright young fellow to operate on the capital which the national misery supplied him with, — to storm in the Irish House of Commons until his vehemence and talent attracted the Lord-Lieutenant's notice, — and then to exchange the liberty of invective for an office or a pension. A few men like Curran would not trade; and he and others like him are accordingly not found in the list of Irish Chancellors, Chief-Justices, and the like; though Curran, by holding out, eventually became honestly Master of the Rolls. The privilege of being a minister of justice was purchased by betraying the country; and all lucrative judgeships were held by apostate patriots. Curran said quite pathetically, in speaking of Ireland, "I might have sold her; I could not redeem her."

But the history of English politics affords the greatest number of maxims applicable to all possible forms and modes of political trading; and we would earnestly advise our American aspirants for high or low places to give their days and nights to the study of the English records, which are, indeed, the very classics of corruption. A modest and moderate politician, who desires merely a snug sinecure, or some two hundred dollars a vote, will find "wondrous great contentment" in the biographies of Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle; but a restless, ambitious, rule-or-ruin statesman should model himself on Shaftesbury, the subtlest, readiest, most impudent, most audacious, and most intelligent of demagogues. It has been asserted that Walpole disbelieved in patriotism. This is but one of the many libels levelled at that wise and virtuous statesman. During his administration the opposition was overflowing with vehement lovers of their country; and Walpole purchased patriotism too often to doubt its existence. No man ever paid more ready money for honor, virtue, and truth than he; and it is a base falsehood to impute a scepticism to him which every day of his official life contradicted. Not only were politicians paid for their votes, tongues, and souls, but the period of his long rule was the paradise of hack-writers. Walpole could not see that the public good, or his own political good, required that he should give pensions and places to the eminent poets and novelists of the age, and therefore, philosophically indifferent to their wants, he very properly left them to starve; but bold and ready political pens, prompt in the profundities of party and in the elegances of slang, he freely patronized. The glory is due to him of having organized corruption into a system, and of fixing a market value to every faculty of mind and every twinge of conscience.

Of the different modes of selling out in the English system, we have space to consider only two, — the simple and the complicated. There are not many men of genius among English traders, and accordingly the simple method is the most practised among them. It consists — if we may believe that light of English divinity, the Rev. Sydney Smith — in going to the First Lord of the Treasury, soul in hand, and saying to that amiable functionary, "How much will you give me for this?" The First Lord, being a gentleman, declines to avail himself of the petty artifices used to cheapen goods; and, after scrutinizing the soul thus brought to his market, accurately estimates the fraction of respectability, intelligence, and influence it represents, — states the sum he will pay, — insinuates blandly that the treasury is conducted on the "one-price" system, — and, to satisfy the proprietor of the article that he makes a fair bargain, ciphers out to him its exact political value to the administration, over which his or her Majesty has called him (the First Lord) to preside. It is said of Lord Stowell that, after making some unsuccessful investments in land, he returned gladly to the funds, and was accustomed ever after to speak of "the beautiful simplicity of the three per cents"; and certainly the method of corruption we have detailed has the same charm of beauty and simplicity. It works very well, too, in a majority of cases, because the First Lord, in addition to the secret-service money, has all the offices of the empire in his gift, lay and clerical, from archbishoprics and lord chancellorships to the lowest positions in the collection of the revenue, and can therefore pay full prices for all souls which are offered. But the complexity occurs when the person who desires to sell scorns the honest and equitable bargain proposed to him, and undertakes the task of raising his political value by rushing into factious opposition, and exhibiting the utmost intensity of hatred in order to show the worth of his friendship. Many politic statesmen, celebrated for their conservatism, began their career in "the sedition line"; and after establishing such a reputation for revolutionary tendencies as to give them a large capital in popular support, compelled the irritated First Lord to come to their own terms, and place them in positions where they too could plunder the public. Indeed, it is of the first importance that every young man of genius, who takes up the business of politics, should understand the most complicated of the Anglo-Saxon methods of raising the price of political honor, in order that he may escape the moderate compensation awarded to the mere jobber in corruption. If he possess commanding talents, popular manners, and an eloquence which sways the masses, he may be sure that the administration of the day will not be willing to pay him even his actual worth. The old campaigners of his party, grasping at ambassadorships, secretaryships, and lucrative offices in the postal and revenue departments, are naturally jealous of aspiring young men who evince a disposition to leap at once to a share in the leadership of party, by the right divine of energy and genius. Now if the penetrating observation of Falstaff, after the affair on Gad's Hill, be an indisputable maxim, if it be true as that knight affirms, that "young men must live," the only course for them to take is boldly to extemporize honest scruples on some minor political question; proceed to organize their share of popular favor into a capital of dissent; and, boldly denouncing their old associates as traitors and tyrants, to start a schismatical political church of their own. The next election will prove their value by showing an astounding number of scattering votes; and then is the time for them to trade. We have known politicians of this sort who received enormous premiums on their par value, by such felicitous strokes and strikes for higher wages. The English, being an essentially practical people, understand this perfectly. Thus Sir Thomas Wentworth, in the troubles of Charles's reign, began with the popular parliamentary party, and, in the height of his power and influence, sold out to the king, became prime minister, Earl of Strafford, and real ruler of England. To be sure, Sir Thomas came to his end on the gibbet, but then all politicians have to run risks, and he who is scared by such trifles, existing only *in potentia*, is unfit for the august infamy of successful ratting. A true, inbred, self-seeking, self-selling politician should be as indifferent to a nation's wrath, as he is to its welfare and its curses; should, indeed, pursue his own interest with a steady aim, and allow the community to take care of itself. Why, Lord Foppington could say, in reference simply to the requirements of fashion, that he would not break an engagement he had made with a lady for the salvation of mankind; and if we do not mistake, he buttressed this saying with his exquisite oath of "stap my vitals!" Now is it to be tolerated, that the salvation of mankind should stand in the way of the enlarged and intelligent selfishness of the knowing politician, when even Lord Foppington could brush it aside with such beautiful *nonchalance?* If every one looks out for himself, we are proverbially instructed who it is that will look out for all.

So far we have surveyed only the bright side of the picture, and we must now reluctantly glance at the dark one. Strange as it may appear to many ambitious and indurated professors of practical politics, it is still a fact that there exists in the human breast a sense of honor, which is often acutely lacerated when forced into this sale of the soul by the more intelligent powers of our nature; and there are instances where weak men have been killed by the shame and remorse which succeeded the consummation of the bargain. The most notable instance is that of Charles Yorke, second son of the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and the heir of his mind and legal disposition. Charles was perhaps the most accomplished lawyer of his day; and, after receiving about a hundred thousand guineas in fees and retainers, and establishing a professional eminence which qualified him for the highest honors of the law, his heart began to yearn for the chancellorship. The holder of this office in Great Britain is the

Keeper of the King's Conscience, but to reach the bliss of having in custody so precious a moral sense as that, the aspirant has often to go through a preliminary sacrifice of his own. Bacon had done this without much inward disquiet, and why should not Charles Yorke? Charles, however, was a man of stainless honor as well as splendid talents, and his political connection was with the Rockingham whigs. When Lord Camden, the chancellor in possession, a man who had space in his heart not only for the king's conscience but for a larger one of his own, delivered his celebrated tirade against his colleagues, for their foolish and tyrannical course in American affairs, the Chatham and Rockingham whigs took the ground that there could not be found an eminent lawyer in England to take Lord Camden's place, should the administration dismiss him for his honesty and patriotism; and they denounced beforehand the man who should accept the office as a wretch lost to all shame and self-respect, and a fit object for the scorn of the lowest of mankind. This style of rhetoric, coming from Yorke's own political friends, sorely scared away his ambition; and therefore when Camden was dismissed, and the chancellorship offered to Yorke, he declined the perilous honor he so desired to clutch. The king, however, was determined to have his soul, and obtained it. At a private audience, Yorke was cajoled into the belief that he could accept the office without any sacrifice of principle, — the entreaties and promises of the king admirably co-operating with his own ravenous hunger for the place to produce such a hallucination in his mind. With the seals in his carriage he drove to his brother's house, where a few prominent whigs had an informal meeting, and to the amazement of them all informed them that he had accepted Lord Camden's office; and he was proceeding to justify his conduct, when he was interrupted by a torrent of reproaches, in which his brother hotly joined, and found himself suddenly transferred from the class of honest men into the class of rats, apostates, and liberticides. Had Yorke possessed the firmness of character proper to his peculiar position, he would have had the usual consolation of trading politicians. Smiling blandly at the railings of the "outs," he would have gone to receive the congratulations of the "ins"; and, possessed of the most honorable and lucrative office in the gift of the crown, would have despised all that the polite scorn of Rockingham and the thundering denunciation of Chatham could urge against him, as he sat on his long-sought and dearly earned woolsack. But Yorke was not a man of such hardy, constitutional, imperturbable effrontery. Shocked and grieved in his inmost soul, he went to his home, passed the night in an agony of shame, fell desperately sick, and on the third day of his new honors died, it is supposed, by his own hand.

We might extend these remarks to descriptions of other soul-sales, where the value received is notoriety, or fame, or some other phantom having no visible embodiment; but we must conclude. Throughout our observations we have preserved a temper so cool and reasonable, and have traversed regions sacred to rhetorical horse-racing with a gait so staid and mercantile, that we think we have really earned the right to be a little moral at the end. This right, however, we waive, and prefer that the facts and principles we have stated should be tried by their intrinsic merits, without being clouded with any vapors of sensibility. Our own opinion, after a candid examination of the whole matter, is decidedly against the common belief, that there is anything in the world which is equivalent in worth to the value of a soul; and we accordingly believe that all sales, from the commencement of creation to the present enlightened period, have been mistakes. The balance of popular authority, however, is so much against us that we hold the opinion with becoming modesty; and the utmost that we can hope from the publication of this discourse is to furnish maxims which may guide sellers into bargains relatively good. The dignity of human nature demands that a stop be put to transactions where souls are absolutely thrown away for less than thirty pieces of silver; and we hope at least that there will be established among mankind an *esprit de corps*, by the healthy operation of which no man will disgrace himself by cutting under the market price, and selling his selfhood for less than its fair commercial value, as established by Act of Congress.

THE TRICKS OF IMAGINATION.

There is a power in the human mind, specially indicated in the productions of dramatic genius, by which the mind itself parts, for the time, with its own individuality, informs an imagined character, works under the limitations of the new person it creatively animates, and feels, thinks, and wills from thence. When the power is possessed in its greatest force and flexibility, as in Shakespeare, this movement of Protean intelligence passes rapidly from one character to another,—the mind of the creator slipping readily into different moulds, now animating Hamlet, now the grave-digger who "chaffs" him, and going from one to the other, or returning to its own native form, with an alertness which fills every thoughtful critic's mind with as much amazement as admiration. The wonder is, not so much how the poet gets into another nature as how he gets out; not that he can be Lear at one moment, but that he can be the Fool the next; not that he possesses, but that he is not possessed. For Shakespeare, unlike most dramatists, imaginatively *becomes* what he creates. Without this vital embodiment he could not represent beings different from himself with such marvellous closeness to reality. The deepest and most terrible passions, and moods and dispositions so rooted that they cannot be changed without disorganizing wholly the characters in which they inhere, he passes into and out of with an Ariel-like swiftness which it makes the mind dizzy to contemplate. The power, then, of becoming so many different persons, and seeing life from so many different points of view, is greater than the greatest result and example of its exercise.

The same power in kind, however less it may be in degree, is one of the commonest comforts or curses of common life, only it pauses at one imagined character, and finds a difficulty in escaping from the trap the mind has itself set. A large proportion of human beings live not so much in themselves as in what they desire to be. They create what is called an ideal character, in an ideal form, whose perfections compensate in some degree for the imperfections of their own. This pet creation is their solace if indulged in as a mere recreation of thought, but is apt to be a torment when it both stimulates and mocks the effort after its realization. A great part of the discontent observable in what are called practical men proceeds from the fact that, with all their seeming prosperity, they are continually thrown back exhausted on themselves, from the desperate attempt to reach an impracticable aim. Their selfishness is not so much for self as for that "other self" glowing in their imaginations, — a "bodiless creation" which they would endow with thews and sinews, and which, in their case, fantasy is very "cunning" in. People generally, even the vainest and proudest, do not so much value themselves as their ideals; and Mrs. Malaprop's definition of Cerberus as "two gentleman at once," is an absurdity which very well describes the ordinary experience of mankind. Both Shakespeare's cheerfulness and humility came from the ease with which he could pass from one "other self" to another, without being imprisoned in the one he had realized, or mocked by the one he could clutch at but not seize.

In ordinary men the pressure of practical life is so strong and continuous that imagination never gets possession of them to the extent of making them lose that sense of the actual relations of things which is called common sense. Men educate each other in reason by contact or collision, and keep each other sane by the very conflict of their separate hobbies. Society as a whole is the deadly enemy of the particular crotchet of each, and solitude is almost the only condition in which the acorn of conceit can grow to the oak of perfect self-delusion. But some persons have the power to create a mental and moral solitude in the very midst of social commotion, and lose all thread of connection with the cumulative reason of the race at the time they are in constant contact with it. In conversing with them one finds he can appeal to no common standard in manners, politics, literature, morals, or religion, and that in respect to them there is no sense which can be called common. These unfortunates are really "possessed." The imagination which is momentarily real to the great dramatist is permanently real to them. Pegasus rides them instead of they Pegasus. Few of them are persons of genius sufficiently intense to make their delusion contagious, and so infect other minds as to form a sect, party, or clique which shall satisfy their fury for influence. The vast majority are doomed to wander through the world, lunatics whom no benevolent hospital encloses, cursed as fanatics or snubbed as bores. There is something pathetic in their innocent surprise that the rest of the world are not made after their image. They have more faith in their nonsense than the wise have in their sense. They tire out the understandings they cannot convince. It is safer to agree with than to argue with them; and they occasionally have the satisfaction of parading the spoils of their boredom as the victories of their "idea." At their appearance doors instinctively shut, ears refuse to do their office, coat-buttons even are relentlessly sacrificed to deprive them of a point of support. A crotchet rooted in a mediocre brain is, indeed, the most fearful of all "tremendous engines of social oppression"; but perhaps our anger at the bore might be softened into pity, if we looked at him as a dramatist, caught and imprisoned in his first act of imaginative creation.

It is perhaps in the region of religious illusions, that the pranks of imagination produce the most grotesque results. Anything which takes for its support the sanction of religion has a more powerful impulse and auxiliary than can be derived from the teachings of conscience. An absurd or inhuman religious crotchet is the most mischievous of all forms of imaginative possession, and it is unfortunately the most common, and the most likely to be connected with some genius. Ecclesiastical history records facts which seem incredible. Thus in the fourth century a powerful but perverse sectary imbibed the idea that the air was filled with unholy legions, and that we inhaled devils at every breath. Brooding over this fantasy, it gradually became to him the most important and reasonable of truths, and he started a new heresy, — that of the Messalians, — which made spitting a religious exercise, in the hope of casting out the devils thus breathed in. In travelling in our steamboats and railroad cars, one sometimes suspects that this belief has numerous American disciples, as it is the only religion whose rites are there scrupulously observed, and as the constant invocation of its worshippers appears to be, "Expectoration, heavenly Maid, descend!"

But every now and then we are startled by some outbreak of theological oddity in quarters where it might be least expected. Thus Dr. Edward Beecher justly enjoyed the reputation of a sound theological scholar, endowed with vigorous powers of reasoning and strong practical sense, at the time when he published a book which proved that, for years, a strange theory regarding the mystery of Original Sin was taking shape in his mind, and throwing all the doctrines of his creed into relations to it. This theory was that men pre-existed in another state, as something like devils, before they were born into this as children; and that the origin of their sin was to be sought in a previous condition of existence of which they had lost the memory. In Dr. South's phrase, "they were not so much born as damned into the world," — a bold expression in which the English divine attempted to convey a vivid notion of the fate of children born of vicious parents, but which Dr. Beecher stated as sober truth, applicable to all mankind. Now it is not to be supposed that such a conception took possession at once of such a mind. It must have appeared at first as wild to the originator as it did to the public to which at a later period he communicated it. The strange idea, however, like a misshapen child which first troubles, then kindles, then absorbs its parents' affections, grew day by day more familiar to the thinker's intelligence, and at last became therein an accustomed guest, with nothing in its features to affront reason or shock humane feeling. But it is the law of the growth of such mental excrescences that they become tolerated oddities in few minds which they do not eventually master and transform. What is called reason adapts itself to their unreason; what is called conscience gradually accepts their ethics; and when, on their publication to the world, they draw forth a protest in the name of the general reason and the general conscience, their originators discover that their whole mental and moral being is out of relation with their fellows. Ideas, which have become so domesticated in their thoughts as to appear truisms, they are surprised to find affect others as the most monstrous of paradoxes; and, in the storm of derision or invective which beats down upon their heads, they find they have been tricked out of their fellowship with the mind of the race in following a phantom of their own creation. They have reversed the legend of Saturn, in being devoured by their own offspring.

The greatest thinkers commonly suppress all their processes which end in error, but we know from Kepler's account of the succession of campaigns he undertook against the planet Mars, what vagaries the most powerful intellects are liable to fall into, and we know also that they prove themselves powerful by the readiness with which they discard what observation shows to be unsound. While Newton was on the trail of his discoveries, it is calculated that his fertile imagination conceived thousands of ingenious theories which his solid judgment quickly rejected, and that his steady pursuit of his "objective point" was not diverted into by-paths by the captivating temptations which sprung from the very activity of his intelligence. Such men possess theories, but they are not possessed *by* them. This settled mental government, which austerely subdues the anarchy of thoughts and impressions, and relentlessly court-martials and hangs each prominent rebel against fact and reason which fancy breeds, is what every person requires, however humble may be his capacity. Where it is absent, no one can foretell the possible aberrations of the most mediocre and seemingly practical mind. However confidently we may speak of the fundamental principles of human belief, and the unvarying intuitions of common sense, experience teaches us that the intelligence can be corrupted almost as readily as the heart, and that absurdities which we at first instinctively deride, can, by familiarity, not only lose the character of lies, but expel from the understanding its regulating truths. And this belief in unrealities created by the imagination is also specially the characteristic of imaginations of a low grade, and rarely infects men of comprehensive genius in which imagination rises to the force and dignity of creative art. Smith, Jones, and Robinson are its victims rather than Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

CHEERFULNESS.

In the United States, Cheerfulness does not occupy a high place either among the pleasures or duties of life. Discontent, indeed, is a prominent characteristic of our age and nation, visible in our virtues as well as our vices, in our morals as well as our manners, in our philanthropy as well as our selfishness and greed. This discontent, though good as an occasional sting and spur, tends to weaken and distort activity the moment it becomes a chronic disease of the mind; and as all healthy action, physical, intellectual, and moral, depends primarily on cheerfulness, and as every duty, whether it be to follow a plough or to die at the stake, should be done in a cheerful spirit, the exploration of the sources and conditions of this most vigorous, exhilarating, and creative of the virtues may be as useful as the exposition of any topic of science or system of prudential art. It would seem that, to intelligent beings, there should be as much interest gather round the analysis of the soul of a man as the anatomy of the fin of a fish, and that as much attention is due to the question, "How to get life?" as to the question, "How to get a living?"

And first it may be said that in the absence of this cheerfulness, — this clear, bracing, sparkling atmosphere of the mind, — industry, learning, genius, and virtue are robbed of their greatest right and shorn of their most endearing charm; for happiness, without being their aim, should be their source and end. God is glorified, not by our groans, but our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer. There must be something defective, morbid, one-sided, or excessive in the thought that inaugurates despair, in the action that ends in self-disgust; for rightly sings the poet that

> "Every gift of noble origin
> Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."

Let us then inquire what are the sources and conditions of cheerfulness; what are the easy frailties which retard, what are the difficult virtues which aid, its accomplishment; how, if it spring from a natural sweetness and felicity of disposition, it can be preserved amidst the fret and stir of daily life; how, if it be not an original gift and grace of Nature, what mental and moral discipline will instil into the soul its precious cordial and balm. In attempting to answer these questions, we shall confine our remarks to the mental causes of cheerfulness, — the physical causes being implied; although we think, as a general rule, the body is more often disordered by the mind than the mind by the body, and that the indigestion, to which some ingenious materialists are wont to refer all misanthropy and dejection, is more likely to be caused by those dismal moods than to cause them, and has often yielded to the witchery of fun, or, at least, to a judicious mixture of diet and Dickens, after resisting the craftiest siege of physic.

Cheerfulness, then, is a state or mood of mind consisting either in the equilibrium and harmonious interaction of the mind's powers and passions, or in the sly infusion of humor into the substance of character. Its predominant feeling is one of inward content, complacency, and repose; but its content is not self-content; its complacency is not self-complacency; and its repose has none of that apathetic negation of all sympathy which we observe in the sleek and selfish serenity of those frilled and lavendered pharisees, who show so much Christian resignation to the misfortunes, and exhibit such exemplary fortitude in enduring the miseries, that fall on their neighbors. Its virtues are modesty, hope, faith, courage, charity, love, — all those qualities which give beneficence to the heart and comprehensiveness to the brain; which calm inordinate passions, adjust our expectations to our circumstances, moderate the infinitude of selfish desires, and, above all, instil that delicious sense of nearness to the mysterious fountains of joy. Now there seem to be some persons, the favorites of fortune and darlings of nature, who are born cheerful. "A star danced" at their birth. It is no superficial risibility, but a bountiful and beneficent soul that sparkles in their eyes and smiles on their lips. Their inborn geniality amounts to genius, — the rare and difficult genius which creates sweet and wholesome character, and radiates cheer. The thunder-cloud over their heads never darkens their comforting vision of the sunlight beyond. The hard problems which puzzle sadder intellects, and the great bullying miseries which overthrow and trample on more despairing spirits, never perplex their faith or crush their energies; for, with an insight that acts like instinct, they detect the soul of good hid in the show of evil, and are let into the secret of that sacred alchemy by which patience transmutes calamity into wisdom and power. This pure happiness of being, thus seated deep in the heart of their natures, realizes the meditative poet's ideal of growth in genial virtue; for

"It can so inform
The mind that is within them, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Can e'er prevail against them, or destroy
Their cheerful faith that all which they behold
Is full of blessings."

But this genius of good-nature is perhaps as rare as any other form of genius. Cheerfulness, in most cheerful people, is the rich and satisfying result of strenuous discipline; and to attain this, as to attain other blessings, the proverb holds good of "No pains, no gains; no sweat, no sweet." The first aim of such a discipline will, of course, be to implant a desire for the object; to hold up to love and emulation the wise and beautiful and winning content that finds a home in glad and genial spirits; and, especially, to teach that this all-embracing sunniness of soul comes to us by a series of steps, the light gradually gaining on the gloom, until darkness is slowly dispelled by dawn and dawn by day, and we greet the full sunrise at last with a pæan as exulting as that in which Browning's pure-souled maiden pours out her ecstasy to the morning air: —

"Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er Night's brim, Day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurting and supprest it lay —
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise. not to be supprest,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world!"

Here, however, at the very threshold of the subject, and as if to give us the lie, starts up that surly and savage theory of life which connects hopefulness with foolishness, and sourly resolves all intelligence into spleen. Here we come plump against that very large, very respectable, and very knowing class of misanthropes who rejoice in the name of Grumblers, — persons who are so sure that the world is going to ruin, that they resent every attempt to comfort them as an insult to their sagacity, and accordingly seek their chief consolation in being inconsolable, their chief pleasure in being displeased. Their raven croak drowns all melodies of lark and linnet. Indeed, like Jacques, "They can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs." It is to them we are doubtless indebted for that phrase which includes all our actions and all the circumstances of our being in this world, under the general term of "the *concerns* of life." Doleful and crabbed, their conversation is a succession of ominous prophecies emitted in a series of growls. Mad at the infatuation of those simpletons who insist on feeling cheered by cheerful things, they gruffly hint of the tempests which are cradled in the sunshine and the calm. You meet one of them in the street, and in a gush of delight at the heavenliness of the weather, venture the suggestion that it is a fine day. "Yes," he replies, "one of those infernal storm-breeders!" Such a creature having no other comfort than a kind of fretful satisfaction in finding fault, you make him hopelessly miserable when you leave him no shadow of a cause for complaint. Thus Charles Lamb speaks of one of his companions who, in the game of whist, was always grumbling because he had so few trumps. By some artifice in dealing, the whole thirteen were once given him, in the hope that some sound of glee might be audible through his instinctive grunt; but after examining his hand attentively, he looked more wretched than ever. "Well, Tom," said Lamb, "have n't you got enough trumps now?" "Yes," was the growling answer, "but I v'e got no other cards!"

Indeed, discontent, in the confirmed grumbler, is literally a complaint, — a settled disease of the mind. All his perceptions of nature and life being twisted and distorted into the shape of his own wretched fancies, he can see nothing as it is. Obstinate in absurdity, you cannot tempt or coax him into sense. "He is as stiff as a poker," said a friend of one of these unreasonable and unreasoning dogmatists. "Stiff as a poker!" was the reply; "why, he would set an example to a poker!" Dejection in the heart is thus apt to become stupidity in the head; and against stupidity "heaven and earth fight in vain." In fact, the grumbler cultivates his crabbed folly as a conscientious duty, and swaggers and swells on the strength of it, as if to be a snarling bore was to reach the summit of human excellence, and to grow in stupidity was to grow in grace. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson in reference to one of this class, — "sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but he must have taken a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity is not in nature, sir. I am willing to allow him all the merit for it he can claim."

Closely connected with this grumbling spirit, though often superior to its baser qualities, is that mood of the mind, made up of pride and dejection, which has been aptly named sulkiness, — a bog in which the souls of some men seem to flounder about during the whole term of their lives, with sympathies resolutely shut to all the approaches of kindliness and cheer. There they abide, in the soul's "muggy" weather, "sucking," as Coleridge says, "the paws of their own self-importance," and finding, we may add, but little juice and nutriment therein. The word, and the unamiable mood it expresses, seem both to have had their birth in England. "There is nothing," says Sydney Smith, in his sharp, sweet way, "which an Englishman enjoys more than the pleasure of sulkiness, — of not being forced to hear a word from anybody which may occasion to him the necessity of replying. It is not so much that Mr. Bull disdains to talk, as that Mr. Bull has nothing to say. His forefathers have been out of spirits for six or seven hundred years, and, seeing nothing but fog and vapor, he is out of spirits too; and when there is no selling or buying, or no business to settle, he prefers being alone and looking at the fire. If any gentleman was in distress he would lend a helping hand; but he thinks it no part of good neighborhood to talk to a person because he happens to be near him. In short, with many excellent qualities, it must be acknowledged that the English are the most disagreeable of the nations of Europe, — more surly and morose, with less disposition to please, to exert themselves for the good of society, to make small sacrifices, and to put themselves out of the way. They are content with Magna Charta and trial by jury; and think they are not bound to excel the world in small behavior, if they are superior to them in great institutions."

In our own country, which, with a certain exquisite irony, we are fond of calling the "happiest" country in the world, we are preserved by our eager, insatiable activity from so stolid a fault as sulkiness; but this activity, though it may indicate large powers of mind and great energies of will, does not evince their harmonious combination, and the restless and curious spirit of the nation is vexed with the demon of nervous discontent. This discontent, as it affects some persons, is owing to the flood of new opinions which has been poured into the public mind, — opinions which satirize the facts of our daily life, without infusing into the will and the moral sentiments the vigor requisite to change them, and demand the exercise of energies which they have not the power to evoke. Hence that fretful impatience with the actual which comes from the union of vague aspiration with feeble purpose, — largeness of mental view with limitation of moral power. Such persons should *be* more, or *know* less.

Another source of individual and national cheerfulness, too often disregarded in our country, is the trained capacity to take pleasure in little things, — to bend our whole energies to the progressive realization of moderate but ascending aims, — and to regulate those passions of pride, vanity, envy, avarice, and ambition which poison the sources of action. This *power* of enjoyment proceeds from right ideas as well as from right sentiments. It evinces that breadth and penetration of understanding by which objects are seen in their real dimensions and natural relations, with the occasional harshness of the truth softened by the sense of beauty and the sense of humor. We then perceive the world as it is, and, what is more, we perceive our own modest place in it; and, in our gratitude for what we have, lose all feeling of discontent for what we have not. But in America each individual is prone to be more impressed with his deserts than his duties or his capacity to compass his deserts; and nowhere else is mediocrity subject to such agonies of baffled desire. Our business, driving along through a storm of panics, too often proves to us that "going ahead too fast" really means going backward, and is continually producing those desperate pinches in the money-markets in which the debtor's troubled heart stamps on his face that look of ruin, which, to the shrewd banker, says as plainly, "Don't trust me," as his lips say, "Do lend me!" But still the eager and headlong rush proceeds,

— every merchant ravenous to be an Astor, every politician a Clay, every clergyman a Channing, every showman — O, help us, genius of anti-climax! — a Barnum! Continually nettled by the failure of our selfish aspirations, we resent as injustice the disappointments of our vanity and greed; and are apt to feel, when foiled in expectations it was foolish to have ever cherished, something of the irritated self-sufficiency of that monarch whom Montaigne mentions, who, on the sudden death of an only child, indicated to Providence his sense and resentment of the injury by abolishing in his dominions the Christian religion for a fortnight!

So wide-spread is this discontent, that a talent for unhappiness is fast getting to be a source of distinction; and among the many tones in the hubbub of universal talk, the voice that quickliest arrests attention is the voice that wails, snarls, groans, shrieks, howls, or hisses. Our best qualities and our best people are apt to catch the infection of this screaming forcible-feebleness, and to lose their power to cheer in their passion to declaim. Even our religious people, paralyzed, seemingly, by a contemplation of the works of Satan, are not celebrated for entering into the joy of their Lord. Our morality, the moment it sets about the work of reform, has a strong impulse to become grim, haggard, and screechy; and even the loftier virtues are prone to put on a vinegar aspect, and to depress rather than exhilarate. Our benevolence, for instance, sometimes labors most conscientiously to make itself unamiable, diffuses unhappiness from the best of motives, and, growing sour and shrewish by its contact with suffering or contemplation of wrong, dispenses as much gall to its opponents as it does balm to the afflicted and oppressed. It seems to find a saturnine satisfaction in fastening its attention on the darkest side of life. If there be anything base or brutal in the foulest dens of metropolitan iniquity, see how eagerly it seizes it, emphasizes it, detaches it from its relations, talks about it, writes about it, throws it into the faces and stamps it on the imaginations of young and old, in the hope, we may suppose, of invigorating the sense of right by corrupting the sense of beauty, and converting us into philanthropists by a process which begins by disgusting us with human nature. Scenes of misery and sin thus occupying the most conspicuous places in the picture gallery of the mind, it is not surprising that many humane people, aghast at the contemplation, should gradually associate cheerfulness with selfishness, and dutifully determine that nothing but wretchedness shall escape from their tongues and encamp on their faces. This morbid benevolence, first adopted as a duty, soon resolves itself into a taste; and then they hunt eagerly on the trail of offences to gather fresh topics of horrifying scandal, and every new batch of crimes furnishes additional material for their ghastly gossip. And, to crown all, in exploring the causes of the wickedness and wretchedness which oppress their imaginations, they have a strange proclivity to hit on those things which are capable in themselves of affording innocent pleasure, and too often think their purpose is attained when they have pasted a thundering "Thou shalt not!" on all amusements and recreations.

Now this ascetic acid in our morality and religion must be modified by an æsthetic element, or we strip from virtue and duty and devotion the "awful" loveliness, by which they attract as well as command, inspire as well as warn, cheer as well as threaten. It is as dangerous to morality as it is destructive to cheerfulness to make virtue the husky and haggard thing it is so often held up to be; and accordingly, in the formation of harmonious character, great stress is to be laid on the education of the sense of beauty. There is nothing that cheers so much as this. The contemplation of beauty in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy, by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are softly smiled away. Infuse into the purpose with which you follow the various employments and professions of life, no matter how humble they may be, this sense of beauty, and you are transformed at once from an artisan into an artist. The discontent you feel with the work you are compelled to do comes from your doing it in the spirit of a drudge. Do it in the spirit of an artist, with a perception of the beauty which inheres in all honest work, and the drudgery will disappear in delight. It is the spirit in which we work, not the work itself, which lends dignity to labor; and many a field has been ploughed, many a house has been built, in a grander spirit than has sometimes attended the government of empires and the creation of epics. The cheerfulness which comes from the beautiful performance of such secluded duties disclaims all aid from mere animal spirits, and attaches itself resolutely to what is immortal in our being. It is, as South would say, "a masculine and severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason; filling the soul, as God fills the universe, silently and without noise!"

We have thus gone over some of the sources and causes of cheerfulness, and attempted to state a few of the leading principles, the disregard of which causes so much fret and discontent. It is the infirmity of us all that we rarely discover these principles, obvious as they are, until we have bitter experience of the consequences of their violation; in this somewhat resembling that astute Irish pilot who assured the captain of the ship that he knew all the rocks on the coast; "And that," he said, as the vessel struck and split, — "that is one of 'em!" Still we must be allowed, even if the information be of no ethical use, to proceed to state the great crowning principle of growth in cheerful character, including, as it does, those which have been already considered, and suggesting many more, — a principle which would repay the minutest and most extensive scrutiny, but which we have only space rapidly to indicate. This relates, of course, to the Food of the mind, — the daily bread of thought, emotion, and experience which the mind eats, and converts into the blood and bone and sinew of character. This, more than anything else, determines our destiny for gladness or for gloom. The chief sources of this mental food are external nature, society, and the various forms of literature and art. All these have their cheerful and invigorating or dark and depressing phase, according to the disposition we bring to the feast.

Nature is an inexhaustible fountain of cheer, — not, indeed, as seen and felt by those whose simple object is to make her yield a certain amount of corn and potatoes for the body, but by those who also regard her as the dear and gracious mother, teeming with food for the brain and heart of her children. Communion with her sights, sounds, colors, and forms, — the hieroglyphics of God, — and with the inner spirit, which gives them life, meaning, and language to the soul, — closeness to her mighty heart, and contact with her informing mind, — this is the love of nature which inspires, heals, refreshes, sublimes, and cheers. And happy are they whose characters grow and ripen under her genial ministries, and who, in the words of a great poet, speaking from his own deep experience, can testify "of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plenteously as morning dew-drops; of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance; of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters; of images uncalled for and rising up like exhalations; of hopes plucked like beautiful wild-flowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead; in a word, of Nature as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties through a process of smoothness and delight."

But hastening from this attractive theme, whose fulness of wealth we have barely hinted, let us hazard a remark or two on the nature of the mental food we derive from social life. Here, in the intercourse of conversation, there is not only the expression of thoughts and feelings, but the direct passage of mind into mind, and characters, accordingly, are mutually fed and formed. In conversation, to use a violent image, we eat each other up, and this intellectual cannibalism results, if the conversation be good, in an increase of mental substance to all. Mr. Webster was accustomed to place conversation above all the other means and implements by which knowledge is obtained and dispositions infused. How important, then, that this great element of culture should be cheerful, sympathetic, enlivening, the graceful play of knowledge, the festivity of intelligence, instead of being the sour, egotistic, sulky, or frivolous thing into which it is so often perverted. A grumbler or bigot in this intercourse should recollect that he is spoiling the temper of others in parading his own, and that a voluminous catalogue of his aches and pains, or a fierce outburst of his prejudices and hatreds, is hardly needed to gratify the civil curiosity that inquires after his health, or the polite tolerance that asks his opinion. And, in reference to this matter of health, there are some persons, bores by instinct and profession, who carry into their conversation a strong flavor of opodeldoc and catnip-tea; who convert everybody with whom they talk into a consulting physician; and who are never so happy as when they are blessed with some lucky influenza or ague, which will furnish them with a constant topic of edifying and attractive discourse. Thus it is related of Mr. Webster, that being once in a great Western city, waiting for the cars, he was entreated by the Mayor to devote the hour he had on his hands to the business of being introduced to the citizens. Somewhat reluctantly, being jaded by travel, Mr. Webster consented. The first gentleman led up was Mr. Janes, — a thousand closely treading on his heels, all anxious to take the great man by the hand, and only an hour for the whole to do it in. "Mr. Webster," said the Mayor, "allow me to introduce to you Mr. Janes, one of our most distinguished citizens." "How do you do, Mr. Janes?" said Mr. Webster, in a tone not calculated to attract much confidence. "The truth is, Mr. Webster," replied Mr. Janes, "I am not very well." "I hope nothing serious is the matter," sternly answered Mr. Webster. "Well, I don't know that, Mr. Webster. I think it 's rheumatiz, but my wife — " Here the Mayor rapidly interposed with the next citizen: "Mr. Webster, this is Mr. Smith"; and thus, for the poor satisfaction of shaking hands with Mr. Smith, Mr. Webster was doubtless rendered wretched to the end of his days, through the profound ignorance in which he was left as to the exact nature of Mr. Janes's complaint.

But of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare,—how continue existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense,—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are, who will go on dwindling in this way from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon in her bonnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they THINK, "It's high time, if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slightly venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life. Seriously, however, this levity of being, whether innocent or malevolent, which thus splits the mind up into chips and splinters of thought, and leaves it vacant of substance and sap, is it not one, out of many nobler causes, of the rumored lack of cheerfulness in American women? — a fact of which we know nothing except from the melodious wail, alternating with melodramatic shrieks, that comes up from so large a portion of our best feminine literature. The men, of course, are great rascals, and deprive women of their rights, and circumscribe the sphere of their influence, and hypocritically sonnetize Desdemonas of the kitchen and Imogens of the nursery, and are, besides, as superficial as they are wicked, — all that is freely granted; but still, is it not possible that women, the autocratic rulers at least of social life, can make it a little better subserve its great purpose of educating and enriching the mind without any loss to its more festive grace and airier charm?

But leaving a topic which is fast treading on the perilous edges of impertinence, let us pass to the consideration of books, the third source of our mental food. Here the influences springing from a communion with nature and intercourse with society are recast by the mind of genius in the form of literature. This literature, in the varieties of its spirit and depth, contains three special forms of genius, according as nature, or society, or both, contributed to build them up. Thus Wordsworth has derived his inspiration and his nutriment almost exclusively from a communion with external nature; Pope, Swift, Walpole, Chesterfield, and Thackeray have derived theirs almost as exclusively from an intercourse with society; while Chaucer, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Scott combine the two. Authors of this last class have the most robust health of mind, and dispense the most invigorating cheer. But there is still another class, composed of men of large but diseased powers and passions, who perversely *misconceive* both nature and social life, distorting and discoloring them with the morbid peculiarities of their own minds. These authors belong to the Satanic or the sentimental school, according as their inspiration is mixed with a wilful pride or insatiable vanity; and though their genius may intensely stir the soul for the time, they in the end deform or debilitate it. They represent the grumbler, the sulker, the caustic abstractionist, the unregulated, inharmonious mind and discontented heart, as vitalized and exaggerated, — as transfigured by the light, and mighty with the powers, and tyrannous with the influence, of impassioned genius. They are, indeed, bitter fountains of mental disease and gloom; yet as long as people will go to literature as to a sort of gilded dram-shop of the brain, and love to read books that stimulate only to leave them weak and miserable, just so long will such authors continue to be the most popular. The two great European leaders of this school of Satanic sentimentality are Rousseau and Byron, — men whose powers and accomplishments have never been too highly lauded, and the cheerlessness of whose sentiments, the informing and directing soul of their powers, has never been adequately probed and exposed. Each was afflicted with the ravenous desire to re-create the world after his own image, and stamp on nature and man "Jean Jacques, his mark," "Noel Byron, his seal." How mean appears their self-exaggerating disregard of all the laws and limitations of our being, when compared with the lofty composure with which Wordsworth modestly contents his ambition for influence: —

> "Still glides the stream, and shall forever glide:
> The form remains, the function never dies:
> But we, the great, the mighty, and the wise,
> We men, who in our morn of life, defied
> The elements, must perish. Be it so:
> Content if something from our hands have power
> To live, and act, and *help* the future hour:
> And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
> Through hope, through love, and Faith's transcendent dower,
> We feel that we are greater than we know."

It is not necessary to cheerful writing that it should be witty writing or even humorous writing. There is more inward joy to be derived from Thomson's Seasons or Barrow's Sermons than from Pope's insidiously misanthropic satires, or Hood's subtly pathetic extravaganzas. Cheerfulness is a characteristic of all great writers whose thoughts and imaginations have their spring in primitive feelings and affections, which are sound, vigorous, and unspotted with discontent and misanthropy. Thus Wordsworth, who never made but one joke in his life, — and the wit of man has so far labored in vain to see the point even of that, — is still as essentially cheerful in his sylvan serenity of mood, as that audacious, riotous, and profound buffoon, Rabelais, who, like old Fortunatus, is "all felicity up the brims." There is often in pathos a gentle and refining melancholy, a tender sadness, which does not sadden. The visionary splendors of Spenser's romantic muse are as capable of infusing comfort into despairing imaginations, as Montaigne's chirping practical wisdom is of expelling crotchety notions from snarled and tangled intellects. The fire of Milton's genius burns away the mists and vapors of the soul as readily as they are chased away by Ariosto's more graceful and gleeful enchantments. The tempest-like passions that rend the breasts of Lear, Macbeth, and Othello are spiritual tonics. In short, where there is health in the senses and the soul of the writer, there is cheer; and, what is more, the sunlike radiation of cheer.

Young writers who believe, with Shelley, that most men

> " Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> And learn in suffering what they teach in song,"

but who forget that such experience, passed through the dissolving imagination of robust natures, comes out in the form of beauty, are apt to get up an anguish to sing about; to make their particular grievance their whole stock in trade; and, mendicants for sympathy, to pass round the hat to collect such coppers of compassion and small change of tears as tender hearts can spare to relieve their puny and puerile miseries. If any good friend to them and to good letters would just hint that the greatest poets are the most cheerful, they would as quickly affect vivacity as they now worship gloom. Sterne states that when he visited Paris, in 1767, he found that every French woman of fashion went through three stages: first, she was a coquette; then, as her charms began to fade, a deist; then, as she caught a glimpse of the grave, a devotee. One lady, who ought, he says, to have been a deist for some five years before he had the honor of making her acquaintance, expressed to him her fear that she was beginning to doubt the truth of the Christian religion. Sterne looked in her face, where beauty was palpably on the wane, and, as if he were overcome by its loveliness, said, "Madam, it is too soon — too soon!" She, overjoyed, dropped the deist, reassumed the coquette, and reported all over Paris that Mr. Sterne had said more for revealed religion in half an hour than all the Encyclopædiasts had ever said against it. Now the affectation of misery in half the sentimental poetry that spoils the spirits of its readers is capable of a conversion as instantaneous as the affectation of deism in Sterne's faded coquette; for this much at least is to be said for human nature, that men will adopt sense as readily as nonsense, provided it flatters their vanity as well.

It would be needless to recapitulate the sources of cheerfulness, as we have endeavored to set them forth through many pages. In conclusion it may be said that we should specially watch and wait for those precious moments, not common to the most bountifully endowed natures, but coming at intervals to all, when Heaven seems graciously revealed to our minds, — when, through inlets of inspiration suddenly opened, stream thoughts and sentiments which, for the time, make existence ecstasy! Fix these moods in the memory, hoard them in the heart, assimilate them to the very substance of the soul; for they can endear life, and make it beautiful and sweet, long after their imparadising rapture has faded into "the light of common day." "Hold," says the Eastern proverb, — "hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when Heaven is raining gold!"

MENTAL AND MORAL PAUPERISM.

MAXIMS which address the understandings of men through their vanity are rarely subjected to that process of analysis which humbles and disenchants; and the maxims which parade the doctrine of human progress furnish nutriment so delicious to individual complacency that they often seriously interfere with individual improvement. Thus we are never wearied in asserting that the thoughts of all original thinkers become the property of the race; that a victory for conscience and reason once won is never lost; that the philosopher of five centuries ago would be amazed at the truths now taught in our common schools; and that even if the great men of the past were giants, and we are pygmies, we are still pygmies perched on the shoulders of giants, and can see farther than they.

But in the lazy satisfaction of contemplating statements so consoling as these, we are tempted to forget that the difference between the man who thinks and lives and the man who repeats and vegetates — between the man of character and the man of routine — is a difference of immense moment; that the truisms into which we translate the wisdom and virtue of past ages are deprived, in the process of translation, of the life and flavor of the originals; and that though we may succeed to the discoveries and creations of genius, we do not thereby succeed to its faculties and inspirations. The truth is, that the real question relates to our mental and moral condition; to our moods, capacities, and wills; to our depth or shallowness, our elevation or meanness as men; and we must strip our minds of all the fine phrases which cover and adorn our essential nature, and unflinchingly gaze at the image of ourselves faithfully reflected in consciousness and conscience, before we bluster about progress and assert our superiority to the past.

Perhaps the chief source of our delusion proceeds from the fact that we possess the accumulated wisdom of the world in books, and that in reading these we seem to have mastered the knowledge of sixty centuries of men. Who can doubt that we know more than Bacon, when we may know all that Bacon knew, and all that has been added to knowledge since Bacon lived? But, in respect even to knowledge, few of us have entered upon our inheritance, not because we have neglected to study and acquire, but because we are feeble in our perceptions, and mentally incompetent to grasp what is preserved in our books. The difficulty of putting a great mind into a little one is as insuperable now as at the time of the Pharaohs. Truly to know is vividly to reproduce. No deep thought, no comprehensive generalization, ever really penetrated into a shallow or pinched intellect; no generous and heroic action was ever domesticated in a mean heart. We chatter about these matters, but their life and substance are hidden from us. Knowledge, like religion, must be "experienced," in order to be known. The objective progress of arts, sciences, and letters may be perfectly consistent with our individual ignorance and incapacity. The science of metaphysics has advanced since Socrates, but to how many praters on the philosophy of the human mind is Socrates still an impenetrable mystery? How many of our politicians and patriots can be said to know anything at all of the character of Washington? Each man's levity, bigotry, ignorance, vice, or littleness erects a wall of adamant between himself and whatever is profound, comprehensive, wise, good, or great. He knows nothing and appreciates nothing which he has not earned the right to know and appreciate. He is blind to the signs of that subtle freemasonry by which thought communicates with thought. The ideas of genius and the deeds of heroes and saints refuse to house in his commonplaces; and though he may strut in the "foremost files of time," and tickle his vanity with the conceit of living in the world's most enlightened period, and survey with pitying derision the mistakes of dead sages and the credulities of historic martyrs, he is still inexorably consigned, by a chronology of the soul that flouts at the ordinary distinctions of time, to his due place among the lower natures of an elder age.

This fact of the incommunicability of thought, except to minds that think; of aspirations, except to natures that aspire; and the resolute refusal of vital ideas to acknowledge mechanical truisms for their representatives, makes the problem less puzzling of the assumed discrepancy between the convictions of men and their actions. This discrepancy is rather apparent than real, for the convictions of men are to be deduced from their actions and lives, and not sought in the opinions to which their understandings indolently assent, but which their hearts repudiate and their wills decline to adopt. Opinions are not ideas, but the mere outside appearances of ideas. All ideas deserving the name generally have their roots in the nature of the thinker. They are appetites, passions, sentiments, or aspirations in an intellectual form, —

the account which intelligence renders to a man of the instincts which prompt his conduct. His ideas he obtains through his nature or character; his opinions through his eyes and ears; and opinions never deepen into ideas, and become ingrafted into character, unless he has some affinities with the objects to which they relate. The hypocrisy of life consists in living in a low order of ideas for pleasure, while we are prompted by vanity to sport a high order of opinions for show. Crises, public or private, which call for immediate action, at once determine what we really think by demonstrating what we really are, and the majorities for reason, right, and truth then dwindle into small minorities indeed.

If, then, we expel from our minds all opinions which are "under the safeguards of vanity"; if we resolutely try the age we live in by vital tests, and refuse to be deluded by declamation, we shall find that there really exists beneath the fair appearances of our social life an immense amount of what may be called Intellectual and Moral Pauperism, — a pauperism as worthy to be probed to its sources by the philosopher, as are the more ordinary and visible forms of it, which specially attract the attention of the economist. We call it Pauperism, because we can hit upon no more expressive term to designate the poor, meagre, feeble, stinted, and dependent natures who crowd the almshouses and hospitals of the world of mind; who scramble for the crumbs which fall from the tables of richer intellects; who, from defect of mental life, are incompetent to get their own mental living; and who, while they appear outwardly independent and self-sufficing, inwardly beg and creep and cringe. It is hardly necessary to add that these paupers are not confined to what are styled the poorer classes, but that their indigence and inefficiency peep out from respectable silk and broadcloth, and stare at us from prominent positions in society, politics, and the learned professions. Strive as they may to conceal their bankruptcy of nature by a certain intellectual smirk and swagger, in which conceit apes capacity, the fact still becomes fatally manifest the moment that circumstances demand the reality and refuse the semblance of ability. And then how many men there are who have lost all feeling of independence, — men who cannot stand upright; whose knees bend at the presence of rough power; who are victims of the last word or the last argument; who lean by instinct on more vigorous natures; who crawl at the feet of leaders by whom they have been pushed or bullied into certain cliques, sects, or parties, and, mentally and morally prostrated, are paupers confessed!

There are two modes of accounting for this wide-spread mendicity of soul. It may be referred to original defect or littleness of individual nature issuing naturally in self-sufficient or servile insufficiency. This theory makes stupidity an important element in the plan of Divine Providence, and implies that God creates some souls with the intention that, in this world, they shall dwindle rather than develop. Another and far more hopeful view of the matter refers this pauperism to mistakes and misdirections in the education of the mind; for however great may be the original differences in power among individuals, they are still differences of degree and not of kind. The weakest, stupidest, and most barren of human beings was in childhood a fresh and living force; and he has still buried within him an unquenchable principle of vitality, which allies him in kind to Shakespeare and Newton, however covered up this principle may be now by layer on layer of deadening habits. If this were suddenly stung into activity, the man would leap out of his cerements of prejudice, custom, and sorry self-content, and be transformed from a dull digesting machine into a living person. Such a resurrection actually occurs when some fortunate incident, be it of agony or rapture, speaks the abrupt and startling word which cuts its way to the sleeping soul, and compels it to wake. But it could have needed no electric shock to bring it to life, if it had observed the genial conditions of life from the beginning. God made the person; his own folly, or more frequently the folly of others, early paralyzed his power, and turned him into that bundle of sensations, memories, and habits which we are obliging enough to dignify with the name of man.

If every created soul has thus an indestructible individuality, capable of indefinite growth, or, at least, capable of growing into the moral and mental stature of man or woman, the causes which weaken this individual force, and arrest this growth, are directly traceable to a violation of the laws of mind, in the modes or accidents of education. Education, in its largest sense, includes, of course, all the influences which operate on the mind from infancy; but even in its restricted application to the school and the college, it is heavily responsible for the processes by which mental forces are turned into mental paupers. One hardly has patience in thinking of the many ingenious devices of conscientious pedants to murder the minds given them to develop. With a very imperfect notion of what an immortal being is; with no delicate perception of the peculiarities of youthful intelligence; and, in their conceit of practicality, scorning as metaphysical the ideas of education drawn by common sense from an analysis of the human mind; they persist in an erroneous system of culture, which multiplies impediments to intellectual development under the pretence of furnishing aids. "My schoolmaster," says Carlyle, "was a good Latin scholar, and of the human mind he knew this much, — that it had a faculty called memory, which might be reached through the muscular integument by the appliance of birchen rods." Vigorous natures break through these impediments; contrive to assert their individuality; and at last leave the schools with the possibility of being men, if not scholars. Youths of genius are therefore commonly saved to the world in spite of all contrivances to make them dunces; but, then, what risks are often run! Martin Luther, for example, was a person who could not have been conveniently spared in the sixteenth century; but that Martin Luther was not killed, morally, mentally, and physically, before he was sixteen, was owing to no lack of effort on the part of his teachers to commit homicide, but to the immense resisting vitality of his own character. There is hardly a poet, artist, philosopher, or man of science, mentioned in the history of the human intellect, whose genius was not opposed by parents, guardians, or teachers. In these cases Nature seems to have triumphed by direct interposition; to have insisted on her darlings having their rights; and encouraged disobedience, secrecy, falsehood, even flight from home and occasional vagabondism, rather than the world should lose what it cost her so much pains to produce. But it is too apt to be otherwise with those whose minds require intelligent and careful culture, and who are not originally strong enough to overcome obstacles to their development. They have enough in them to make them, under proper training, solid, intelligent, capable, self-helping men; under improper training, they are crammed and flagellated through "a course of study," and afterward sink slowly into the pauper class of sterile and stunted natures.

The fundamental defect of this improper training is its perverse misconception of the purpose of teaching. The pedagogue does not condescend to look into the brain and heart of his pupil, but strives to remake him after his own image, or the image of certain idolized rules. He thinks his duty is performed when the authorized processes have been gone through, resembling the doctor in the well-known epigram, who blisters, bleeds, and sweats all who call for his professional services, and is supremely indifferent to their fate, in case they have the bad taste to die under such regular treatment. He would doubtless prefer to have his pupil turn out a Tully rather than a Titmouse or a Toots; but if nothing comes of him it is because there is nothing in him. He is never weary of repeating that his business is "to give instruction, and not to give brains," and thus commonly contrives to elude the responsibility of quenching the soul of his pupil by questioning its existence. But it would be far more reasonable to seek for the cause of his failure in the error of his system; and this error we believe to consist in not subordinating the acquisition of knowledge to the formation of faculties. To crush the growing faculty by cramming it is not the way to make scholars, though it may be the way to make scholastic imbeciles. Let us take an instance in which a seeming success is achieved. Numerous facts and principles are tied *to* the mind, instead of being infused *into* the mind, and the result is paraded as an educated man; but the moment this educated man comes into practical life, we find that he has information without being really informed; that he has thoughts without being endowed with the power of thinking; and that, in capacity to guide and influence others, or to stand on his own legs in a contest with others, he is no man at all. With seeming learning and talents, he lacks the quality which austerely tests the reality of both; that is, he lacks ability, — the power of originating intelligent action.

It is curious how this divorce between the active and receptive powers results in the weakening of both. If we take any number of so-called educated men who belong to the destitute, non-producing class, in the sphere of intellect, we shall find that they have one psychological biography. Their first perceptions, as children, were fresh and eager, capable of taking in knowledge judiciously adapted to their wants, and of assimilating it into active power. Everything indicated a mental condition in which the nature would grow and expand as nutriment was provided for it. But these perceptions were early blunted, and their vital connection with the will early severed, in a well-intentioned attempt to overwork delicate powers, and to substitute the image of the schoolmaster for the image of God. The first timid peeping forth of independent thought, like the head of the turtle from its shell, was cowed by the pedagogue's ferule, and swiftly drawn in. For the direct communion of the person with things was substituted the packing the memory with the names of things. The will withered as the verbal information accumulated. All the weapons in the armory of knowledge were successively placed by the side of the pupils, but each weapon was obtained at the expense of further enfeebling the arms which were to wield it. The result was to make them memories, but not men. They passed into the world, and found a master in every sturdy soul that looked out upon them from a pair of human eyes. Thus they soon discovered their insufficiency of will; what is still concealed from them is their shallowness of intellect. They read Homer and Æschylus, Dante and Tasso, Schiller and Goethe, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Burke, and believe their receptive powers at least to be as broad as human reason and imagination. Never was there a greater mistake. They receive no more than what their dwindled natures enable them to receive, and that is a slight exaltation of themselves. The writers read by their eyes are really sealed books to their minds. Great sentiments, great imaginations, great ideas, great men, are shorn of their proportions, are cut down to dwarfish size, in the process of getting them into their small and feeble characters. There is nothing in them which gives an answering thrill to amplitude of thought and heroism of action. The moment they begin to prattle about their "favorite authors," we become aware of their incapacity to feel or to know what they read. The essential thing in history, poetry, philosophy, science, slips away from their thin perceptions; and men of taste, as they assume to be, many a Scotch plough-boy, humming a song of Burns, is deeper in the mystery of creative art than they can ever be. Rich natures, then, cannot even be perceived by pauper natures. The mind that is unfed is also unstored.

These intellectual paupers are sometimes writers; but they were taught to write according to the rules of rhetoric, and early directed to form their style on the best models; that is, to avoid words and phrases which conveyed what they felt and knew, for words and phrases which conveyed what Addison, or Goldsmith, or Burke felt and knew. Style in this way was early disconnected with character, and made an end in itself. The matter with which literature deals was overlooked in order to pay a more scrupulous attention to its form. Composition was thus made a discipline of falsehood. Words were divorced from things. Vulgarity being the great rhetorical sin, a superficial elegance was purchased at the expense of all naturalness. With every elegant sentence a new incrustation was laid on the soul, and an additional veil drawn before realities; and writing, instead of being an invigorating contest with the difficulties of expression, in which the whole nature is actively engaged, was degraded into machine labor. Now these men, thus absurdly taught to extinguish emotions and skulk from thoughts, to suppress themselves instead of to express themselves, may originally have had sentiments, passions, and ideas stirring within them to convey which in words would have been a joyous exercise of power, provided they could have been permitted to use the words which sprang from this direct impression of things; but being under tuition, and not having sufficient rude, aboriginal force of mind to revolt against authority, they were polished into imbecility and trained into pauperism. They make tolerable "fine writers," but for the real business of literature they are impotent. Declining, from an exquisite feeling of propriety, to announce a purpose or utter a truth, their euphonious sentences drop on unheeding ears from the absence of vitality and meaning in the music. Real books embody real men, and intellectual influence is the work of forces, not of phantoms.

This system of emptying words of life becomes of great practical importance when we reflect that a large portion of the mental food of the people, whether it be thought or husks of thought, comes from contemporary literature and addresses from the pulpit. Persons, mentally poor, fly to literature to be mentally enriched; persons, spiritually poor, go to church to be spiritually enriched; but it is too often their fate to come away from both the same paupers they were before. The minister's brain is often the "poor-box" of the church. The object of establishing the thousands on thousands of pulpits in the United States is, we suppose, the religious education and inspiration of the millions who crowd the pews. It is expected every week that from the clergymen will be radiated an immense stream of religious vitality into the wills of the congregations. The known effects produced by great preachers in imparting religious power as well as communicating religious knowledge, demonstrate the fact of the possibility of spiritual influence. But to be a conductor of life one must have life; to break through the inward defences of sin and selfishness, and make words feel their way surely to the springs of motive, one must have a vigorous nature imparting itself in vigorous speech. Now how far does the rhetorical training of clergymen of average force qualify them for this work? The tendency of this training is undoubtedly to denude language of its vitality by viewing it as something to be learned apart from the soul of thought, sentiment, and volition, of which language is naturally the body. Style is taught as if words were not windows but window-screens of natures. The future pastor is told to seek his words, not in the depths of his own heart and brain, where they are quivering with the spirit of the ideas and emotions there just starting into being, but to seek for them in Hooker, or Taylor, or Baxter, or Doddridge, or the dictionary. He goes to *masters* of expression in order to be the *slave* of their expression. His individuality is consequently impoverished with every addition to his vocabulary. The gulf between himself and his words widens with his increased dexterity in marshalling them. By the time he is qualified to preach, his style has acquired its finishing touch of accurate, fluent, and elegant impotence. What he is in himself nobody knows. He may be conscientious and devout; he may be a debauchee and a scoffer; the only certain thing about the matter is, that the sermon is not the man. Instead of looking directly at the spiritual condition of his flock, and driving the thought or appeal right home to their hearts in words instinct with an awful meaning and a resolute purpose, he clearly and smoothly states certain doctrines, illustrates them with *fade* images and stereotyped examples, and enforces them with the hard and brittle declamation of false feeling. Where is the dying man speaking to dying men? In fact, there is no man at all; no person, no thought, no perception, but a mechanical understanding, gifted with some learning, and a large array of dead words. Is it not frightful that this theological pauper should trifle with such themes as the salvation and damnation of souls?

If, as we contend, a vast amount of original force and possible intelligence is lost to the world by bad modes of education, — if so many of our educated men have been swindled out of their brains, and made into moral paupers by pedants and pedagogues, — and if all this evil is attempted to be ignored and obscured by lusty crowing and cackling about the triumph of progressive ideas and the world's enlightenment, it is well for thoughtful eyes to look facts steadily in the face, and sternly insist on holding to the fundamental principles of real improvement. Progress is an excellent thing for the world; the conceit of progress is the worst of all things for individuals; and as the progress of the world depends on the progress of individuals, the conceit of it becomes a dangerous obstacle to the reality. Passing, then, from the consideration of the stunted and indigent natures we have been compelled to observe in some of the "highly educated" classes, we come to the mental pauperism revealed in a scrutiny of the common mind. Now the raw material out of which individualized intelligence is made is there in profusion, but much of it lies in confused heaps. We have a right to expect that an intelligent people like our own should be able to observe a series of facts, make at least a single application of a principle, and take one or two steps in analysis; yet there are signs all about us that a great many are incompetent to do these simple acts. Take the catch-words of politics. They would cease to be so ruinously influential, if, after having served to tickle a prejudice, they were submitted to the slightest probe of analysis. Politicians cunningly enough conclude that the effort will not be made, but the vote be determined not by the brain but the ears. Again, with what docile withholding of the analytic faculty do the cheated constituents of a political rat receive his voluble reasons for his change of position! The rogue knows that all who sift his excuses know him to be a rogue, but he relies confidently on the absence of the sifting disposition or the sifting power in the majority of his partisans.

In regard to observation, which seems to be the easiest of mental operations, we are taught by experience to rank it among the rarest. There is every reason to suppose that the success of the innumerable fanaticisms and impostures which afflict society is directly owing to the absence of this power among their victims. Practical men, running over with "common sense," are as likely to be duped as the most credulous; for, ridiculing the notion that men with good eyes cannot see what passes under their view, they have a conceit of possessing the power. But it is the mind that really sees, and unless that has been trained to scrutinize objects, to distrust the first impressions of the senses, and to recognize the necessity of some scientific mental discipline, it is at the mercy of every impudent conjurer who pretends to work miracles. The characteristic of correct observation is that it intelligently looks, not stupidly stares, at what is new or surprising, and it looks long enough and sharply enough to distinguish what is real from what is *apparent*. The eye it fastens on a series of facts is an eye that analyzes, disposes, and combines in observing. The great characteristic of incorrect observation is that it confounds facts with the appearances of facts, and dogmatizes immediately on what it seems to see. Its eyesight has no quality of insight or foresight. Let us take in illustration the delusion which is absurdly named Spiritualism. Now whether the phenomena of this portentous satire on our mental enlightenment be real or only apparent, there can be no doubt that the way they have been investigated has been enfeebling and corrupting to the popular mind. It is certain that no man who has a just idea of spirituality can recognize any spirits, celestial or diabolic, in the agents who rap on the tables. It is certain that the phenomena, as interpreted, contradict known laws of the mind, and known laws of the material world. It is certain that the inherent improbability of the alleged facts would make a real observer investigate in the critical spirit of one who was aiming to detect an imposition; for it is notorious that nothing confuses observation so much as an antecedent willingness to believe the marvels which it is the object of observation rigidly to test. It might be supposed, in view of these considerations, that practical men would hesitate to receive as final the testimony of their eyes, especially as the conditions under which the wonders are performed are conditions which easily admit of deception, and that they do not actually see as well as they think they see. Yet men who pride themselves on their common sense are constantly deluded into a belief in impossibilities, and call their confident credulity self-reliance and superiority to scientific prejudice! It is true they are self-reliant to the extent of disregarding and despising the judgments of competent observers, but such self-reliance is allied to the firmness which was praised in a certain American statesman, — "the firmness," as it appeared to an opponent, "of ten jackasses"; and this self-reliance does not prevent them from having the most abject reliance on the assertions of those whose vanity or interest it is to mystify and dupe them. Indeed, whatever view may be taken of the assumed facts of Spiritualism, it is certain that they have not been *observed* by their believers. If the faculty of observation had been fairly exercised, the worst effects of Spiritualism would not have occurred, namely, its effects in pauperizing the mind, — in making it close shut to the most obvious truth, and wide open to the most ridiculous error, — sceptical in the wrong direction and believing in the wrong direction, and leaning for spiritual support on a nonsensical materialism whose tendency is to corrupt as well as to befool.

Mental pauperism is sometimes the cause, sometimes the effect, of moral pauperism. Both are ultimately resolved into a violation of the same principle. Conscience and intelligence are enriched when they are in immediate communion with the realities which correspond to conscience and intelligence; but once cut off from the mind the supplies of vitality it receives from the perception of real facts and principles, and the result is sterility of intellect and imbecility of will. Now, there is no lack of a certain kind of morality, — voluble on all tongues, and buzzing in all ears. Does not everybody admit axioms of morals which in former ages were strenuously denied? Is it not the pride of every citizen that he lives in a moral community? But the real question relates not to moral truisms, the prevalence of which has occasioned an exaggerated estimate of the moral progress of mankind, but to moral power. It is the absence of power which makes the moral pauper; and the absence of power to act morally is closely connected with the absence of power to perceive morally; for moral principles, vitally apprehended by the intellect, infuse moral strength into the will. The persons who lack moral life have but the shallowest pretences to moral perception. They have no feeling or knowledge of the serene strength, the still, deep rapture of the mind really open to the awful beauty of those laws and principles which are divinely ordered for the regulation of human conduct. This vision of goodness creates the love of what is noble and right; and the will is urged in the direction of duty by inclination. Mechanical morality is deprived of this power, because the pinched or haggard face which Virtue presents to it is less attractive than the painted countenance of Vice. Here we have the reason of the feeble hold of commonplace morality on the general mind. It yields to appetite, to interest, to almost every passion, because it presents no inducements to self-denial. It is a form of words representing no overpowering reality; and good words are no match for bad things.

Now it would be easy to subject the apparent morality in our social life — in our manners, customs, and politics — to an analysis which would reveal great hollowness and dearth in its decencies and proprieties. But we have only space to consider one of the most successful of the many mimicries of moral power. This consists in the union of moral truisms with irritated sensibilities. It passes under the name of enthusiasm for moral ideas, and if it were what it assumes to be, it would alter the constitution of our society with great rapidity, for the men and women who are thought to possess it are to be counted by thousands. A few persons of real moral energy start reforms, and form associations to promote them; but it is a great mistake to suppose that all the members are on a moral level with the objects and principles they are associated to promote, or that they perceive the dignity and elevation of the truths they repeat. The associations are merely mechanical aggregations of individuals, while the sins and stupidities they oppose are organized facts, with deep and tough roots in perverted human nature; and being thus follies and immoralities organized in human beings, they will only yield to morality and wisdom organized in human beings. Now the circumstance of being connected with an Association, and assenting to its principles and objects, does not give this morality and wisdom. But it may give a right to indulge in moral declamation, and accordingly many thin and acrid natures, whose spleen is anxious to wear the mask of righteous indignation, join the association for the purpose of finding a consecrated mode of gratifying their bad temper. Invective, of course, is not in itself wrong. Indeed it is matter of indifference whether a man of moral power smites or smiles; through the humor and through the wrath the rich ethical force of his nature finds an equal vent, and works an equal good; but this is not so in men of moral opinions, who have never penetrated into the heart of moral ideas, and whose hatred of wickedness is simply the snarl of an irritated brain. Is not much that passes for moral fervor simply an assault on baseness, selfishness, and wrong, by characterless opinions embodied in bullying words? Yet so many of these are incessantly hissing and exploding over people's heads, that many are deceived by the noise into an impression that a real reformation is in progress. But invective, though it may be used by a Luther, does not make a Luther. The words became in his case "half-battles," because the soul of the warrior burned and blazed in them. He hurled his inkstand at the devil with some effect; but it is not thence to be supposed that his modern imitators, though darkening the air with their inkstands, will succeed in blotting Satan out of existence. Penury of thought and poverty of power derive no more efficiency from words that curse than from words that creep; and it is doubtful if the "kingdom of this world" can be upset by a blast from the dictionaries. It is especially doubtful at the present time, when, fire being taken out of language and fussiness put in, the most potent words — somewhat overworked, it is true, by editors and orators — can be had for a song in Worcester's or Webster's verbal bazars, and are known to buzz or rattle by a ruminating public unregarded and stingless. Occasionally, however, you may even now catch some timorous, indecisive conservator of things as they are, and by tattooing him with furious invective piping hot from Burke, and Teutonic truculencies fresh from Carlyle, — by writing "traitor to humanity" on his forehead, and pasting "assassin" on his back, — and by showing the poor, trembling innocent, orphaned of his mother wit, how closely he resembles Nero and Tiberius, Sir Robert Filmer as he wrote and Captain Kidd "as he sailed," — you may turn him from being a pauper repeater of the truisms of conservatism into a pauper repeater of the truisms of reform. But the forcible portion of the public, thoroughly acclimated to this "fitful fever of abuse," heed it not. The whole business of moral word-piling, indeed, has been altogether overdone; terms have lost their old, destructive significance; whole classes are most serenely indifferent to a rhetoric of contempt and execration which stigmatizes them as criminals worse than robbers and murderers; and the rogues and liberticides of the land promise to have everything their own way, if we can oppose them with no forces more efficient than are found in our phrases.

In this rapid sketch of some of the forms which pauperism assumes in the sphere of intellect and morals, we have described a mendicity as real as that which is clothed in rags, and begs for food and shelter. The survey compels us to the conclusion, that there is nothing in social and educational arrangements, nothing in the instrumentalities of reform, nothing in the mere presence of unappropriated knowledge, which can compensate for the lack of primitive, individual life, issuing in individualized force and intelligence, in constant contact with substantial realities. We have seen how much want and indigence, how much impotence of will and poverty of intellect, — what dearth of ideas, incapacity of self-support, and parasitical leaning upon others, — may exist under our most flaring shows of opulence. We have also seen how impossible it is for men who are mentally and morally barren to do more than mimic the words and actions of the wise and good; for a power which works with the certainty of fate keeps their souls in almshouses, though their bodies be in palaces and their lips talk in the phrases of Paradise. Such men can rise out of their pauper condition only when their natures are lifted into the comprehension and experience of the intellectual and spiritual verities, the names of which are now so glib on their tongues. And when we speak of verities, we by no means intend to confine the meaning of the word to the laws and facts of art, literature, science, morals, and religion, but to include also the laws which regulate the most practical affairs. In this country it is impossible for any defect to exist in the mind of the nation without its being felt in the business of the nation; and a scrutiny of the business of the nation reveals a most portentous ignorance and violation of the most obvious principles of trade. Doubtless there is an immense moral and mental energy exercised in our commerce, manufactures, and general industrial enterprises; but there is also visible much recklessness, stupidity, and poverty of intelligence. This pauperism in the business mind is the cause of the frequent financial panics which plunge the creators of capital and the creators of debt into a common bankruptcy, — Nature, when she cannot impress a neglected truth in her higher manifestations of power, being perfectly willing to write it out in dollars and cents. The country is altogether too prolific in so-called merchants, manufacturers, and railroad speculators, who are incompetent to understand a single fact or law of trade, who cannot comprehend or apply a single principle of political economy, who have neither insight nor foresight, and whose "smartness" consists in a most notable superiority to common honesty and common decency, in their attempts to escape from the difficulties into which they are led by a blind and blundering desire to make money. These paupers have their "ups and downs," but they commonly contrive to live in comparative affluence by a succession of failures. They are supported by the real creators of wealth, just as much as if they depended on the poor-rates instead of depending on their impudence and folly. By our system of credit they "get trusted." Now when a merchant trusts another he intends to trust qualities of character; he trusts a supposed veracity, honesty, prudence, and skill; but the event too often proves that he has trusted a thoughtless, flashy, incompetent, weak-witted, thoroughly bankrupt, and pauperized nature. It is impossible to compute the vast injury that this kind of business-man does to the interests of the country, and the effect his nonsense has in paralyzing or ruining the enterprises of better men; we simply draw the conclusion that the same pauperism and leanness of soul, which is so calamitous in all the other departments of human thought and effort, works some of its worst ravages when its blundering inability of perception and forecast is perversely active in the complicated and sensitive system of commercial and industrial phenomena.

THE GENIUS OF DICKENS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prominence given to the idea and sentiment of humanity in the works of the leading English poets and romancers of the time, it is doubtful if a genuine flesh-and-blood sympathy with human beings is a characteristic of contemporary literature. Liberality of opinion, and a democratic disdain of class distinctions, are in the fashion; but that cosmopolitan acceptance and genial delineation of the varieties of human nature, which we find in the Tory Sir Walter, are not specially observable in the works of literary liberals. Their liberalism is didactic rather than dramatic. Tennyson is a man of ideas and ideals, and introduces us only to the "first society" of the intellect and imagination. Browning has the dramatic power without the dramatic feeling; and what sympathies he has are directed to persons and themes which excite the antipathies of average readers. In both we are conscious of a certain intellectual superciliousness, a dainty withdrawal from the common and vulgar in human life, an implied appeal to the higher class of cultivated minds alone. They seem to think the human race so fine a thing in itself, that most of the individuals who compose it ought to be ashamed of themselves for not being capable of loftier virtues or more impressive depravities. They love, in fact, their notions of the possibilities of humanity, rather than humanity itself. Like nature, as complained of by the painter, real human beings are apt to "put them out." Among novelists, Thackeray is tolerant, but then his toleration is essentially contemptuous of its objects; Kingsley, with all his vehement pretences to comprehension, only succeeds in individualizing his pet theories of men and women, and makes coxcombs even of his bullies; and George Eliot, who in general compass of intellect excels all contemporary romancers, and whose nicety and force of characterization are, in her own walk, so admirable, still appears to consider humanity with profound pity rather than confident hope, and leaves on the minds of her readers an impression of sadness which her large charity is powerless to overcome. It is curious that Carlyle, the most illiberal of modern writers, a man who loses no occasion to vent his scorn on whole races and nations, and who considers all the philanthropic opinions, enterprises, and tendencies of the age to be but signs of a prevailing infectious cant, should still possess more dramatic sympathy and insight, more appreciation of humble, homely worth, and more solid power of characterization, than the great body of the liberal thinkers who look upon his misanthropic generalities with disgust or horror.

Alone among his contemporaries, Charles Dickens seems to possess that instinctive sympathy with whatever is human and humane which is the fundamental condition of genial and varied characterization. In impersonated abstractions of humanity which satisfy our ideal of human nature, he may be exceeded; in individualities which make us in love with our kind, he is unapproached. Tennyson has written one poem, "Enoch Arden," in which his beautiful genius has dealt with humble life; but though the sentiment is fine, and the diction austerely simple, the characters and the scenes are as remote from actual existence, as any of those in the "Idyls of the King." If Enoch Arden be compared with Peggotty, in "David Copperfield," the difference between the two methods of characterization becomes at once evident. So intense and real is Dickens's conception, so strong his hold on the noble elements in Peggotty's being, that he can venture to represent him in all the uncouthness of his person, his language, and his surroundings. Through his strange, confused, ungrammatical, "vulgar" speech shines the soul of the man; and this makes his jargon as dignified as the periods of Burke. If Tennyson had attempted a similar feat in "Enoch Arden," the result would have been an ignominious failure.

The nature of a writer determines the character of his creations. Though the terms "subjective" and "objective" now play a prominent part in criticism, and are good to indicate loose distinctions between classes of minds, it is important to remember that all creative minds are subjective,—that the subjective includes everything in nature and human life, which such minds vitally perceive, absorb into their own being, and literally make their own. In the case of Dickens, gifted though he be with wonderfully acute powers of external observation, this is obviously the fact, for no writer stamps the character of his genius on everything he writes more plainly than he. It is impossible to mistake his style, his method, his sentiment, his humor, his characters. His observing power, when extended beyond the range of his sympathies, becomes "objective," it is true, but ceases to be creative. In his genuine productions he not only embodies all that he knows, but communicates all that he is. The reality of his personages comes from the vividness of his conceptions, and not from any photographic quality in his method of representation. Observation affords him materials; but he always modifies these materials, and often works them up into the most fantastic shapes. Individuals, incidents, scenery, the very pavement of his streets, the very bricks of his houses, the very furniture of his apartments, are all haunted by Dickens's spirit. To read one of his romances is to see everything through the author's eyes; the most familiar objects take an air of strangeness when surveyed through such a medium; and the interest excited by the view has always in it a kind of fascination. We may dissent, criticise, protest, but still his clutch on our attention is never relaxed.

The weird imagination which thus penetrates his books is, however, but a single element of his nature, and indeed would not exercise so great a charm over so many classes of readers, were it not connected with such warmth of heart, keenness of observation, richness of humor, and controlling common-sense. In the foundation of his character, Dickens agrees with the majority of well-meaning mankind. He has no paradoxes in morality to push, no scientific view of human nature to sustain, no philosophy of society to illustrate, no mission to accomplish. His general opinions are those of a man of sound sense and wholesome sensibility; his general attitude towards the world is that of one who sympathizes and enjoys; his test of worth is amiability; his cure for every form of mental and moral disease is the old one of work. Nobody ever thinks of going to his writings for light on such moral problems as are opened in Hamlet and Faust. Intellectually, he seems incapable of generalization. Judged by his feelings and perceptions, no writer of his time seems so broad; judged by his philosophical comprehension of laws, few seem so narrow. The whole system of English jurisprudence, the whole machinery of civil administration, the most clearly demonstrated principles of political economy, appear worthless or mischievous to his eyes, when his attention is concentrated on cases where they bear hard on individuals. He looks on such matters as humane men of ungeneralizing minds ordinarily do, though he gives to their complaints a voice which is heard wherever the English language penetrates. It would be in vain to search his writings for a single example in which he views a subject affecting the welfare of society in all its relations. The moment his sense is shocked and his sensibilities stirred, his reflective reason almost ceases to act, but his humor, his imagination, his conscience are all in motion. The systematic study of anything appears abhorrent to his feelings; and even in such a matter as the training of youth in the grammar of languages he has some of Susan Nipper's own indignation at "them

Blimbers." So entirely is he absorbed by the perception of the moment, that often in the same book we have characters exhibiting exactly opposite traits, who are equally satirized. Thus in "Bleak House," Mrs. Jellyby is a philanthropist who subordinates the care of her family to the welfare of Borrioboola-Gha; but in that romance we also have Mr. Vholes, who is not less ridiculed and contemned for subordinating the welfare of the public to the support of "his three daughters at home, and his venerable father in the Vale of Taunton"; and there is just as much reason why reformers should laugh at Mr. Vholes, as that conservatives should shake their sides over Mrs. Jellyby. The truth is, that no organizations and no persons can stand this method of judging of them by their weak points, and the detection of weak points is of the very life of Dickens's humorous perception.

And this limitation of Dickens's intellect is also a limitation of his power of characterization. Because his genius personifies everything it touches, we must not, on that account, accept all its products as persons. There are scores of people in his novels who are "hit off," rather than delineated, and are discriminated from the mere names of persons in didactic satire only by that strong individualizing tendency in his mind which makes him give consciousness even to inanimate things.

and which one critic goes so far as to call "literary Fetichism." The professional guests at Mr. Merdle's dinner-parties, in "Little Dorrit," the Veneerings and their associates, in "Our Mutual Friend," the company that gathers in Sir Leicester Dedlock's country-seat, in "Bleak House," are three among twenty instances which must readily occur to every reader. In these he individualizes the tone of the society he satirizes, rather than attempts to portray its individual members. This habit of sketchy characterization, in which the character is only shown by some external peculiarity or vice of opinion, and his interior life is entirely overlooked, is the ordinary mode in which Dickens's satirical talent is displayed, and it overloads his books with impersonated sarcasms. All these, however, may be deducted from his stories, and still leave him richer in solid characterizations than any half-dozen of his contemporaries combined.

Indeed, when Dickens resolutely sets to work to embody an imagined nature, he ever makes it self-subsistent, and inwardly as well as outwardly known. His joy in some of these creations is so great, he floods them with such an abounding wealth of life, he makes them so intensely real to his own mind, and treats them so much like companions of his heart's hilarious hours, that the very excess of his characterizing power has led some critics to deny to him its possession. He so surcharges his characters with vitality that they seem like persons who have taken something to drink; and, as they burst into the more decorous society delineated by other English novelists, there is a cry raised for the critical police. This exaggeration, however, is not caricature, for caricature never gives the impression of reality; and even in our age of historic doubts we have yet to learn of the sceptical Betsey Prig who has had the audacity to doubt the existence and reality of Tony Weller, of John Willet, of Mr. Squeers, of Richard Swiveller, of Edward Cuttle, of Sarah Gamp, of Wilkins Micawber, of Mr. Boffin, or any other of Dickens's quaint specimens of human nature which he has overcharged with humorous vitality. Dickens caricatures only when his special object is to satirize; and the characters which illustrate his satirical genius we have already admitted to have no real natures. In his true province of characterization, he is certainly peculiar, for his personages are not only original but originals. As a general thing, he does not develop his characters, but conceives them in their entirety at once, and the situations and incidents in which they successively appear simply furnish occasions for their expression. Their appearance, opinions, manners, and even their phrases, he makes identical with their natures. He gives a queer application to the transcendental principle that "the soul does the body make," and supplies an external peculiarity for every inward trait. Beings which have no existence out of his own mind, he yet sees them in their bodily shape and motions as clearly as he sees his familiar acquaintances. Their unconscious actions are recorded with the accuracy of a witness who testifies under oath. He was evidently near Miss Brass when that grim spinster was questioned as to the plot in which she and her brother had been engaged, and noticed that, before she answered, she "took two or three pinches of snuff, and, having by this time very little left, travelled round and round the box with her forefinger and thumb, scraping up another." Most observers of Mr. Squeers's habits when drunk would have been satisfied with stating that he went to bed with his boots on; but Dickens adds, "and with his umbrella under his arm." When Uriah Heep is present, we are not only constantly reminded that he is "'umble," but we are forced to note "the snaky undulation pervading his frame from his chin to his boots," "his shadowless red eyes, which look as if they had scorched their lashes off," and the frequency with which he grinds "the palms of his hands against each other, as if to squeeze them warm and dry, besides often wiping them, in a stealthy way, with a pocket-handkerchief." Indeed, so close and minute, as well as vivid, is Dickens's method of delineation, that it is impossible *not* to perceive and realize his creations. The critic who decries them as caricatures must be conscious, all the time, that they are more real to him than the carefully drawn characters he praises in other novelists of the time. Besides, they have a strange attraction to the mind, and are objects of love or hatred, like actual men and women. A large number of excellently drawn persons in modern fiction are uninteresting or commonplace in themselves, and hardly reward the labor expended on their delineation. In reading Anthony Trollope, for instance, one feels that here is an author who will never fail for subjects as long as the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland contains thirty millions of people, "mostly bores," and as long as he has his mental daguerreotype machine in order. But the poetical, the humorous, the tragic, or the pathetic element is never absent in Dickens's characterization, to make his delineations captivating to the heart and imagination, and give the reader a sense of having escaped from whatever in the actual world is dull and wearisome. A free abounding life also animates his pages; and the subtle scepticism as to the worth of existence itself, which infects Thackeray's narratives, and makes us close his most entertaining novels with a jaded feeling, is entirely absent from those of Dickens.

The impression left by all Dickens's books is not only humane but humanizing. He is a philanthropist, both positively and negatively. He makes us interested in the most ignorant, credulous, foolish, or grotesque personages, simply by the goodness of heart he puts into them; and he makes us dislike the proudest, highest, most cultivated, and most beautiful, provided they are tainted with selfish indifference to their kind. His imagination so delights in lovely embodiments of disinterestedness, that we are sometimes tempted to class him with philanthropic sentimentalists, idly fondling images of excellence impossible of realization; but we read a few pages on, and find him the intrepid practical assailant of everything in life which he considers mean, base, exclusive, illiberal, unjust, and inhuman.

The humor, the pathos, the power of weird description, the power of tragic representation, in Dickens, seem but the efforts of one faculty of imagination, as it is directed by different sentiments, and acts on different materials. His superabundant humor, though quotable in sentences, depends for its full appreciation on a knowledge of the personages from whom it comes and the incidents which call it forth. But it also has something odd, droll, unexpected, and incalculable in itself, which always marks it as the product of one peculiar and creative mind. When Mrs. Crupp, David Copperfield's laundress, is asked by that young gentleman how she knows that love is the cause of his restlessness and bad spirits, she, slightly boozy with David's brandy, solemnly replies, "Mr. Copperfull, I 'm a mother myself." Venus, the artist in bones and amateur in skeletons, who lends such ghastly drollery to so many scenes in "Our Mutual Friend," says to the impertinent boy who chaffs him: "Don't sauce *me* in the wicious pride of your youth; don't hit *me*, because you see I 'm down. You 've no idea how small you 'd come out, if I had the *articulating* of you." When Jerry Cruncher, suspected by Mr. Lorry of having passed his nights in digging up bodies for the doctors, is asked by his employer what he has been besides a messenger, he conceives the luminous idea of replying, "Agricultooral character." Mr. Swiveller, informed by the Marchioness that Miss Brass calls him a funny fellow, does not consider the description derogatory to his dignity, because, he says, "Old King Cole was himself a merry old soul, if we may put any faith in the pages of history." Mr. Vincent Crummles, wishing to do justice to the dramatic powers of Miss Henrietta Petowker, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, closes his eulogy with the climax: "She 's the only sylph *I* ever saw who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her knee, *like* a sylph." Mr. Wemmick, when he invites Pip to dine with him, remarks: "You don't object to an aged parent, I hope. Because I have got an aged parent at my place." Mr. Wegg charges Mr. Boffin more for reading poetry to him than he does prose, for "when a person comes to grind off poetry, night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind." The "young man of the name of Guppy," in his memorable proposal of marriage to Esther Summerson, mentions as one of the advantages she would receive from the alliance, that his mother "is eminently calculated to be a mother-in-law." Mr. Dennis, the hangman, when desirous of propitiating the sentimental and scraggy Miss Miggs, addresses her by the endearing appellation of "My sugar stick." The Augustus of Miss Pecksniff runs off on the morning of his intended marriage with that meek maiden, and, as soon as he is safe on board ship, writes to her: "Ere this reaches you, the undersigned will be — if not a corpse — on the way to Van Diemen's Land. Send not in pursuit! I never will be taken alive!" And the immense humor of bringing a man of Mr. Boffin's mind and experience into contact with such a book as

Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" could only have occurred to Dickens. The blank wonder of such a guileless soul in listening to the recital of the crimes of the Roman Emperors is delicious. "Wegg takes it easy," he says, contemplatively, "but, upon my soul, to an old bird like myself, these are scarers!"

Among Dickens's characters there are few which he seems to delight in more than those in which goodness of heart is combined with imperfection of intellect or expression. His books swarm with persons representing every degree of mental defect and obstruction, from craziness like Miss Flite's to inexpressibility like Captain Cuttle's. Among these "that innocentest creeter Toots" is one of the most richly ludicrous. From the time we first meet him at Dr. Blimber's, "keeping a ring in his waistcoat-pocket to put on his little finger by stealth when the pupils went out walking," and devoting his energies in school hours to writing "long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed 'P. Toots, Esquire, Brighton, Sussex,' and preserving them in his desk with great care," he is the most lovable of all specimens of arrested development. There is something infantile even in his attempts to be "fast," such as his high times with Feeder, B. A., when, in the latter's room, with the doors locked, they crammed their noses with snuff, endured surprising torments of sneezing with the constancy of martyrs, and, drinking table beer at intervals, "felt all the glories of dissipation." Nothing could better show Dickens's perception of the humor which lies in the incongruous, than his giving this innocent, whose brain stutters as well as his tongue, a prize-fighter like "the Chicken" for a companion, and a champion of his rival, like Captain Cuttle, for a confidant. His confessions to the Captain of his love for Florence Dombey are delicious specimens of the combination of intellectual impotence with the tender passion. "The hollow crowd," he says, "when they see me with the Chicken, and characters of distinction like that, suppose me to be happy; but I 'm wretched." "If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you 'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is." "If, by the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmigrated into Miss Dombey's dog — I — I really think I should never leave off wagging my tail." The struggle between his jealousy and his good-will, when he sees Walter after the latter's shipwreck, at last ends in the fear that he "must have got very wet," and the hope that he "did n't take any cold." The marriage of this affectionate weakling to such a tart, swift, and efficient personage as Susan Nipper is itself a stroke of humorous genius.

Charles Townshend said of the Duc de Nivernais, who came over from France as a sort of envoy, that he was "the preliminaries of a man sent over to arrange the preliminaries of a peace." Dickens has great skill in drawing such persons. His Cousin Feenix is "the preliminaries of a man"; and so are Mr. Sparkler, Mr. Guppy, Mr. Snagsby, and a score of others that might be named. He is equally felicitous in representing the preliminaries of a woman, and of varying the character while he preserves the type. Indeed, his sharpness of mental sight enables him to fix and embody almost every variety of average mind, from the rapid, quick-witted, ever-alert Inspector Bucket of the Detective, whose brain is in perpetual motion, all the way down to old John Willet, who has but a flicker of intelligence, who lives on one notion for nearly as long a period as it takes him to acquire it, and who, after seven years of cogitation on the fact that his son Joe has "lost his arm among the Salwanners where the war is," dies at last with the edifying announcement that he is himself "going to the Salwanners." It is hopeless to attempt to give instances, on account of the very abundance of the illustrations, though we may say that, low down in the mental scale, "Mr. F.'s Aunt," who has such a desire to have Arthur Clenman brought "for'ard" in order that she may "chuck him out o' winder," is a specimen of inscrutable imbecility calculated to awaken the profoundest reflections.

In regard to Dickens's serious characterization, and his dealings with the deeper passions, a distinguished French critic, M. Taine, has sneered at his respect for the proprieties, and contrasted his timidity with the boldness of Balzac and George Sand, especially in the analysis and representation of the passion of love. It is true, that Dickens is excluded, like other English novelists, from the full exhibition of the allurements which lead to the aberrations of this passion; but what critic but a French one could have emphasized this deference for decorum, as if it shut him out altogether from the field of strong emotions? It does not exclude him from the minutest internal scrutiny and complete representation of the great body of the generous and the malignant passions. No Frenchman, even, could say that he was not sufficiently frank, exact, particular, and thorough in his exhibitions of pride, envy, fear, vanity, malice, hatred, duplicity, jealousy, avarice, revenge, wrath, and remorse. He has threaded the intricacies of these, with the penetration of a psychologist, while he has combined their action and varied their expression according to the modifications they receive from individual character. He has not won the reputation of being the most genial, pathetic, and humane of contemporary novelists by declining to describe some of the most tragic scenes that romancer ever imagined, and to represent some of the most hateful forms of humanity which romancer ever drew. Fagin, Noah Claypole, Ralph Nickleby, Arthur Gride, Quilp, Dombey, Carker, Pecksniff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Uriah Heep, Grandfather Smallweed, Rigaud, Rogue Riderhood, Bradley Headstone, the ghastly and gushing Mrs. Skewton, the weird and relentless Miss Havisham, could never have been shaped by a man who had not closely studied the fiercest, harshest, meanest, and basest passions of human nature, or who hesitated to follow intrepidly out their full logical effects on character and conduct. Often grotesque in his tragedy, he is never wanting in intensity and vividness. The chapter in "Oliver Twist" entitled "The Jew's last Night alive," the description of Jonas Chuzzlewit's flight and arrest after his murder of Tigg, and the account of Bradley Headstone's feelings and reflections after his murderous assault on Eugene, are a few among many specimens of that minute and exact inspection of criminal spirits with which he so frequently both appalls and fascinates his reader. His antipathy to malignant natures contrasts strangely with the air of scientific indifference with which Balzac regards them; but it seems to give him even more power to penetrate into their souls. He is there as a biassed observer, detesting what he depicts; but his insight seems to be sharpened by his abhorrence. They are altogether out of the pale of his instinctive sympathies, but yet he is drawn to them by a kind of attraction like that which sustains the detective on the track of the felon. If he errs at all, he errs in making them too repulsive for the purposes of art.

In the representation of love, Dickens is masterly only in exhibiting its affectionate side, and in this no contemporary, English or French, approaches him. His favorite heroines, Agnes Wickfield, Lucie Manette, Florence Dombey, Esther Summerson, Little Dorrit, Lizzie Hexam, are models of self-devoted, all-enduring, all-sacrificing affection, in respect both to sentiment and principle. Illustrating as they do the heroism of tenderness, the most beautiful and pathetic scenes in his works draw from them their inspiration. It may be that they are too perfect to be altogether real; it may be that, as specimens of genuine characterization, they are inferior to Dora Spenlow, or little Miss Wren, or Bella Wilfer, in whom affection is connected with some kind of infirmity; but still, so intensely are they conceived, so unbounded is their wealth of love, that their reality, if questioned by the head, is accepted undoubtingly by the heart. Every home they enter is made the better for such ideal visitants, and the fact that they are domesticated by so many thousands of firesides shows that they are not the mere airy nothings of sentimentalizing benevolence, but have in them the substance of humanity, and the attractive force of individual life. The love of such beings, if not the grand passion of the heroines of George Sand, is purifying as well as pure, and places their delineator among benefactors. Filial love, in its tenderest idealization, is what they primarily represent, but from this flow all gentle, kindly, generous, compassionate, and grateful emotions. Their pathetic beauty melts the insensibility of the most hardened cynic. Florence at the death-bed of little Paul Dombey, or flying from her father to the shelter of the Little Midshipman, or returning to him in his day of ruin and despair; — Esther Summerson, when for the first time she is enfolded in a mother's embrace, or when, at the end of her long pursuit in the track of Lady Dedlock's flight, she passes to the gate of the burial-ground, stoops down, lifts the heavy head, "puts the long, dank hair aside," and sees her mother cold and dead; — Lucie Manette in that wonderful scene in Dufarge's garret, where she recalls her father to conscious life; — Little Dorrit in all the touching incidents which bring out the delicacy and depth of her sheltering affection for the broken prisoner of the Marshalsea; — these are but a few among many instances of that searching pathos of Dickens which irresistibly affects the great body of his readers, and even forces unwilling tears from hostile critics.

Why, then, it may be asked, is Dickens not to be ranked with the greatest masters of characterization? The objection as to his exaggerated manner of representation we have found to be superficial, as his exaggeration rather increases than diminishes our sense of the reality of his personages; the true objection is to his matter. Great characterization consists in the creation and representation of great natures; and the natures which Dickens creates may be original, strange, wild, criminal, humorous, lovable, pathetic, or good, but they are never great. The material of which they are composed is the common stuff of humanity, even when it is worked up into uncommon forms. His individualizing imagination can give personality to everything coming within the range of his thoughts, sentiments, and perceptions; but that range does not include the realm of ideas, or the conflict and complication of passions in persons of large intellects as well as strong sensibility. The element of thought is comparatively lacking in his creations. Captain Cuttle is as vividly depicted as Falstaff, but the Captain would be a bore as a constant companion, while we can conceive of Falstaff as everlastingly fertile in new mental combinations, and as never losing his power to stimulate and amuse. Esther Summerson is, like Imogen, an individualized ideal of womanhood; but Esther's mind never passes beyond a certain homely sense, while Imogen is the perfection of imagination and intelligence as well as of tenderness, and we feel that, though she should live a thousand years, she would never exhaust her capacity of thinking, any more than her capacity of loving. But if Dickens's genius never goes beyond a certain limit of observation, nor rises above a certain level of thought, it has still peopled the imagination, and touched and gladdened the hearts, of so many thousands of readers, that it seems ungenerous to subject him to tests he does not court, and ungrateful to note the shortcomings of a power which in itself is so joyous, humane, and beneficent.

SHODDY.

AFTER the firing on Fort Sumter had proved the malignity of the Rebel feeling, there was a general burst of patriotism out of the depths of the nation's heroic heart, which seemingly swept into its current and overwhelmed in its flood every mean prejudice and huckstering policy and selfish impulse on the surface of the public mind ; but events soon proved that while honest men were eager to sacrifice everything for the country, knaves were scheming to make money out of the country's necessities, and coolly seizing on the very disinterestedness of their nobler neighbors as an excellent occasion to glut their ravenous greed. The marvels of moral inspiration all round them, emancipating men from the dominion of mercenary motives, only seemed to sharpen their vulpine minds and intensify their wolfish instincts ; and to prey on the patriotism they disdained to emulate became the one object of their ambition. To pillage the government which they would not defend, and swindle the soldiers whose breasts shielded *them* from pillage, seemed a proper exercise of their peculiar gifts, while the nation, realizing the vision of the poet, "was rousing herself, like a strong man out of his sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." Soon came the cry from the camps that cheats at home were thriving on the miseries of the volunteers; that the soldier starved in order that the contractor might feast; especially that the defenders of the nation, hurrying from their homes to insure safety to the homes of their plunderers, were so sleazily clothed that they were literally "left naked to their enemies"; and a word of ominous and infamous significance, a word in which is concentrated more wrath and wretchedness than any other in the vocabulary of the camp, the word "shoddy," flew into general circulation, to embody the soldier's anathema on the soldier's scourge.

But it seems to us that a word of such ill repute should not be confined to one class of offences, but should be extended to follies, errors, vices, and policies which, though they boast of softer names, illustrate the same essential quality. For what is the essential characteristic of shoddy clothing? Is it not this, that it will not *wear?* In its outside appearance it mimics good cloth, but use quickly reduces it to its elemental rags. Now, it might be asked, have we, in our experience during the past ten years, been deceived by no other plausible mockeries of reality than shoddy uniforms? Have we not all, more or less, been wearing shoddy clothing on our minds and consciences? Have we not seen it fall into shreds and tatters with perhaps only a week's use. And have we not quickly replaced the sleazy garment of opinion and prejudice with one only a little less "ready made," anxious at all events not to be clad in the well-woven cloth of enduring principle? Is shoddy, in fact, anything more than a superficial symbol of a deep-seated moral disease? Shoddy in business everybody detects and denounces; let us see if we have not been fooled as much by shoddy politics, shoddy generalship, shoddy literature, shoddy ethics, and — shall we say it? — shoddy religion. In all these great instrumentalities of individual and national well-being have we always selected those which will stand the test of experience, — which will wear?

And first for our politics, and our politics in connection with the Confederate War. If there ever was an occasion in the history of nations when the national heart should have given depth and sagacity to the national mind, when principle should have been identified with policy and impassioned purpose with practical performance, it was on the breaking out of that contest in which a perjured horde of slaveholders and liberticides attempted to destroy a republic and give the law to a continent. The crime was patent. It was stigmatized by all codes as the blackest of all iniquities. Yet through what confusing and slippery expedients did our policy stagger and stumble on before we reached the principle which should have guided us at the start! One is reminded of the story of the Englishman, who, riding in a remote Devonshire lane, came upon a swampy-looking place, and said to a rustic who was near, "I say, is there a good firm bottom here?" "O yeas, sir," was the reply, "that there be." He rode on, and soon plunged up to the horse's girths. "Hilloa, you rascal, did n't you tell me there was a good firm bottom?" "Soa there be, sir, when you come to it, but you beant half-ways to the bottom yet." That we might have avoided the swamp altogether is one of the plainest teachings of our exasperating experience in the mud! We were driven into ideas by the drift of events, instead of shaping events by the insight and foresight of ideas. The fault was in no particular man, but in the public mind, which could be taught to distrust shoddy maxims and shoddy expedients by no masters less austere than disaster and defeat.

Perhaps the most mischievous of these maxims was that which attempted to conceal the real nature of the late civil war by inculcating a superficial view of slavery, its real *cause.* There is, it may be said here, a class of persons who resent the intrusion into politics of a moral principle. They believe it has no business there, and they fear it will bite them; they go for the dear, old comfortable shams and lies on which, as they think, the safety of society reposes; and accordingly it is common even now to hear intelligent and worthy people assert that the whole outburst, which rent the continent like a convulsion of nature, was produced by a few Southern nullifiers and a few Northern abolitionists; and that if Calhoun and his set and Garrison and his set had been hanged at the start, honest men, who did n't care a straw for the matter they squabbled about, would have trudged peacefully on in their honest business, unvexed by any disturbance. Such reasoning as this seems founded on the precedent of the honest Hibernian, who, sweating at his work, indignantly smashed the thermometer, and then boasted that he had "killed the baste which made the weather so hot!" Indeed, this theory of the cause of the war seems to us as reasonable as it would be to seek the cause of an eruption of Vesuvius in a piece of the lava shot from its flaming mouth. The war was not only produced by slavery, but it was a perfectly logical and necessary result of the development of the principles inherent in that peculiar institution. Indeed, the principles on which a society is organized ever dictate the course both of its politics and politicians. Men are but the accidents and instruments of the system; and the course adopted by the leaders of the Southern slave aristocracy was one into which they were forced by the necessities of their system, and which we Northerners would have followed had we been in their place, and had we agreed in their views. Calhoun and McDuffie, Davis, Yancey, Toombs, and Mason, were but top twigs of that Upas-tree whose roots ran under the whole Southern soil.

If, then, we fasten our attention on the development of this system of slavery, passing over the persons accidentally connected with it, we shall find, independent of all philanthropic considerations, that its death was from the start the condition of national life; that it was more important to kill *it* than to hang *them;* and that it would be better that a thousand Jefferson Davises should live than that one infectious vice of slavery should be allowed to survive its legal abolition. The people of the States early discovered that the country was a geographical unit, and should be, for all general purposes, a political unit. The nation, an infant Hercules in all but this, that it did not strangle the serpents that strayed into its cradle, compromised with slavery on the implied condition that it should creep into a corner and die, giving little practical heed to the poisonous vitality of its animating principle. Accordingly, the Constitution, which seemingly made North and South one people, did not prevent the growth of those organic germs which really made them two communities, — communities guided by different ideas, impelled by different passions, a thousand miles apart in space, a thousand years apart in time, and sure to clash the moment they really came together, and the grown giant of Freedom met the grown giant of Slavery face to face. The terms of the written Constitution could only postpone the unavoidable collision; for written constitutions are efficient only when they reflect the unwritten laws of national habits, customs, sentiments, ideas, and character; and in their practical administration they are ever bent into the service of the great organic forces of the national life. In our country this is done by a process of legislative and judicial "interpretation" and "construction"; but these words could conceal from no intelligent politician the fact that the Constitution has repeatedly changed, without being constitutionally "amended," even if the shriek of the defeated party, that the Constitution was violated, did not constantly inform us of it. Now the method by which the

Southern section of the United States changed the Constitution was by forcing its own ideas into the words of that instrument,—dosing it, in fact, with "plantation bitters,"—and then threatening secession in case its construction was denied. It plainly said that it would belong to no government it could not rule, and dignified this impudence by calling it by the name of Southern Rights. Every instructed man knew that, entirely independent of the Constitution, the "rights" of the South were recognized only so far as the "power" of the South was felt in Congress, and, in consequence of its power in Congress, on the decisions of the Supreme Court.

But why would the Southern States belong to no government they could not rule? It was because the South had sacrificed the interests of all other classes of Southern society to the slaveholding class; had organized its local governments on the basis of slavery; had fully committed itself to all the measures, no matter how absurd and atrocious, which that system dictated; and well knew that, if it could not wield the forces of the national government in aid of the institution of slavery, they would inevitably be directed against it. For the law which limits the profitableness of slave labor is as inexorable as any other law of political economy. It demands, against the interests and rights of human nature itself, that population shall be scanty and the area of territory large; and, as population increases, it exacts that the territory shall be correspondingly extended. The perpetuity of slavery was therefore inextricably connected with its spread, its indefinite preservation with its indefinite extension. To limit it was to ask it to die by inches. Calhoun long ago said that, if it perished at all, it would perish in a convulsion. The cry of "Liberty national, slavery local," contained its doom, for "liberty national" would, without touching, a local law, have eventually made liberty local, by the peaceful operation of the law of population. But slavery national, which was necessary for its continued existence, made the free States accomplices in its extension; and it was inevitable that this fact should rouse a twofold opposition at the North,— an opposition of interest against the increase of the political power of slavery, and an opposition of conscience against its iniquity. As the development of slavery was the necessity of its existence, so the development of an opposition to it was a necessity of the existence of freedom. The conflict came in the natural order of events. Individual statesmen may have postponed or hastened, but they could neither produce nor prevent it. Its causes were down deep in the instincts, passions, and ideas of the two societies which it brought into collision. Compromise and concession, though carried to their most cowardly extremes, would at last have been compelled to face demands which would have stung cowardice itself into the utterance of a heroic "No!"

Think of it; the nation, homogeneous but for one institution, became heterogeneous through that institution. We could easily mould into our free system Irishmen, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Italians, even Chinamen, but we could not mould slaveholders into it. A form of labor was more than a match for the assimilating genius which was peacefully fusing into one grand nationality the most various and discordant races. It was therefore inevitable that we must remove what refused to be assimilated, or be assimilated by it. It was a dragon in the path of our national progress, and our only choice lay between slaying the monster and being devoured by it!

The opposition to slavery, because of its principle, was confined to a few. The opposition to the logical development of that principle in slavery extension included large and continually increasing masses of the population. But if the death-grapple of the two principles had not occurred on that question, had concession or compromise patched up that cause of disturbance, it would have occurred on some other demand of slavery, — such as the reopening of the slave-trade, — on which no concession or compromise was possible; for it is not to be supposed that we could have gone on forever, in keeping the favor of the South, as the patient wife of the legend kept the favor of her husband, by doing all that pleased him and enduring all that displeased her. The fundamental fact to be considered is this, that the South, having come to the conclusion that its great interest was slavery, having bullied Southern ethics, philosophy, and religion into declaring that slavery was reasonable and right, and having debauched education into a school where moral darkness was, on this point, taught as a duty, it was bound to stop at no absurdity and no atrocity which were logical steps in the development of its organic principle. It therefore seems to us that all our attempts, in the early part of the war, to blink the radical facts and principles of the case, to substitute plausibilities for realities, to shirk the grim duty for the amiable counterfeit, and to pour ever anew the waters of concession into the bottomless buckets of expediency, — that all these were but indications that the element of shoddy was in our politics. The cloth looked well, but it could not and was not made to stand the wear and tear of experience.

The essential mischief of this shoddy clothing for the popular mind is due, in a great degree, to the name it assumes. It eludes the grip of thought by calling itself common sense. If its object were to distinguish itself thus from real sense, its modesty might be commended; but when its purpose palpably is to point the finger at all clear perception and sound thinking, its impudence merits the rod. Common sense, in its just meaning, is that sense which one mind holds in common with all others. It is thus the intellectual bond of the human race. It is the effect of a combination of the instincts of the general reason with the results of the general experience. We all cry " halves " in it. It is my sense because it is yours, and yours because it is mine. Sydney Smith playfully says that common sense was invented by Socrates, that philosopher having been one of its most conspicuous exemplars, in conducting the contest of practical sagacity against stupid prejudice and illusory beliefs. It is also of the essence of common sense, that it understands that occasions will not wait, and must be seized at the instant they occur. We all remember the story of the negro soldier who, in one of our Western battles, came up with a retreating Rebel officer and bade him surrender. "I never will surrender to a nigger," was the haughty reply. "Very sorry, massa," said the negro, pointing his rifle at him, "must kill you den; have n't time to go back and get a white man." There is wisdom in this for certain of our politicians, who have let some splendid opportunities slip, in their fastidious taste for white men to do the business.

The meaning of common sense, then, is plain; but how often do we use the term as a cover for common nonsense, the nonsense which one mind has in common with others; or, what is worse, as a convenient phrase to impart dignity to any narrow opinion or obstinate misjudgment or foolish crotchet, which we may personally pamper and pride ourselves upon, and thus give to our private whim the character of a universal belief. This shoddy common sense is the most detestable of all forms of nonsense. For example, a philosophic statesman, with the sense to search into the law of events, offends my superficial notions or party creed, and I answer him with a passionate or pitying, "Pooh! the fellow has no common sense!" Another, comprehensively grasping a dozen or fifty facts and relations, links them in a chain of reasoning which I have n't the brains to follow; and, holding fast to my one fact, and making that the measure of all things, I shout, "Abstractionist! no common sense!" Another still thinks it is folly to let your enemies have the exclusive advantage of the labor and the lives of those who are naturally your friends, and that the negro's vote may be as necessary to our safety as the negro's musket has proved to be; and I, in my lofty scorn of "niggers," taunt him with the question: "Now, you miserable fanatic, why don't you take a common-sense view of the matter?" In this way I may do all I can to expel sense from the world, and put nonsense in its place, while I am perhaps all the while felicitating myself that human reason is my debtor, and that with my decease wisdom will make her disastrous exit from an unappreciating world.

Now in a republican government this mass of error, wilfulness, passion, narrow-mindedness, self-conceit, and self-deceit, which calls itself common sense, insists on having itself respected by the administration and represented in it. President Lincoln, that miracle and martyr of clemency, who not only seemed to have no malignity in his own nature, but to lack the perception of it in others, early took the ground that he must not only obey the impulses of the heroic popular heart, but must defer to whatever wrong-headedness there might be in the prejudiced popular mind. Well, we were indulged in that meanest and most expensive of all luxuries,—we had our prejudices petted; and it cost us millions of treasure and torrents of blood!

There was a time, during the war, when domestic defeat and foreign intervention threatened our Republic with extinction; and had it been destroyed, its epitaph in history would have been, "Died of want of will and want of brains!"

See also how this shoddy element was projected into our generalship as well as into our statesmanship. Our military leaders were captains and colonels suddenly raised to be commanders of great armies; and we immediately treated them as though they were extemporized Napoleons and Fredericks. Our civil war, indeed, stands out from all other wars in history as having given birth to the "edited" Major-General; that is, to the hero created by the newspaper correspondent. "We keeps a poet," said the proprietors of Day and Martin's blacking; "We keeps a reporter," might have been said by the manufactured celebrities of some of our camps. But the rarity of the highest military genius was unaffected by these generous puffers of mediocrity. Though the world has been fighting ever since it was created, it has succeeded in producing only five generals of the first class, namely, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick, and Napoleon; and certainly our war has not added a sixth to the list. On the sea, however, it may be said we had, in Farragut, the most skilful and heroic naval commander of all time, — the man who did the most difficult things ever done with ships, with the most marvellous combination of science, genius, and dash;

> "The Viking of our Western clime,
> Who made his mast a throne!"

To generals of the more numerous second class, the Scipios, the Pompeys, the Wallensteins, the Turennes, the Condés, the Marlboroughs, the Wellingtons, we have probably added two, Grant and Sherman; and Grant we thought a blunderer, and Sherman we thought insane, at the time we looked at men and things through shoddy spectacles. But a man may not be even a general of the second class, and yet be a man of great ability, and fully competent to lead an army to victory. The trouble with us was that, after the first disappointment of our unreasonable expectations, we fell into the habit of judging our generals, not by their generalship, but by the notions they entertained on certain matters connected with the passions of conservatism or the passions of philanthropy, and we turned even our camps into debating societies, discussing the merits of their chairman, the general in command. The question whether a commander had the resolution and the resource, the quick eye, steady hand, and fertile brain of the accomplished soldier, was subordinated to the question whether he was "sound on the goose." Nobody could behave so badly but he had a party ready to prove that his failures showed more genius than other men's triumphs; and the incompetents perfectly understood the game. Thus one general was defeated in a battle, and he hastened to inform us that he went for "the vigorous prosecution of the war"; another surrendered a great strategic point, and he vehemently asserted his intention never to surrender "the principle of emancipation"; another lost a campaign, and then enlightened us by an elaborate essay on "the constitutional rights of the South." Now we have a democratic bitterness of contempt against that custom in corrupt monarchies of putting the favorite of the monarch, or the favorite of the monarch's favorite, at the head of the force which is to sustain the honor of the nation, as when Louis the Fifteenth's Madame de Pompadour sent Prince Soubise, with a large French army, to be ignominiously routed at Rosbach by Frederick the Great; but we do the same thing when we force on an administration a general whose competency for command consists in his being a reflection of our party feelings and a courtier of the people.

Those who watched the surface of our "society" during the progress of the late civil war were wont to make themselves mad or merry over the sudden rush into social eminence of new millionnaires. The old aristocracy of wealth tried to distinguish itself from these *parvenus* of Plutus, these mushrooms of Mammon, by fixing on them the nickname of the aristocracy of shoddy, refusing to be softened by the glint of its satin or the dazzle of its diamonds. Fashion, as the supercilious custodian of manners and civilization, lifted its eye-glass to survey these bold intruders from unknown depths in the social scale, and pronounced them barbaric, though in broadcloth, and savage, though in silks. It is well, perhaps, to receive with caution this verdict of dandyism; for of all adepts in impertinence the most accomplished are the nominal professors of politeness. We all originally came from the woods; it is hard to eradicate from any of us the old taste for the tattoo and the war-paint; and the moment money gets into our pockets, it somehow or another breaks out in ornaments on our persons, without always giving refinement to our manners. Hence the prodigies of vulgar ostentation which accompanied and followed the horrors of our battle-fields, and the fierce scramble for wealth which threw into stronger contrast the sacrifices of our patriotism. The larger portion of this new wealth, however, has been the production of individual genius and enterprise; and has not only more than offset the waste of war, but it supplied war with one of her two main sinews of "iron and gold." The true shoddy wealth is that which has been acquired by dishonest practices and reckless speculations, and which, though it has transferred money from one individual to another, and generally from the honest man to the trickster, has not added a dollar to the wealth of the nation. The actors in some of these so-called "enterprises" bring to mind the anecdote of the man who professed his intention to go West and open a jeweller's shop. "What is your capital?" he was asked. "A crow-bar," was his reply; "can't I open a jeweller's shop with that?" The last ten years have been fertile in examples of this burglary calling itself business. The swindling shoddy companies which have been started for the mere purpose of plunder put to shame the inferior contrivances of professional thieves. A French agrarian theorizer defined property as theft. Could he have come to the United States, he might have pointed to some fortunes which verify his definition to the letter. This speculation appeared all the worse when it followed in the path of our armies, and put on airs of patriotism, while it dabbled in cotton and sugar. "How did you get this fine house, these splendid grounds, these superb horses?" was asked of a patriot who had left the army. "O, you know I went out to New Orleans as adjutant of that regiment, and had opportunities to operate in sugar. Made a fine thing of it, I can tell *you!* Had n't a cent when I left, and am now worth a hundred thousand dollars." "But what made you leave the army?" "O, when Lincoln issued that infernal Proclamation of Emancipation I threw up my commission! I was n't a going to *fight* for them blasted niggers!" We are happy to say that this gentleman still enjoys his well-earned fortune!

But a great many of the sudden fortunes made by the war were the results of the development of new sources of national wealth. Petroleum, for instance, in spite of all the rascalities connected with it, has grown, since the war began, from comparatively nothing to an annual product of some thirty millions; and to the future historian of our society no story will be more significant than that told of the young woman, who, being reproved by a despairing lover for rejecting him three days after she had pledged to him her heart and hand, answered loftily, "Why, since I accepted you, dad 's struck ile!" Now the "dads" that strike "ile" are infinitely of more importance to the country than the dandies who set fashions. There is a wretched cant current in certain circles, which professes a kind of sentimental horror of the material advancement of the nation at the expense of its intellectual progress; but it will be generally found that this genteel contempt of wealth is one of the luxuries of the rich, and is drawled out by *blasés* in purple, not by workers in homespun. Seneca, with two millions out at usury, can afford to chant the praises of poverty; but for our own part, we prefer the fine extravagance of that philosopher, who declared "that no man was as rich as all men ought to be." For what does competency, in the long run, mean? It means, to all reasonable beings, cleanliness of person, decency of dress, courtesy of manners, opportunities for education, the delights of leisure, and the bliss of giving.

The truth is that all countries, even England, France, and America, are, when their population is considered as a whole, relatively poor. The creation of wealth has nowhere much more than kept pace with the increase of population, and therefore no people has as yet attained that position of physical comfort which would allow free play to their intellectual and moral energies. In this country, where nearly forty millions of inhabitants are spread over a territory of over three millions of square miles, there is hope that, by the application of science and inventive art, of capital and labor, to the unbounded, undeveloped wealth of the nation, the people, as a people, may get ahead of their daily necessities, force nature to yield greater products with less manual toil, substitute more and more labor-doing machines for laborers, and lift the whole population to a condition of material well-being which will literally make them masters of the situation. Once establish a people on this vantage-ground, and they will develop an amount of morality and creative intelligence, which will not only solve the problem of Malthus, but prevent them from ever falling back into poverty and destitution. It is for this reason that we cannot do too much honor to the creators of new wealth, to the Watts, the Arkwrights, the Stephensons, the Fultons, the Whitneys, the Goodyears, the Howes, the Bigelows, and the whole glorious brotherhood of industrial inventors. They outweigh in importance all the so-called cultivated society in the world, for, without them, cultivated society could have no existence. Take, for example, Henry Cort, the "Tubal Cain of England," whose machines created the iron manufacture of Great Britain. It is computed that his inventions have added £ 600,000,000 to the wealth of that nation, — a sum which is about five hundred millions of dollars more than our present national debt. What English lord, what English statesman, what leader of fashion, can afford to sneer at such a record as that? Again, Bessamer's process of making steel, a comparatively recent invention, is said to have added £ 200,000,000 to the wealth of Great Britain. The name of William Pitt, the haughty antagonist of Napoleon, occupies in history a more eminent position than that of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, who gave to Great Britain a power now representing a force equal to the manual labor of four hundred millions of men, or twice the number of male workmen on the face of the globe; but it always seemed to us that the peculiarity of Pitt, the uninventive head of "his Majesty's government" for so many years, consisted in this, that, with all his extravagance, he could not squander the national wealth as fast as James Watt created it. His part in developing the national resources, high as history estimates it, reminds one of the statement in Scott's novel of "The Pirate," that Mordaunt and Magnus Troil sat down to drink brandy and water, — that is, adds Scott, Magnus drank the brandy and Mordaunt the water.

Of the enormous undeveloped resources of the United States it is difficult to speak without an appearance of exaggeration. The taxable value, which all men of property well know is always far below the exchangeable value, of all the property in the United States was, in 1860, in round numbers, $ 16,100,000,000, showing a rate of increase, in ten years, of a fraction over one hundred and twenty-six per cent. It has been computed that if this rate is preserved through the next four decades, the taxable value of the United States would, in 1870, be $ 36,500,000,000; in 1880, $ 82,800,000,000; in 1890, $ 187,300,000,000; in 1900, $ 423,300,000,000; — an increase of wealth which will be over eight times our estimated increase in population. Vast as these sums appear, drowning in their sound all shoddy groans over our predicted financial ruin, and making our big debt of two billions and a half shrink by comparison into dwarf-like dimensions, there is no reason that they should not be realized, provided the brain of the nation adequately seconds its hands. Massachusetts, with an area of only 7,800 square miles, now owns a seventeenth of the whole taxable property of the nation. If the other States, with greater natural advantages, should increase, during the next thirty years, so that their wealth should bear the same proportion to the square mile of territory which the wealth of Massachusetts now does, the property of the nation in 1900 will be $ 415,000,000,000. Massachusetts now has machines which are said to represent the labor of a hundred millions of men. When the Constitution was established, and the South was granted representation in Congress according to three fifths of its labor-doing machines, the slaves, it was not dreamed that in less than ninety years one State would have labor-doing machines nearly equal to three times the population of both North and South, and equal to thirty times the whole slave population. Indeed, only let us have here an increasing throng of inventors of new methods for economizing labor, and discoverers and openers of new sources of national wealth, only let us have industry, skill, science, and genius combined, and the future of this continent is secure. We don't care if these industrial inventors are individually selfish, for we know they cannot help being benefactors of the community. We don't grudge their being individually rich, for we know that for every dollar they retain for themselves they give hundreds of thousands to the nation. And even if some of them be cursed with a foolish love of display, bespangle their clumsy persons with costly trinkets, and build palaces which only make their unpalatial manners more conspicuous, we still feel no temptation to taunt them as shoddy aristocrats; for beneath their weaknesses we discern minds which rightly claim our admiration and gratitude, — minds that force from niggard Nature her hoarded treasures, minds that wring from reluctant Nature her dearest secrets.

In passing to the consideration of the shoddy element in literature, the first thing which arrests the attention is the romance of rascality and the novel of sensation. The authors of these seem to plunge into the records of the criminal courts in search of their plots and characters, and such "swells" as Pelham and Pendennis give place to ruffians of the swell mob. The two chief elements of interest are bigamy and murder. In the old sentimental novel the heroine went through three volumes of difficulties to get one husband; now, as in Miss Braddon's "Aurora Floyd," she begins with two, and devotes her energies through the three volumes to the getting rid of the superfluous one. And then the indifference to human life displayed by these romancers really demands the attention of the literary police. Thus if a character is in their way, or if they get tired of him, they coolly run him through the body with a goose-quill, and literally blot him out of existence, thus furnishing a new proof that "the pen is mightier than the sword." All their power is of the blood-letting, brain-shattering, teeth-gnashing, and interjectional sort. Strange that in a war so prolific in heroism as that we have gone through, with the newspapers crammed with incidents that exceed in interest the marvels of fiction, there should be found any class of our society that should go to such horrible trash as the literature of yellow covers for mental excitement! Nothing lives in literature but that which has in it the vitality of creative art; and it would be safe advice to the young to read nothing but what is old. In this way they would at least avoid being swindled by the perishable shoddy of the mind, which now woos their attention in the slop-shops of letters. The stuff will not wear; and if a person could only see his own mind, with the rags of these suits hanging loose on his thoughts and affections, he would start back amazed at the intellectual scarecrow he was made to appear.

But we fear the term "shoddy" cannot be confined to this kind of literature, but must be extended to many weak though well-intentioned volumes which propose a moral and religious aim. These books have a painfully childish and "do-me-good" air, and, while they evince a parrot-like memory of moral truisms and religious phrases, are without an atom of moral vitality and spiritual might. They superficialize the most important principles, are the mere shoddy covering of commonplace morality and lip religion, the text-books whence are drawn the ethics of weaklings and the theology of hypocrites. Good books are never written by "goodies"; and great ideas which represent the deepest facts of life, and which, when wielded by strong souls, communicate inspiration to the heart and power to the will, are soon shorn of their vitality, and dwindle into mere mockeries of spiritual experience, when manufactured mechanically for the religious market.

The literature of religion, so rich in works of religious genius, is strangely neglected in our day for the latest lifeless production of religious mediocrity. In this department of literature, as in all other departments, the test to be applied is vitality, — the positive communication to the recipient mind of new life and energy, so that the increase of power keeps pace with the increase of knowledge, and the intelligence is not only broadened and brightened, but the whole nature kindled, invigorated, and cheered. All moral books that do not do this are but the flimsy fabrications of shoddy, and, in Dr. Bushnell's phrase, may produce Christian mushrooms, but never Christian men. In seeing one of these sleazy professors of outside piety and inside nervelessness, one is inclined to exclaim with the satirist, "There is a point, sir, where religion ceases to be a virtue, and that is just the point where you take it up."

This superficial morality and religion looks all the more feeble when we consider the grim practical problem to be solved by Christianity. The question whether human life is a blessing is, should we take the votes of all human beings on the point, still a matter of controversy. Is the statement doubted? Let us refer, in confirmation of it, to a historical fact which appears to us of the profoundest significance. Seven centuries before the Christian era a prince of one of the royal families of India, having exhausted, in his twenty-ninth year, all the pleasures of the world, and having in him one of the deepest, most comprehensive, and most creative of human intellects, suddenly abandoned in disgust his palace, his family, his treasures, and his state; took the name of Gotama, which means, "he who kills the senses"; became a religious mendicant; walked about in a shroud taken from the dead body of a female slave; taught, preached, and gathered about him a body of enthusiastic disciples, bound together by the most efficient of all ecclesiastical organizations; dictated or inspired works which, as now published by the Chinese government in four languages, occupy eight hundred volumes; and died at the age of eighty, the founder of the Buddhist religion. Compared with this man, Mahomet was an ignorant and ferocious barbarian; and the proudest names in Western philosophy lose a little of their lustre when placed by the side of this thinker, who grappled with the greatest problems of existence with the mightiest force of conception and reasoning. As a philosopher, he anticipated both the idealism of Berkeley and the positivism of Comte; as a political thinker, he anticipated the noblest truth of our "Declaration of Independence," and twenty-five hundred years ago taught, against the caste system of India, the doctrine of the equality of men; and, in that region of influence, higher than that in which either philosophy or statesmanship works, he founded a religion which is now professed by two fifths of the human race, and which thus exceeds, in the number of its votaries, that of any other religion in the world. Buddhism has been corrupted by a fantastic mythology, but its essential principle, derived from its founder's disgust of existence, is, that life is not worth living, and that the extinction of life is the highest reward of virtue. To pass, in the next world, through various penal or purifying transmigrations, until you reach the bliss of Nirwana, or mere nothingness and nonentity, that is the Buddhist religion. We have said that it was professed by two fifths of the human race, but its fundamental principle, that life is not worth living, is believed, if not professed, by a large majority of mankind. Not to speak of the hundreds of wailing books which misanthropic genius has contributed to all modern literatures, not to remind the reader that the Buddhist Byron is the most popular British poet of the century, that person must have been singularly blessed with cheerful companions who has not met followers of Gotama among the nominal believers in Christ. The infection of the doctrine as an interpretation of human experience is so great, that comparatively few have altogether escaped its influence. In basing his religion on this disease of human nature, Gotama showed profounder sagacity than that evinced by any other founder of a false religion; and in the East this disease presented its most despairing phase, for there weariness of life was associated both with the satiety of the rich and the wretchedness of the poor.

But whence comes this disgust of life? We answer, from the comparative absence of life. No man feels it who feels the abounding reality of spiritual existence glowing within him; for rightly sings the poet,

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Has ever truly longed for death.
>
> "'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that we want!"

But this disgust of life comes with the decay of vitality; it comes with the experience that the inward strength is weak before the outward obstacle; it comes with the cares, perplexities, sorrows, failures, disappointments, deceptions, and *ennui* of the world. How, — and here is the essential question, — how is this vitality to be preserved and increased? The answer is, Activity for an object; for the mind grows by the vigorous assimilation of food which is external to the mind, and eats itself into leanness and imbecility when forced back on itself for nutriment. But, it may be objected, do not most men exercise activity for objects? Yes, but the objects belong to that large class of things which allure in the pursuit, but do not satisfy in the possession. In other words, they do not *wear*, — they are shoddy. Hence dissatisfaction, discontent, disbelief, mental weariness, moral disgust. Now the Christian religion, the religion of life, is, in its spirit and essence, the exact opposite of Buddhism, the religion of death. When it is the object of the mind's activity, it overcomes disgust of life by the positive communication of life. But what if your Christian teaching is lifeless? What if you eat husks instead of bread? What if the Christian books you read are not reservoirs of spiritual vitality, but receptacles of juiceless commonplaces? You will then be Buddhists, though you may boast of sending missionaries to Birmah and thank Heaven you were born in a Christian land; for shoddy is shoddy all the world over, and the vital laws which make existence a blessing or a plague cannot be balked.

Thus, in whatever direction we look, we detect this pernicious element at work, waging continual war against the creative forces of civilization. In politics, it substitutes expedients for principles; in generalship, bulletins for abilities; in society, manners for merit; in business, trick for enterprise; in literature, form for substance and puerilities for power; in morals and religion, truisms for truths, shadows for substance, memory for insight, the discipline of death for the communication of life. In all it shows itself capable of producing nothing which is not a tissue of woven lies, and which does not drop into dishonored rags as soon as it is put to the test of use. And it is not the least of the compensations of the terrible war through which we have passed that it has taught us, in letters of fire and blood, the policy of freedom, the expediency of justice, the worth of reality, and the worthlessness of shams!

JOHN A. ANDREW.*

I AM not so presumptuous, Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the City Council, as to rise here with the intention to pronounce a eulogy on him whose sudden death sent such a shock of grieved surprise through the nation, for the universal sense of bereavement is the only fitting eulogy of the virtues and abilities whose departure it mourns. My more modest purpose is to attempt, as well as I can, to account for the influence he exerted during his life, and for the peculiar preciousness of the memory he has left behind him. It is generally felt that since the death of Lincoln the country has not been called upon to lament so great a public loss; and a simple statement of the qualities of mind and character which made him so honored and so endeared is, therefore, better than all panegyric.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW was, in the best sense of the word, well born. He came of that good New

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* Address delivered before the City Council of Boston, November 26, 1867.

England stock in which conscience seems to be as hereditary as intelligence, and in which the fine cumulative results of the moral struggles and triumphs of many generations of honest lives appear to be transmitted as a spiritual inheritance. Born in Windham, Maine, on May 31st, 1818, at the time Maine was a part of Massachusetts, his genial nature was developed in the atmosphere of a singularly genial home. The power of attaching others to him began in his cradle, and did not end when all that was mortal of him was tenderly consigned to the grave. Free from envy, jealousy, covetousness, and the other vices of disposition which isolate the person in himself, his sympathies were not obstructed in their natural outlet, and he early laid the foundation of his comprehensiveness of mind in his comprehensiveness of heart. He was not a bright boy in the sense of having that superficial perception and ready memory by which lessons are rapidly learned; but if his mental growth was slow it was sturdy, and what he acquired went to build up faculty and to pass as a force into character. At Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in the class of 1837, he was indifferent to academic honors, and was surpassed in scholarship by many whom he obviously surpassed in all the qualities of intellectual manhood. His ambition at the age of nineteen had maturity in it, showing none of that passion for prominence which the young are apt to mistake for the deeper impulse which gradually lifts men to eminence. He took life in a large and leisurely way, unvexed by the fret and sting of unsatisfied vanities, and less anxious to shine in the estimation of others than to stand well in his own. Choosing the law for his profession, he came to this city to study it in the office of Henry H. Fuller, and in 1840 was admitted to the bar.

As a lawyer he rose but slowly into practice, and developed only by degrees those powers which eventually placed him in the front rank of his profession. There are some prodigies of legal learning and skill who have not only mastered the law, but been mastered by it. Their human nature seems lost in their legal nature. But it was the law of Andrew's mind, that his character should keep on a level with his acquirements, and that the man should never be merged in the professional man. The freshness, elasticity, and independence, the joyousness and the sturdiness, of his individuality, increased with the increase of his knowledge and experience. He showed, from the first, that he could, in Sir Edward Coke's phrase, "toil terribly." We have the testimony of his personal and professional friend, Mr. Chandler, that no man at the bar ever studied harder; that he looked up his cases with great care and zeal; that he was quick to seize points, and tenacious to hold them; that he was recognized at the bar as a dangerous opponent before he had acquired much outside reputation as a lawyer; that he tried a case with "courage, perseverance, spirit, and a dash of old-fashioned but manly temper"; and that he probably never lost a client who had once employed him. It is impossible to overrate the influence of this austere legal training in making him the great power in the State he finally became, for it was the union of the lawyer with the philanthropist that eventually produced the statesman.

And in passing from the lawyer to the philanthropist we find no break in the integrity of the man. His philanthropy was born of the two deepest elements of his being, beneficence and conscience, his love of his kind, and his sense of duty to his kind; and both had received Christian baptism. The virtues which Christianity enjoins he cultivated with a simple faith in their absolute excellence and authority, which was astonishing in a busy layman; and the difficulty of classing him exclusively with any denomination of Christians, is due to the fact that though he held decided doctrines, he so subordinated theological doctrines to Christian virtues, that wherever the spirit of Christianity was, there was his church. The distinction between Unitarian and Trinitarian, between Protestant and Catholic, vanished the moment he recognized in another that love of God which comes out in service to man. During all the years he was toiling as a lawyer, he found time to give his thought, his eloquence, and his learning, — he found time, I should more properly say, to give *himself*, — to all societies which contemplated the relief of the poor, the reform of the criminal, and the succor of the oppressed. Few men were connected with so many unfashionable and unpopular causes. Indeed it was only sufficient to know that alliance with any party or philanthropic cause was considered to involve some loss of social caste or business patronage, to be pretty sure that John A. Andrew was allied with it. And opposition and obloquy could not embitter his spirit. He was amused rather than exasperated at the idea that, in a Christian community, it could be considered, even by fops, a mark of vulgarity to apply Christian principles to politics and affairs. The champion of many causes, he escaped the narrowing influences which might have resulted from his exclusive devotion to any particular one, whilst his robustness of moral health saved him from all sentimentality, sanctimoniousness, and cant. Moral sentimentality is to moral sentiment what indolent revery is to executive thought. Sentiment is known by its being concentrated on the object which calls it forth. Sentimentality, the epicurism of heart, is content to fondle its benevolent feelings, and shrinks from entering into the rough fight which the feelings were given to sustain. Now Andrew's sentiment was ever thoroughly vital, and impelled his whole moral force outward to a palpable object, to secure a practical good.

It is hardly necessary to refer to any instances of his public displays as a reformer, for what was obloquy then is glory now. The march of American society is so swift that the paradox of yesterday becomes the truism of to-day, and the short course of one life suffices to give a man the distinction of being mobbed by the same generation by which he is crowned. Even in conservative England, Lord Eldon, the type of toryism, and overloaded with wealth and honors, could, in his old age, as he saw Brougham and Denman rise to the highest judicial positions, ironically regret that he had not himself "begun in the sedition line." Without derogating from the honor of the reformer, without abating a tittle of the gratitude we owe to him, we must still remember that his assailants are his assistants, and that his views generally reach the public mind and conscience through the ill-meant machinations of his enemies. To be slandered is, in this country, to be famous, and if you wish to keep an innovator obscure, the only policy to be followed is the policy of silence. Andrew, doubtless, enjoyed his share of the advantages of that publicity which is the direct result of being roundly abused, but there was one precious element in his beneficence which evaded this kind of renown. He loved not only to promote noble causes, but to assist, elevate, counsel, and console individuals. Had God not taken him to himself with such suddenness, he would have felt the full consolation of the Scottish heroine's words, that when death comes, " it isna what we ha dune for oursells, but what we ha dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly." The humblest offices of the philanthropist were dear to his kindly heart. The same instinct of humanity which impelled him to the platform led him to the Sunday school and the conference meeting, to the pauper's sick-bed and the prisoner's cell, to the chamber of the stricken mourner and the hiding-place of the fugitive slave. The lame, the halt, and the blind, morally as well as physically, he did not treat with the insolent condescension of a superior being, but with the cordial sympathy of a Christian brother. The soldier of justice became with these a minister of mercy, for he never visited them merely from that hard sense of duty which often further impoverishes and afflicts the poverty and affliction it coldly designs to serve. In the presence of the poor, the ignorant, and the depraved, his countenance, like that of the good father of Solomon's house, in Bacon's New Atlantis, "was as the countenance of one who pities men." His great human sympathy and his massive manly sense communicated to them new life and energy, touching and unsealing in their breasts the springs of resolution and self-help, and flooding them with cheer, — soul-cheer. These services to humanity were such as made no public noise, but their obscure record here is in "the red-leaved tables" of grateful human hearts, and we may be sure that their "eternal blazon" is where he reads them now!

But if this sympathy with his kind was, on its serious side, so true and strong, it was no less humane on its humorous side. His large nature embraced the ludicrous aspects of life and character as well as their solemn phase, and his humorous insight softened the austerity of his moral insight. A man of ideas, he still had little of the intolerance so often linked with fervid convictions, and in dealing with human affairs he always allowed for human nature. Now without ludicrous perception, toleration, to an earnest man, is impossible, for he cannot detect the line which separates folly and weakness from knavery and crime; he cannot distinguish between opinions and persons; above all, he cannot get into the hearts of men, where the strange tragi-comedy of human life is rehearsed. Andrew knew very well that the world was not composed of Andrews, and he did not insist that it should be composed of Andrews. He was not only tolerant of other individualities, but he took pleasure in the peculiarities which distinguished them from himself. Brought up in a New England country town, where individualities are strongly marked, where even oddities and eccentrics are still "neighbors," and endowed with that peculiar neighborly feeling which is unknown to our cities, he early slid easily into fellowship with those whose natures as well as opinions differed from his own. A "character" was to him an object of the intensest enjoyment, and anecdotes, which illustrated or embodied character, he delighted both to hear and to tell. The flash and the sting of wit, the swift jest launched *at* a thing or person, did not specially please him; but a stroke or trait of humor, which let light into the moral constitution of an individual, and which enabled him humorously to sympathize with the frailty at which he laughed, filled him with the sunniest exhilaration. His keen sense of humor, indeed, was the most satisfying of all the methods by which he obtained his wide knowledge of men, for it gave him the power to see clear through imperfect characters without despising them, and saved his sagacity from that hard, cynical contemptuousness which is apt to poison worldly shrewdness when divorced from love. It was delicious to observe the smiling knowingness in his eyes, the laughing glow shed all over his face, when he touched on some example of human littleness, or weakness, or prejudice, or hypocrisy; and if he himself was the intended victim of the bigotry or artifice, it did not seem to take much from his relish of the humor of the thing. Indeed, in the reach of its humorous no less than its serious sympathies, our Andrew's heart, in the philosopher's noble image, "was not an island cut off from other men's lands, but a continent which joined to them."

It is important thus to emphasize the essential humanity of his sentiments, in order to appreciate the sweetness which penetrated his force. But it must not be supposed that his tenderness or his toleration made him compliant in making him humane. His tenderness did not render him incapable of that moral wrath which is frequently the indispensable condition of moral might. Still less did his toleration relax the tough fibre of his individual integrity. If Massachusetts ever produced a man who was thoroughly incorruptible, who was insensible to bribes presented to vanity, prejudice, and ambition as well as to interest, and whom all the powers of the world could not push or persuade into a dishonest action, that man was John A. Andrew. This integrity he prized beyond all earthly goods and all earthly blessings. It was the rock on which his character was built, and it could not be unfixed without bringing down the whole fabric of his being into cureless ruin. To doubt its genuineness were not only infamous but ridiculous. It remains with us, though he has left us, and as an inspiring and monitory moral force it still pleads, warns, animates, commands, crying to every man, in high or humble station, "Though all things else fail, hold fast to your integrity";

> "Make it a darling like your precious eye;
> To lose or give 't away, were such perdition
> As nothing else could match."

And this integrity ran through his mental as well as his moral being. The genuineness of his nature revolted at all pretension and falseness in matters intellectual, no less than in matters moral. He trained his perceptions to be sure and keen; he sought to see things as they are in themselves, and not as they are transformed by our amiable desires; and truth of fact was as necessary to him as truth of principle. He knew, indeed, that thoughts can be converted into facts only by a clear previous perception of the facts which the thoughts are directed to modify or supplant; and that, to shape things as they should be, they must first be seen exactly as they are. Hence the sound sense at the base of his mind, the " large *round about* sense," which sometimes startled and sometimes vexed those who expected and predicted that his action, on certain occasions, would be decided by his feelings rather than by his judgment. He was full of that mother wit which average New-Englanders demand in the man they trust. The very " set " of his head on his shoulders inspired men with confidence, for it told them that the fervor of his sentiments was not more evident than the sobriety and massiveness of his mind. His understanding was not only broad, but it kept broadening, rapidly adapting itself to unexpected exigencies, and ever as comprehensive as the occasion which called for its exercise. The more complicated a question became, the wider its bearings, the more the subtility of his intellect sharpened to seize its elusive points, the more the scope of his intellect enlarged to grasp its remoter relations. He always surprised his most admiring friends by his equality with every emergency as it arose, and he even extorted from political opponents the grumbling confession that " the fanatic " really had in him, somehow or other, the sagacity and the decision of the statesman.

Finally, Governor Andrew had that kindling and animating quality which we call Soul. This pervaded sentiment, conscience, understanding, character, with its subtle but potent essence. This ran, like life-blood, through all "the veins of his intellectual frame." This brought him into direct contact with principles, and opened to him the vital sources of inspiration. This supplied to patience and to hope that great "Army of Reserve" which repeated defeats could not exhaust. This glorified the hardest as well as the humblest toil with a shining motive, and, to use his own favorite quotation,

> "Made drudgery divine:
> Who sweeps a room as for God's law,
> Makes that and the action fine."

And this communicated to his whole nature that power of magnetizing others, which comes from no extent of learning, no breadth of understanding, no heat of mere passion, but is the attribute of a commanding personality alone. This magnetism made his acts and words efficient because it made them contagious, and people caught from him, as by spiritual infection, courage and wisdom, patriotism and philanthropy, confidence in principle and trust in God.

That such a man should be made Governor of Massachusetts was of course an inevitable incident in the logic of events. He could not have prevented it had he tried. But the exact time at which he was elected had in it something providential. Never did the Ship of State more need such firmness, wisdom, forecast, and energy at the helm.

> "Each petty hand
> Can steer a ship becalmed ; but he that will
> Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
> His tides, his currents ; how to shift his sails ;
> What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers ;
> What her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them ;
> What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her ;
> The forces and the natures of all winds,
> Gusts, storms, and tempests ; when her keel ploughs hell,
> And deck knocks heaven ; then to manage her
> Becomes the name and office of a pilot."

And such a pilot Governor Andrew proved himself to be. Knowing, as he did, the philosophy of the slave system, and knowing, also, the purposes of its champions, the Slaveholders' Rebellion could not take him by surprise. As early as the middle of December, 1860, he had visited Washington, conversed familiarly with the leading public men of the South, and clearly perceived that all the movements relating to compromise were but scenes in a clumsily acted political farce.

He looked straight through all the plausibilities to the realities of the situation, and returned to Boston as much convinced that the South meant war, as he was on the day when the first gun fired on Sumter woke everybody to the fact. From his insight sprang his foresight. It was mainly through his exertions that the active militia of Massachusetts were placed on a war footing, ready to march at the first word of command. You all remember with what sagacity this was done, and you all remember, too, with what sneers and gibes his forecast was then rewarded. His general order to the militia was promulgated in January, 1861, and the memorable 12th of April, which opened the costliest and bloodiest of civil wars, found him all prepared. He received his telegram from Washington, for troops, on Monday, April 15. He was able to say that by nine o'clock on the next Sunday morning, "the whole number of regiments demanded from Massachusetts were already either in Washington, or in Fortress Monroe, or on their way to the defence of the Capital." It was at midnight on the 19th of April, after the exhausting labors of the day, that he wrote, at his own house, the despatch to the mayor of Baltimore, which has so endeared him to the popular heart. "I pray you," he wrote, "to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, preserved with ice, and *tenderly* sent forward by express to me." His activity during the first month of the war was not more marked than his mental self-possession. The rush and whirl of events did not hurry him from his balance. Overwhelmed with all sorts of propositions, recommendations, proposals, pertinent and impertinent, such as might be expected in an emergency when the confusion of men's minds was as great as the warmth of their sentiments, the Governor stood firm and calm, listening, analyzing, deciding, quick to detect what was judicious, proof against all the generosities of unreason. No one was more impassioned than he, — no one was more serene and self-centred. He was all alive, soul and body, heart and brain, and being all alive, his intellect showed its clearness and grasp as well as his sensibility its fire and impulse. "There is nothing," we are told, "more terrible than activity without insight," and the Governor's activity was identical with his insight. He decided swiftly and he decided surely. The rarest quality of comprehensive statesmanship, the readiness to assume responsibility, seemed native to his intrepid intelligence. "Immediately," — he writes to President Lincoln on the 3d of May, — "on receiving your Proclamation, we took up the war, and have carried on our part of it, in the spirit in which we believe the Administration and the American people intend to act, namely, as if there was not an inch of red tape in the world." So thoroughly kindled was his whole nature that when, a few days later, he addressed the Legislature, in its extra session, his rapid recital of the powers he had assumed, and the work he had done, combined the explicitness of a business document with something of the lyric rush of an ode of triumph.

This unwearied fire of soul burned steadily within him during the whole five years of heroic effort and heroic toil, which made his administration such an epoch in the history of the State. He knew that the disease of which he eventually died might strike him at any moment. Three months before he entered on his glorious career as governor, he was warned by his physician that any over-exertion of brain would endanger his health, and probably his life. He was notoriously as regardless of the warning as a brave soldier, going to battle, would be regardless of the admonition that he might be hit by a bullet. The care that a man takes of his health should of course be subordinate to his sense of duty. Considerations of hygiene did not enter into the soul of William of Orange, doing that which he knew would reduce him to an "asthmatic skeleton"; into the soul of

Milton, doing that which he knew would deprive him of his sight; into the soul of Latimer, doing that which he knew would lead him to the stake. On the same principle, Governor Andrew felt that he was at his post, not to take care of himself, but to look after the rights and interests of others; and indeed, any man who evades the duty of the hour in order to save himself for some future great occasion is a man to whom no great occasion will ever come.

Taking thus his life in his hand, he, in the most emphatic sense of the phrase, "enlisted for the war." To perform every duty as it rose or as it was anticipated, was both his labor and his delight. "The only question," he said, "which I can entertain, is what *to do;* and when that question is answered, the other is, what *next to do.*" The record of that heroic activity is too long to be recited here. There is no time even to allude to more than a few of its shining results. The mere statement of the fact that Massachusetts, during the war, contributed nearly a hundred and sixty thousand men to the army and navy, and expended nearly twenty-eight millions of dollars from her own treasury, shows how laborious and how sagacious must have been the exertions of her executive head. But the details of all this work, the wear and tear of heart and brain they involved, the minute supervision they required, the audacity and the tact demanded for their skilful management, the fret, anxiety, perplexity, disappointment, which were their too common accompaniments, — who shall estimate them? The Governor drudged in the service of a clear-seeing, far-seeing statesmanship, but the drudgery was still exhausting to body and mind. And then the prejudices he had to overcome! He saw from the first that the war must destroy slavery, and he urged the issuing of the Presidential Proclamation of Emancipation before it came. What cries from prudent patriots that he was perilling the cause by his wish to give it a new moral stimulant! He saw from the first that the negroes should have a part in the war which was sure to emancipate them, and he was the first Northern Governor to organize black regiments. What gibes from fathers of families whose sons his policy saved from the draft! In the fourteen or fifteen thousand military appointments he made, how often must he have wounded the self-esteem of disappointed applicants, and how bitter was often their resentment! And in addition to his labors in the State itself, it is to be remembered that his duties called him frequently to Washington to press the settlement of State claims on the National Government, to enforce his views of public policy on the National

Administration, and especially to insist that no just complaints of his Massachusetts regiments should be left unrelieved.

But while he thus showed himself so indefatigable in all matters relating to the war, no Governor that Massachusetts ever had did more to promote those interests which are commonly supposed to flourish best in times of peace. The great uprising and awakening of the public intelligence and conscience, which thrilled the meanest hearts and narrowest minds with unaccustomed throbs of generous sentiment, enabled him to get some bad laws repealed and many good ones enacted. The act which discriminated between native and foreign citizens, called the "Two Years' Amendment," was struck from the Statute-Book. The noble measure of organizing a Board of State Charities was initiated and put in operation. The legal limitation of the rate of interest on money was shown to be unsound by unanswerable arguments. All the questions relating to divorce, and the abolition of the death penalty, were pushed anew on the attention of the Legislature. The finances of the State were reorganized. The paramount interests of industry, in all departments, agricultural, manufacturing, and mechanical, were advanced by judicious legislation. The great heart of the Governor glowed with the ambition to make the productive energies of the State more than offset all the waste of war, and no miser ever gloated over additions to his own wealth as this magistrate, honorably poor, rejoiced, in his messages, over every addition to the wealth of the community. But he was not solicitous merely for the material advancement of the State, — he was not even content with the passage of measures which contemplated the moral improvement of the people. He desired that Massachusetts, in all the straits of war, should be true to her traditional aspirations for intellectual renown. The scholars who urged on him the wants of her colleges, the men of science who called his attention to the claims of the Institute of Technology and the Natural History Society, found in him the most sympathetic of listeners and most cordial of friends. And it was mainly through his impelling counsel that the State gave large and liberal aid to an institution of pure science, — to that comprehensive Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, which, when completed in the spirit in which it has been begun, will embody, in visible related forms, the thoughts and facts teeming in the mind of Agassiz.

A Governor thus active in so many directions, and who made himself felt in every department of the administration of State affairs, must have been gifted with an energetic will. That this did not degenerate into wilfulness and obstinacy is shown by the fact that he could readily learn from other minds, and that there was what New-Englanders call "give" to his own. He not only listened to advice, but he had the tact to distinguish and to seek out the individuals most competent to offer it. The nobler qualities of will, its persistency and tenacity, he had in full measure, and these made him, in all times of panic and senseless clamor, "a Pillar steadfast in the storm." No one better illustrated Franklin's maxim: "Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve." He was of course thought to be obstinate by those who brought their own obstinacy into conflict with his determination, for his will in such cases could not be broken down. Sometimes, it must be admitted, he very violently disregarded the politician's motto, that a public man ought to refuse a request as if he were conferring a favor. It was hard to say to an applicant for office, as he is reported once to have said, "Sir, I have patiently listened to all you have urged in behalf of your claims, and I must frankly tell you that your chance of getting the place is about as great as your chance of being killed by lightning on the top of Mount Washington in January." At other times this slight roughness, never without a touch of humor in it, was but the vigorous assertion of his willingness on all occasions to assume the responsibility of his acts. When entreated by many political and personal friends to withdraw his objections to an appointment, on the ground that if he persisted in them he would raise a clamor in his own party, he replied: "Throw the responsibility on me alone. If I am willing to take the devil by the horns, what need you care?"

But his admirable patience never felt these little irritations in cases where humanity was concerned. He was a democrat through and through, feeling himself on an equality with all, but never putting on airs of condescension to any. "I know not," he once said, "what record of sin awaits me in the next world, but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise a man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black." Sir Frederic Bruce, the British Minister, once called upon him at the State House, and found the room nearly filled with colored women, who had come to the Governor to obtain news of fathers, brothers, and sons, enlisted in the black regiments of Massachusetts. Sir Frederic waited, while the Governor, with kindly patience, listened to complaints, answered questions, gave advice, and tried to infuse consolation and cheer into the hearts of his humble friends. After these interviews were all over, the turn of the British Minister came, and he was a man with the nobility of soul to appreciate what he had witnessed. Clasping the Governor by the hand, he declared, that, whatever might be the advantages of a republican government, he had never believed that it could assume a paternal character, but what he had just seen proved to him how much he had been mistaken. Indeed this paternal feeling and paternal care of the Governor for the brave "boys" of all the Massachusetts regiments had the homeliness and heartiness of personal affection. His agents were in all camps looking after their rights and interests. Pinched by cold or wilted by heat, in all straits of hunger and privation, their strength was never so far gone as to prevent their raising a ringing cheer for Governor Andrew. They knew that his pride gloried in every achievement of their valor; they knew, too, that his indignation glowed, white-hot, at every story of their wrongs. He could not endure the thought of their being exposed to needless suffering by any oversight or blundering on the part of the authorities. Receiving, in the depth of winter, an urgent request from the War Office that a regiment, not yet properly equipped, should be sent immediately to Washington, he despatched it on the assurance that all its wants should be supplied on its arrival. Hearing that it had been stopped on the way, and that it was undergoing cruel privations, he started instantly for the camp, determined at least to share the misery he might not be able to relieve; and he would not budge an inch until the regiment was sent on to its destination. Indeed he would have blushed to enter heaven, carrying thither the thought that he had regarded his own comfort rather than the least duty he owed to the poorest soldier-citizen.

And when peace came it was found that he, who in the darkest periods of the war had never once lost heart or hope, was entirely uncorrupted by the passions which war commonly leaves behind it. His noble Valedictory Address to the Legislature, bearing on every page the marks of a broad, sagacious, magnanimous statesmanship, shows that the strife had given no obliquity to his understanding, had left no feeling of vengeance in his heart. The growth of his mind and nature was remarkable during those five years in which he had the opportunity to condense the experience and almost the work of fifty. When he left office he was unmistakably one of the first statesmen in the land. Not the least striking sign of the massiveness and integrity of his character was the fact that its great leading features were so stamped on the public mind that slanders could not injure his reputation. As soon as the lie was launched, as soon as the imputation was made, everybody felt that it did not fit, — that it was not "in keeping" with the individuality. He commonly laughed at it himself, as he would have laughed at any other incongruity. Once the vivid image on the public mind seemed for a moment blurred; it was, however, graven too deep and strong to be effaced. But his character was not merely original, it was originating. He belonged to that class of statesmen of genius who help to shape the history of their times, and whose characters melt into the current of creative forces which determine events. He had that wisdom which results from the vital assimilation of large experience, and which, in practical affairs, operates with some of the celerity of instinct and some of the certainty of intuition. Do you object that he made mistakes? Of course he made mistakes. "The age of miracles has passed." But it is as true of the statesman as of the general, that he is the best who makes the fewest, and Governor Andrew's mistakes are almost forgotten in the throng of his wise acts and judgments. In fine, it is to the honor of Massachusetts that in such a man the State was felt to be individualized; and in respect to the two statues which Massachusetts is to place in the

Capitol at Washington, it is certainly fit that the statue of the greatest of her governors should stand by the side of the statue of her first.

It was in the height of his reputation and the maturity of his powers, withdrawn from public office but full in the public eye, with conspicuous abilities seemingly destined to be exercised in the loftiest place, and with that noble ambition, which comes from the consciousness of tested capacity for great affairs, that his career of usefulness, of duty, of glory, was suddenly but gently arrested. There was no lingering disease; there was no slow decay:

" God's finger touched him, and he slept."

Asleep but still alive! Thou whose soul on earth pierced the veil which separates the present from the future life, — thou who didst ever act from large perceptions of the whole height and reach of thy being, — thou who wert warm with the affections and wise with the thoughts which take hold of the life immortal, — we cannot associate thee with the name of death! The feeling of every citizen that he had met a personal loss, the tears streaming from the eyes of stricken friends, the pomp of funeral pageantry which bore witness to the mourning of a great State, — these showed how much love and reverence followed thy mortal frame to the grave; but what the grave could not enclose, what Death himself could not disintegrate, the solid substance of thy firm-knit character, — that remains to thee, and to us, a possession forever!

THE END.

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